THE COMPLAINT.

OR,

Night-Thoughts

ON

Life, Death, *and* Immortality.

VOL. II.

To which is added,

A Paraphrase on Part of the Book of *Job*.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, & mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

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THE COMPLAINT.

OR

Night-Thoughts

ON

Life, Death, and Immortality.

BRITISH MUSEUM

NIGHT *the* SEVENTH.

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

INFIDEL Reclaimed.

CONTAINING

The NATURE, PROOF, *and* IMPORTANCE,

OF

IMMORTALITY.

NIGHT Th SEVENTH.

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

INFIDEL. Reclaimed.

BRITISH MUSEUM

OR

IMMORTALITY.

THE PREFACE.

AS we are at War with the Power, it were well if we were at War with the Manners, of France. *A Land of* Levity, *is a Land of* Guilt. *A* Serious Mind *is the native Soil of every Virtue; and the ſingle Character that does true Honour to Mankind. The* Soul's Immortality *has been the favourite Theme with the* Serious *of all Ages. Nor is it ſtrange; it is a Subject by far the moſt Intereſting, and Important, that can enter the Mind of Man. Of higheſt Moment this Subject always* was, *and always* will be. *Yet this its higheſt Moment ſeems to admit of* Encreaſe, *at this Day; a Sort of* occaſional *Importance is ſuperadded to the* natural *Weight of it; if that Opinion which is advanced in the Preface to the preceding* Night, *be juſt. It is there ſuppoſed, that all our* Infidels, *whatever*

Scheme, for Argument's Sake, and to keep themſelves in Countenance, they patronize, are betray'd into their deplorable Error, by ſome Doubt of their Immortality, *at the Bottom. And the more I conſider this Point, the more am I perſuaded of the Truth of that Opinion. Tho' the Diſtruſt of a* Futurity *is a ſtrange Error; yet is it an Error into which* Bad *Men may* naturally *be diſtreſſed. For it is impoſſible to bid Defiance to final Ruin, without ſome Refuge in Imagination, ſome Preſumption of Eſcape. And what Preſumption is there? There are but Two in Nature; but Two, within the Compaſs of Human Thought. And theſe are,--That either* GOD will *not, or* can *not puniſh. Conſidering the Divine Attributes, the* Firſt *is too groſs to be digeſted by our ſtrongeſt Wiſhes. And ſince* Omnipotence *is as much a Divine Attribute as* Holineſs, *that* GOD cannot *puniſh, is as abſurd a Suppoſition, as the Former.* GOD *certainly can puniſh, as long as the wicked Man exiſts. In Non-exiſtence, therefore, is their only Refuge; and, conſequently, Non-exiſtence is their ſtrongeſt Wiſh. And ſtrong Wiſhes have a ſtrange Influence on our Opinions; they bias the Judgment in a manner, almoſt, incredible. And ſince on* this *Member of their* Alternative, *there are ſome very ſmall* Appearances *in their Favour, and none at all on the* other, *they catch at this Reed, they lay hold on this Chimera,*

to

to ſave themſelves from the Shock, and Horror, of an immediate, *and* abſolute, *Deſpair.*

On reviewing my Subject, by the Light which this *Argument, and others of like Tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclin'd, than ever, to purſue it; as it appear'd to me to ſtrike directly at the main Root of* all *our Infidelity. In the following Pages, it is, accordingly, purſued at large; and ſome Arguments for Immortality new (at leaſt to me) are ventur'd on in them. There alſo the Writer has made an Attempt to ſet the groſs Abſurdities, and Horrors of* Annihilation *in a fuller, and more affecting View, than is (I think) to be met with elſewhere.*

The Gentlemen, for whoſe Sake this Attempt was chiefly made, profeſs great Admiration for the Wiſdom of Heathen Antiquity: What Pity 'tis, they are not ſincere? If they were ſincere, how would it mortify them to conſider, with what Contempt, and Abhorrence, their Notions would have been received, by Thoſe *whom they ſo much admire? What Degree of Contempt, and Abhorrence, would fall to their Share, may be conjectured by the following Matter of Fact, (in my Opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their Heathen Worthies,* Socrates *('tis well known) was the moſt Guarded, Diſpaſſio-*

nate, and Compoſed: Yet this great Maſter of Temper was Angry; and angry at his Laſt Hour; and angry with his Friend; and angry for what deſerv'd Acknowlegement; angry, for a right, and tender Inſtance of true Friendſhip towards Him. Is not this ſurprizing? What could be the Cauſe? The Cauſe was for his Honour; It was a truly noble, tho', perhaps, a too punctilious, Regard for Immortality: *For his Friend aſking Him, with ſuch an affectionate Concern as became a Friend, "Where He ſhould depoſit his Remains?" it was reſented by* Socrates, *as implying a diſhonourable Suppoſition, that He could be ſo mean, as to have Regard for any thing, even in Himſelf, that was* not IMMORTAL.

This Fact well conſider'd, would make our Infidels withdraw their Admiration from Socrates; *or make them endeavour, by their Imitation of this illuſtrious Example, to ſhare his Glory: And, conſequently, It would incline them to peruſe the following Pages with Candor, and Impartiality: Which is all I deſire; and that, for* their *Sakes: For I am perſuaded, that an Unprejudiced Infidel muſt, neceſſarily, receive ſome advantageous Impreſſions from them.*

July 7. 1744.

CON-

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NIGHT

NIGHT *the* SEVENTH.

THE

INFIDEL Reclaim'd.

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, [Call.
What Day, what Hour, but knocks at [human Hearts,
To wake the Soul to Senſe of future [Scenes?
Deaths ſtand, like *Mercurys*, in ev'ry Way;
And kindly point us to our Journey's End.
POPE, who couldſt make Immortals! art thou dead?
I give thee Joy: Nor will I take my Leave;
So ſoon to follow. Man but dives to Death;
Dives from the Sun, in fairer Day to riſe;
The Grave, his ſubterranean Road to Bliſs.

Yes, infinite Indulgence plann'd it ſo;
Thro' various Parts our glorious Story runs;
Time gives the Preface, *endleſs Age* unrolls
The Volume, (ne'er unroll'd!) of human Fate.

THIS, Earth and *Skies* * already have proclaim'd.
The World's a Prophecy of Worlds to come;
And who, what GOD foretels, (who ſpeaks in *Things*,
Still louder than in *Words*) ſhall dare deny?
If *Nature*'s Arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new Leaf, and ſtronger read in *Man*.
If Man ſleeps on, untaught by what he *ſees*,
Can he prove Infidel to what he *feels*?
He, whoſe blind Thought Futurity denies,
Unconſcious bears, *Bellerephon*! like thee,
His own Indictment; he condemns himſelf;
Who reads his Boſom, reads immortal Life;
Or, *Nature*, there, impoſing on her Sons,

* Night the Sixth.

Has

Has written Fables; Man was made a *Lye.*

WHY *Diſcontent* for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable Conſumption of our Peace!
Reſolve me, why, the *Cottager,* and *King,*
He whom Sea-ſever'd Realms obey, and he
Who ſteals his whole Dominion from the Waſte,
Repelling Winter Blaſts with Mud and Straw,
Diſquieted alike, draw Sigh for Sigh,
In Fate ſo diſtant, in Complaint ſo near?

Is it, that Things *Terreſtrial* can't content?
Deep in rich Paſture, will thy Flocks complain?
Not ſo; but to their Maſter is deny'd
To ſhare their ſweet *Serene.* Man, ill at Eaſe,
In this, not *his own* Place, this foreign Field,
Where Nature fodders him with other Food,
Than was ordain'd his Cravings to ſuffice,
Poor in Abundance, famiſh'd at a Feaſt,

Sighs

Sighs on for ſomething *more*, when *moſt* enjoy'd.
Is Heav'n then kinder to thy Flocks, than Thee?
Not ſo; thy Paſture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter Part
Man bleats from *Inſtinct*, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
By *Senſe*, his *Reaſon* ſleeps, nor dreams the Cauſe.
The Cauſe how obvious, when his Reaſon wakes?
His Grief is but his Grandeur in Diſguiſe;
And Diſcontent is *Immortality*.

SHALL Sons of Æther, ſhall the Blood of Heav'n,
Set up their Hopes on Earth, and ſtable *here*,
With brutal Acquieſcence in the Mire?
LORENZO! no; they ſhall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *Foreigners* diſtreſt, ſhall ſigh
On Thrones; and Thou *congratulate* the Sigh:
Man's Miſery declares him born for Bliſs;
His anxious Heart aſſerts the Truth I ſing,
And gives the Sceptic in his Head the Lye.

Our Heads, our Hearts, our *Paſſions*, and our [*Pow'rs*,
Speak the ſame Language; call us to the Skies;
Unripen'd *Theſe* in this inclement Clime,
Scarce riſe above Conjecture, and Miſtake;
And for this Land of Trifles, *Thoſe* too ſtrong,
Tumultuous riſe, and tempeſt human Life;
What Prize on Earth can pay us for the Storm?
Meet Objects for our *Paſſions* Heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their Fire, and leave
No Fault, but in Defect: Bleſt Heav'n! Avert
A bounded Ardor for unbounded Bliſs;
O for a Bliſs unbounded! Far beneath
A Soul immortal, is a mortal Joy.
Nor are our *Pow'rs* to periſh immature;
But, after feeble Effort, *here*, beneath
A brighter Sun, and in a nobler Soil,
Tranſplanted from this ſublunary Bed,
Shall flouriſh fair, and put forth all their Bloom.

REASON progreſſive, *Inſtinct* is complete;
Swift *Inſtinct* leaps; ſlow *Reaſon* feebly climbs.
Brutes ſoon their Zenith reach; their little All
Flows in at once; in Ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were *Man* to live co-eval with the Sun,
The Patriarch-Pupil would be learning ſtill;
Yet, dying, leave his Leſſon half unlearnt.
Men periſh in Advance, as if the Sun
Should ſet ere Noon, in *Eaſtern* Oceans drown'd;
If fit, with *Dim*, *Illuſtrious* to compare,
The Sun's *Meridian*, with the *Soul* of Man.
To Man, why, Stepdame *Nature!* ſo ſevere?
Why thrown aſide thy Maſter-piece half-wrought,
While meaner Efforts thy laſt Hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor Man muſt die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *Dread?*
Why curſt with Foreſight? Wiſe to Miſery?

Why

Why of his proud Prerogative the Prey?
Why leſs pre-eminent in Rank, than Pain?
His *Immortality* alone can tell;
Full ample Fund to balance all amiſs,
And turn the Scale in Favour of the Juſt!

His *Immortality* alone can ſolve
That darkeſt of *Ænigmas*, human *Hope*;
Of all the darkeſt, if at Death we die.
Hope, eager Hope, th' Aſſaſſin of our Joy,
All *preſent* Bleſſings treading under foot,
Is ſcarce a milder Tyrant than *Deſpair*.
With no paſt Toils content, ſtiil planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to Death alone for Eaſe.
Poſſeſſion, why, more taſteleſs than *Purſuit?*
Why is a Wiſh far dearer than a Crown?
That Wiſh acompliſh'd, why, the Grave of Bliſs?
Becauſe in the *great Future* bury'd deep,
Beyond our Plans of Empire, and Renown,

Lies *all* that Man with Ardor ſhould purſue;
And *He* who made him, bent him to the Right.

MAN's Heart th' ALMIGHTY to the *Future* ſets,
By ſecret, and inviolable Springs;
And makes his Hope his ſublunary Joy.
Man's Heart eats all Things, and is hungry ſtill;
" More, more: " the Glutton cries: For ſomething [*New*
So rages Appetite, if Man can't Mount,
He *will* Deſcend. He ſtarves on the *Poſſeſt.*
Hence, the World's Maſter, from Ambition's Spire,
In *Caprea* plung'd; and div'd beneath the Brute.
In that rank Sty why wallow'd Empire's Son
Supreme? Becauſe he could no higher fly;
His *Riot* was *Ambition* in Diſpair.

OLD *Rome* conſulted Birds; LORENZO! thou
With more Succeſs, the Flight of *Hope* ſurvey;
Of reſtleſs Hope, for ever on the Wing.

High-perch'd o'er ev'ry Thought that Falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her Sight;
And never ſtooping, but to mount again
Next Moment, ſhe betrays her Aim's Miſtake,
And owns her Quarry lodg'd beyond the Grave.

THERE ſhould it fail us, (It muſt fail us there,
If *Being* fails) more mournful Riddles riſe,
And *Virtue* vies with *Hope* in Myſtery.
Why *Virtue?* Where its Praiſe, its Being, fled?
Virtue is true Self-intereſt purſu'd;
What true Self-intereſt of *quite*-mortal Man?
To cloſe with all that makes him Happy *here*,
If Vice (as ſometimes) is our Friend on Earth,
Then Vice is Virtue; 'tis our *ſov'reign* Good.
In *Self-applauſe* is Virtue's golden Prize;
No Self-applauſe attends it on *thy* Scheme;
Whence Self-applauſe? From Conſcience of the [Right?
And what is Right, but Means of Happineſs?

No Means of Happineſs when *Virtue* yields;
That Baſis failing, falls the Building too,
And lays in Ruins every virtuous Joy.

THE rigid Guardian of a blameleſs Heart,
So long rever'd, ſo long reputed wiſe,
Is weak; with rank Knight-errantries o'er-run.
Why beats thy Boſom with illuſtrious Dreams
Of Self-expoſure, laudable, and great?
Of gallant Enterprize, and glorious Death?
Die for thy Country?——Thou romantic Fool!
Seize, ſeize the Plank thyſelf, and let her ſink:
Thy *Country!* what to Thee? (I ſpeak with Awe)
The *God-head*, what? tho' he ſhould bid thee bleed?
If, with thy Blood, thy *final* Hope is ſpilt,
Nor can Omnipotence reward the Blow,
Be deaf; preſerve thy Being; diſobey.

NOR is it Diſobedience: Know LORENZO!

What-

Whate'er th' ALMIGHTY's ſubſequent Command,
His firſt Command is *this*,—"Man, love thyſelf."
In this alone, Free-agents are *not* free.
Exiſtence is the Baſis, Bliſs the Prize;
If *Virtue* coſts Exiſtence, 'tis a Crime;
Bold Violation of our Law *ſupreme*,
Black Suicide! tho' Nations, which conſult
Their Gain, at thy Expence, reſound Applauſe.

SINCE *Virtue*'s Recompence is doubtful, *Here*,
If Man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is Man *ſuffer'd* to be Good in vain?
Why to be Good in vain, is Man *injoin'd*?
Why to be Good in vain, is Man *betray'd*?
Betray'd by Traitors lodg'd in his own Breaſt,
By ſweet Complacencies from Virtue felt?
Why whiſpers *Nature* Lyes on Virtue's Part?
Or if blind *Inſtinct* (which aſſumes the Name
Of ſacred Conſcience) plays the Fool in Man,

Why *Reaſon* made Accomplice in the Cheat!
Why are the *Wiſeſt* loudeſt in her Praiſe!
Can Man by *Reaſon*'s Beam be led aſtray?
Or, at his Peril, *imitate his God?*
Since Virtue ſometimes ruins us on Earth,
Or *Both* are true; or, Man ſurvives the Grave.

Or Man ſurvives the Grave, or own, LORENZO,
Thy Boaſt ſupreme, a wild Abſurdity.
Dauntleſs thy Spirit; Cowards are thy Scorn.
Grant Man *immortal*, and thy Scorn is juſt.
The Man immortal, *rationally* brave,
Dares ruſh on Death,——becauſe he cannot die.
But if Man loſes All, when Life is loſt,
He lives a Coward, or a Fool expires.
A *daring* Infidel, (and ſuch there are,
From Pride, Example, Lucre, Rage, Revenge,
Or pure heroical Defect of Thought)
Of all Earth's Madmen, moſt deſerves a Chain.

WHEN,

WHEN, to the Grave, we follow the Renown'd
For Valour, Virtue, Science, all we love,
And all we praiſe; for Worth, whoſe Noon-tide [Beam
Enabling us to think in higher Stile,
Mends our Ideas of Ethereal Pow'rs;
Dream we, that Luſtre of the *moral* World
Goes out in Stench, and Rottenneſs the Cloſe?
Why was he wiſe to *know*, and warm to *praiſe*,
And ſtrenuous to *tranſcribe*, in human Life,
The Mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that Fate,
Juſt when the Lineaments began to ſhine,
And dawn the DEITY, ſhould ſnatch the Draught,
With Night eternal blot it out, and give
The Skies Alarm, leſt *Angels* too might die?

IF Human Souls, why not Angelic too
Extinguiſh'd? and a *Solitary* GOD,
O'er ghaſtly Ruin, frowning from his Throne?
Shall we, this Moment, gaze on GOD in Man?

The next, loſe Man for ever in the Duſt?
From Duſt we diſengage, or Man *miſtakes*;
And There, where leaſt his Judgment fears a Flaw.
Wiſdom and *Worth*, how boldly he commends!
Wiſdom, and *Worth*, are ſacred Names; Rever'd,
Where not Embrac'd; Applauded! Deify'd!
Why not *Compaſſion'd* too? If Spirits die,
Both are Calamities, inflicted both,
To make us but more wretched: *Wiſdom*'s Eye
Acute, for what? To ſpy more Miſeries;
And *Worth*, ſo recompens'd, new-points their Stings.
Or Man ſurmounts the Grave, or Gain is Loſs,
And Worth exalted *humbles* us the more.
Thou wilt not patronize a Scheme that makes
Weakneſs, and *Vice*, the Refuge of Mankind.

"HAS Virtue, then, no Joys?"——Yes, Joys *dear-*
[*bought.*
Talk ne'er ſo long, in this imperfect State,
Virtue, and Vice, are at eternal War;

Virtue's

Virtue's a Combat; and who fights for Nought?
Or for precarious, or for ſmall Reward?
Who Virtue's Self-Reward ſo loud reſound,
Would take Degrees *Angelic* here below,
And *Virtue*, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble Motives, and unfaithful Guards;
The Crown, th' *unfading* Crown, her Soul inſpires
'Tis That, and That alone, can countervail
The *Body*'s Treacheries, and the *World*'s Aſſaults:
On Earth's poor Pay, our famiſh'd Virtue dies.
Truth inconteſtable! In Spite of all
A BAYLE has Preach'd, or a V—— E Believ'd.

IN Man the more we dive, the more we ſee
Heav'n's Signet ſtamping an *immortal* Make.
Dive to the Bottom of his Soul, the Baſe
Suſtaining all; what find we? *Knowlege*, *Love.*
As Light, and Heat, eſſential to the Sun,
Theſe to the Soul. And *why*, if Souls expire?

How

How little Lovely *here?* How little Known?
Small *Knowlege* we dig up with endleſs Toil;
And *Love* unfeign'd may purchaſe perfect Hate.
Why ſtarv'd, on Earth, our *Angel*-Appetites;
While *Brutal* are indulg'd their fulſome Fill?
Were then Capacities *divine* conferr'd,
As a Mock-Diadem, in ſalvage Sport,
Rank Inſult of our pompous *Poverty*,
Which reaps but Pain, from ſeeming Claims ſo fair?
In future Age lies no Redreſs? And ſhuts
Eternity the Door on our Complaint?
If ſo, for what ſtrange Ends were Mortals made!
The Worſt to *wallow*, and the Beſt to *weep*;
The Man who Merits moſt, muſt moſt Complain:
Can we conceive a Diſregard in Heaven,
What the Worſt perpetrate, or Beſt endure?

This cannot be. To *Love*, and *Know*, in Man
Is boundleſs Appetite, and boundleſs Pow'r;

And

And theſe demoſtrate boundleſs Objects too.
Objects, Pow'rs, Appetites, Heav'n ſuits in All;
Nor, *Nature* thro', e'er violates this ſweet,
Eternal Concord, on her tuneful String.
Is *Man* the Sole Exception from her Laws?
Eternity ſtruck off from human Hope,
(I ſpeak with Truth, but Veneration too)
Man is a Monſter, the Reproach of Heav'n,
A Stain, a dark impenetrable Cloud
On Nature's beauteous Aſpect; and deforms,
(Amazing Blot!) deforms her with her *Lord*.
If ſuch is Man's Allotment, what is Heav'n?
Or, own the Soul *Immortal*, or Blaſpheme.

Or own the Soul Immortal, or invert
All *Order*. Go, mock-Majeſty! go, Man!
And bow to thy Superiors of the Stall;
Thro' ev'ry Scene of *Senſe* ſuperior far!
They graze the Turf untill'd; they drink the Stream
Unbrewed,

Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd
With Doubts, Fears, fruitleſs Hopes, Regrets, Deſpairs,
Mankind's Peculiar! *Reaſon*'s precious Dow'r!
No foreign Clime *They* ranſack for their Robes;
Nor Brothers cite to the litigious Bar:
Their Good is Good intire, unmixt, unmarr'd;
They find a Paradiſe in ev'ry Field,
On Boughs *forbidden*, where no Curſes hang:
Their *Ill*, no more than ſtrikes the Senſe; unſtretcht
By previous Dread, or Murmur in the Rear:
When the *worſt* comes, it comes unfear'd; one [Stroke
Begins, and ends, their Woe: They die but *once*;
Bleſt, incommunicable Privilege! for which
Proud Man, who rules the Globe, and reads the Stars,
Philoſopher, or Hero, ſighs in vain.

Account for this Prerogative in Brutes.
No Day, no Glimpſe of Day, to ſolve the Knot,
But what beams on it from *Eternity*.

O ſole, and ſweet Solution! That unties
The Difficult, and ſoftens the Severe;
The Cloud on *Nature's* beauteous Face diſpels;
Reſtores bright *Order*; caſts the Brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in Supremacy
Of Joy, ev'n *Here:* Admit immortal Life,
And Virtue is *Knight-errantry* no more;
Each *Virtue* brings in Hand a golden Dow'r,
Far richer in Reverſion: *Hope* exults;
And tho' much Bitter in our Cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the Taſte of Heav'n.
O wherefore is the DEITY ſo kind?
Aſtoniſhing beyond Aſtoniſhment!
Heav'n our Reward——for Heav'n enjoy'd below.

STILL unſubdu'd thy ſtubborn Heart? For *there*
The Traitor lurks, who doubts the Truth I ſing.
Reaſon is guiltleſs; *Will* alone rebels.
What, in that ſtubborn Heart, if I ſhould find

New,

New, unexpected Witneſſes againſt thee?
Ambition, Pleaſure, and the *Love of Gain!*
Canſt thou ſuſpect, that *Theſe,* which make the Soul
The *Slave* of Earth, ſhould own her *Heir* of Heav'n?
Canſt thou ſuſpect what makes us *disbelieve*
Our Immortality, ſhould prove it *ſure?*

FIRST, then, *Ambition* ſummon to the Bar,
Ambition's *Shame, Extravagance, Diſguſt,*
And *inextinguiſhable Nature,* ſpeak.
Each much *depoſes;* hear them in their Turn.

THY Soul, how paſſionately fond of *Fame?*
How anxious, that fond Paſſion to conceal?
We bluſh, detected in Deſigns on Praiſe,
Tho' for beſt Deeds, and from the beſt of Men;
And why? Becauſe *Immortal.* Art divine
Has made the Body Tutor to the Soul;
Heav'n kindly gives our Blood a *moral* Flow;

Bids

Bids it aſcend the glowing Cheek, and there
Upbraid that little Heart's inglorious Aim,
Which ſtoops to court a Character from Man;
While o'er us, in tremendous Judgment, ſit
Far more than Man, with *endleſs* Praiſe, and Blame.

Ambition's *boundleſs Appetite* out-ſpeaks
The Verdict of its *Shame.* When Souls take Fire
At high Preſumptions of their own Deſert,
One Age is poor Applauſe; the mighty Shout,
The Thunder by the living *Few* begun,
Late Time muſt echo; Worlds unborn, reſound.
We wiſh our Names *eternally* to live:
Wild Dream! Which ne'er had haunted human [Thought,
Had not our Natures been *eternal* too.
Inſtinct points out an Int'reſt in Hereafter;
But our blind *Reaſon* ſees not where it lies;
Or, ſeeing, gives the Subſtance for the Shade.

FAME is the Shade of Immortality,
And in itſelf a Shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it ſhrinks to nothing in the Graſp.
Conſult th' Ambitious; 'tis Ambition's Cure.
" And is This all?" cry'd *Cæſar* at his Height,
Diſguſted. This *Third* Proof Ambition brings
Of Immortality. The firſt in Fame,
Obſerve him near, your Envy will abate:
Sham'd at the Diſproportion vaſt, between
The Paſſion, and the Purchace, he will ſigh
At *ſuch* Succeſs, and bluſh at his Renown.
And why? Becauſe far richer Prize invites
His Heart; far more illuſtrious Glory calls;
It calls in Whiſpers, yet the Deafeſt hear.

AND can Ambition a *Fourth* Proof ſupply?
It can, and ſtronger than the former Three;
Yet quite o'er-look'd by ſome *reputed* Wiſe.
Tho' Diſappointments in Ambition *pain*,

And

And tho' Succeſs *diſguſts*, yet ſtill, LORENZO!
In vain we ſtrive to pluck it from our Hearts;
By Nature planted for the nobleſt Ends.
Abſurd the fam'd Advice to *Pyrrhus* giv'n,
More prais'd than ponder'd, ſpecious, but unſound:
Sooner that Hero's *Sword* the World had quell'd,
Than *Reaſon*, his Ambition. Man *muſt* ſoar;
An obſtinate Activity within,
An inſuppreſſive Spring, will toſs him up
In Spite of *Fortune*'s Load. Not Kings alone,
Each Villager has his Ambition too;
No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd Slave:
Slaves build their little *Babylons* of Straw,
Echo the proud *Aſſyrian*, in their Hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the Wonders of my Might!"
And why? Becauſe *immortal* as their Lord;
And Souls immortal muſt for ever heave
At ſomething Great; the Glitter, or the Gold;
The Praiſe of Mortals, or the Praiſe of Heav'n.

NOR abſolutely vain is *Human* Praiſe,
When Human is ſupported by *Divine.*
I'll introduce LORENZO to Himſelf;
Pleaſure, and *Pride*, (bad Maſters!) ſhare our Hearts.
As Love of *Pleaſure* is ordain'd to guard
And feed our Bodies, and extend our Race;
The Love of *Praiſe* is planted to protect,
And propagate the Glories of the Mind.
What is it, but the Love of Praiſe, inſpires,
Matures, refines, embelliſhes, exalts,
Earth's Happineſs? From *that*, the Delicate,
The Grand, the Marvellous, of Civil Life.
Want and *Convenience*, Under-workers, lay
The Baſis, on which *Love of Glory* builds.
Nor is thy Life, O *Virtue!* leſs in Debt
To Praiſe, thy ſecret-ſtimulating Friend.
Were Man not *proud*, what Merit ſhould we miſs!
Pride made the Virtues of the Pagan World.

Praiſe is the Salt that ſeaſons *Right* to Man,
And whets his Appetite for *moral* Good.
Thirſt of Applauſe is Virtue's *Second* Guard;
Reaſon, her Firſt; but Reaſon wants an Aid;
Our *private* Reaſon is a Flatterer;
Thirſt of Applauſe calls *public* Judgment in,
To poiſe our own, to keep an even Scale,
And give endanger'd Virtue fairer Play.
Here a *Fifth* Proof ariſes, ſtronger ſtill:
Why this ſo nice Conſtruction of our Hearts?
Theſe delicate Moralities of *Senſe*;
This *conſtitutional* Reſerve of Aid
To ſuccour Virtue, when our *Reaſon* fails;
If Virtue, kept alive by Care and Toil,
And, oft, the Mark of Injuries on Earth,
When labour'd to Maturity, (its Bill
Of Diſciplines, and Pains, unpaid) muſt die?
Why freighted-rich, to daſh againſt a Rock?
Were Man to periſh when moſt fit to live,

O how miſ-ſpent were all theſe Stratagems,
By Skill Divine inwoven in our Frame?
Where is Heav'n's Holineſs, and Mercy fled?
Laughs Heav'n, at once, at *Virtue*, and at *Man?*
If not, why *That* diſcourag'd, *This* deſtroy'd?

THUS far *Ambition.* What ſays *Avarice?*
This *her* chief Maxim, which has long been *Thine.*
"The Wiſe and Wealthy are the ſame."—I grant it.
To ſtore up Treaſure, with inceſſant Toil,
This is Man's Province, *This* his higheſt Praiſe.
To this great End keen *Inſtinct* ſtings him on.
To guide that Inſtinct, *Reaſon!* is thy Charge;
'Tis Thine to tell us where *true* Treaſure lies:
But Reaſon failing to diſcharge her Truſt,
Or to the Deaf diſcharging it in vain,
A Blunder follows, and blind *Induſtry,*
Gall'd by the Spur, but Stranger to the Courſe,
(The Courſe where Stakes of more than Gold are won)

O'er-

O'er-loading, with the Cares of diſtant Age,
The jaded Spirits of the *preſent* Hour,
Provides for an *Eternity* below.

"THOU ſhalt not covet," is a wiſe Command;
But bounded to the Wealth the Sun ſurveys:
Look farther, the Command ſtands quite revers'd,
And *Avarice* is a Virtue moſt divine.
Is *Faith* a Refuge for our *Happineſs*?
Moſt ſure: And is it not for *Reaſon* too?
Nothing *this* World unriddles, but the *next*.
Whence inextinguiſhable Thirſt of Gain?
From inextinguiſhable Life in Man:
Man, if not meant, by Worth, to reach the *Skies*,
Had wanted Wing to fly ſo far in *Guilt*.
Sour Grapes, I grant, *Ambition*, *Avarice*;
Yet ſtill their Root is *Immortality*.
Theſe its wild Growths ſo bitter, and ſo baſe,
(Pain, and Reproach!) *Religion* can reclaim,

Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous Lee,
And make them ſparkle in the Bowl of *Bliſs*.

SEE, the *Third Witneſs* laughs at Bliſs remote,
And falſly promiſes an *Eden* here;
Truth ſhe ſhall ſpeak for once, tho' prone to lye,
A common Cheat, and *Pleaſure* is her Name.
To Pleaſure never was LORENZO deaf;
Then hear her now, now *firſt* thy *real* Friend.

SINCE Nature made us not more fond than *proud*
Of Happineſs, (whence Hypocrites in Joy,
Makers of Mirth! Artificers of Smiles!)
Why ſhould the Joy moſt poignant *Senſe* affords,
Burn us with Bluſhes, and rebuke our Pride?——
Thoſe Heav'n-born Bluſhes tell us Man *deſcends*,
Ev'n in the Zenith of his *earthly* Bliſs:
Should *Reaſon* take her infidel Repoſe,
This honeſt *Inſtinct* ſpeaks our Lineage high;

This

This Inſtinct calls on Darkneſs to conceal
Our rapturous Relation to the Stalls.
Our *Glory* covers us with noble *Shame*,
And he that's unconfounded, is *unman'd*.
The Man that Bluſhes is not *quite* a Brute.
Thus far with Thee, LORENZO! will I cloſe,
Pleaſure is good, and Man for Pleaſure made;
But Pleaſure full of Glory as of Joy;
Pleaſure, which neither *bluſhes*, nor *expires*.

THE Witneſſes are heard, the Cauſe is o'er;
Let *Conſcience* file the Sentence in her Court,
Dearer than *Deeds* that half a Realm convey;
Thus, ſeal'd by *Truth*, th' authentic Record runs.

" KNOW all; Know, Infidels,——unapt to Know!
" 'Tis *Immortality* your Nature ſolves;
" 'Tis *Immortality* decyphers Man,
" And opens all the Myſteries of his Make.

" Without it, half his *Inſtincts* are a Riddle;
" Without it, all his *Virtues* are a Dream.
" His very *Crimes* atteſt his Dignity;
" His ſateleſs Thirſt of *Pleaſure, Gold,* and *Fame,*
" Declares him born for Bleſſings *infinite*;
" What leſs than Infinite, makes un-abſurd
" *Paſſions,* which all on Earth but more inflames?
" Fierce Paſſions, ſo miſ-meaſur'd to *this* Scene,
" Stretch'd out, like Eagles Wings, beyond our Neſt,
" Far, far beyond the Worth of all below,
" For *Earth* too large, preſage a nobler Flight,
" And evidence our Title to the *Skies.*"

Ye gentle Theologues, of calmer Kind!
Whoſe Conſtitution dictates to your Pen,
Who, cold yourſelves, think Ardor comes from [Hell!
Think not our Paſſions from *Corruption* ſprung,
Tho' to Corruption, now they lend their Wings;
That is their *Miſtreſs,* not their *Mother.* All

(And

(And justly) *Reason* deem Divine: I see,
I feel, a Grandeur in the *Passions* too,
Which speaks their high Descent, and glorious End;
Which speaks them Rays of an Eternal Fire.
In Paradise itself they burnt as strong,
Ere *Adam* fell; tho' wiser in their Aim.
Like the proud *Eastern*, struck by Providence,
What tho' our *Passions* are run mad, and stoop
With low, terrestial Appetite, to graze
On Trash, on Toys, dethron'd from high Desire?
Yet still, thro' their Disgrace, no feeble Ray
Of Greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
But *These*, (like that fall'n Monarch when reclaim'd)
When *Reason* moderates the Rein aright,
Shall re-ascend, remount their former Sphere,
Where once they soar'd Illustrious; ere seduc'd
By wanton *Eve*'s Debauch, to strole on Earth,
And set the sublunary World on Fire.

BUT grant their Frenzy lasts; their Frenzy fails
To disappoint *one* providential End,
For which Heav'n blew up Ardor in our Hearts;
Were *Reason* silent, boundless *Passion* speaks
A future Scene of boundless *Objects* too,
And brings glad Tidings of *eternal* Day.
Eternal Day! 'Tis that enlightens All;
And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *sure*.
Consider Man as an *immortal* Being,
Intelligible, All; and All is Great;
A crystalline Transparency prevails,
And strikes full Lustre thro' the Human Sphere;
Consider Man as *mortal*, all is dark,
And wretched; *Reason* weeps at the Survey.

THE learn'd LORENZO cries, "And let her weep,
"Weak, *modern* Reason; *Antient* Times were wise.
"*Authority*, that venerable Guide,
"Stands on my Part; the fam'd *Athenian* Porch,

"(And

" (And who for Wiſdom ſo renown'd as They?)
" Deny'd this Immortality to Man."
I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A Riddle, This! Have Patience, I'll explain.

WHAT noble Vanities, what moral Flights,
Glittering thro' their romantic Wiſdom's Page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them, and admire?
Fable is flat to Theſe high-ſeaſon'd Sires;
They leave th' Extravagance of Song below.
" Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
" The Dagger, or the Rack; to them, alike
" A Bed of Roſes, or the burning Bull."
In Men exploding all beyond the Grave,
Strange Doctrine, This! As *Doctrine* it was ſtrange,
But not as *Prophecy*; for ſuch it prov'd,
And, to their own Amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a Firmneſs *Chriſtians* need not feign.
The *Chriſtian* truly triumph'd in the Flame:

The

The *Stoic* ſaw, in double Wonder loſt,
Wonder at Them, and wonder at Himſelf,
To find the bold Adventures of his Thought
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lye in vain.

WHENCE, then, thoſe Thoughts? Thoſe tow'ring [Thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous Heights?--From *Inſtinct*, and from [*Pride.*
The glorious *Inſtinct* of a deathleſs Soul,
Confus'dly conſcious of her Dignity,
Suggeſted Truths, they could not underſtand.
In *Luſt*'s Dominion, and in *Paſſion*'s Storm,
Truth's Syſtem broken, ſcatter'd Fragments lay,
As Light in Chaos, glimm'ring thro' the Gloom:
Smit with the Pomp of lofty Sentiments
Pleas'd *Pride* proclaim'd, what *Reaſon* disbelievd.
Pride, like the *Delphic* Prieſteſs, with a Swell,
Rav'd Nonſenſe, deſtin'd to be *Future* Senſe,
When Life *Immortal*, in full Day, ſhould ſhine;
And *Death's dark Shadows* fly the Goſpel Sun.

They

They ſpoke, what nothing but *Immortal* Souls
Could ſpeak; and thus the Truth they queſtion'd, [prov'd.

CAN then *Abſurdities*, as well as *Crimes*,
Speak Man *Immortal?* All things ſpeak him ſo
Much has been urg'd; and doſt thou call for more?
Call; and with endleſs Queſtions be diſtreſt,
All unreſolveable, if *Earth* is All.

" WHY Life, a Moment; Infinite, Deſire?
" Our Wiſh, Eternity; our Home, the Grave?
" Heav'n's *Promiſe* dormant lies in human *Hope.*
" Who *wiſhes* Life Immortal, *proves* it too.
" Why Happineſs purſu'd, tho' never found?
" Man's Thirſt of Happineſs declares *It is*,
" (For Nature never gravitates to nought;)
" That Thirſt unquencht declares *It is not Here.*
" My LUCIA, Thy CLARISSA, call to Thought;
" Why *cordial Friendſhip* riveted ſo deep,

" As,

" As, Hearts to pierce at firſt, at parting, rend,
" If Friend, and Friendſhip, vaniſh in an Hour?
" Is not this Torment in the Mask of Joy?
" Why by *Reflection* marr'd the Joys of *Senſe?*
" Why *Paſt*, and *Future*, preying on our Hearts,
" And putting all our *preſent* Joys to Death?
" Why labours *Reaſon? Inſtinct* were as well;
" Inſtinct, far better; what can *chuſe*, can *err*;
" O how *infallible* the thoughtleſs Brute?
" 'Twere well his *Holineſs* were half as ſure.
" *Reaſon* with *Inclination*, why at War?
" Why Senſe of *Guilt?* Why *Conſcience* up in Arms?"

CONSCIENCE of Guilt, is Prophecy of Pain,
And Boſom-council to decline the Blow.
Reaſon with Inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing Future paid Forbearance Here.
Thus on---Theſe, and a thouſand Pleas uncall'd,
All *promiſe*, ſome *enſure*, a ſecond Scene;

Which,

Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
Than all Things elſe moſt *certain*; were it *falſe*,
What *Truth* on Earth ſo precious as the Lye?
This World it gives us, let what will enſue;
This World it gives, in that high Cordial, *Hope*;
The Future of the preſent is the Soul;
How *this* Life groans, when ſever'd from the *next*?
Poor, mutilated Wretch, that Disbelieves!
By dark Diſtruſt his Being cut in two,
In *both* Parts periſhes; Life void of Joy,
Sad Prelude of Eternity in Pain!

Couldst Thou perſuade me, the next Life could [fail
Our ardent Wiſhes; how ſhould I pour out
My bleeding Heart in Anguiſh, *new*, as deep?
Oh! with what Thoughts, thy *Hope*, and my *Deſpair*,
Abhorr'd Annihilation! blaſts the Soul,
And wide-extends the Bounds of Human Woe!
Could I believe Lorenzo's Syſtem true,

In *this* black Channel would my Ravings run.

" *Grief* from the *Future* borrow'd Peace, ere-while.
" The Future *vaniſht!* and the Preſent *pain'd!*
" Strange Import of unprecedented Ill!
" Fall, how profound! Like *Lucifer's*, the Fall!
" Unequal Fate! His Fall, without his Guilt!
" From where fond *Hope* built her Pavilion high
" The Gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
" To Night! To Nothing! Darker ſtill than Night.
" If 'twas a Dream, why wake me, my worſt Foe,
" LORENZO! boaſtful of the Name of Friend!
" O for Deluſion! O for Error ſtill!
" Could Vengeance ſtrike much ſtronger, than to [plant
" A *Thinking* Being in a World like This,
" Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
" More curſt than at the *Fall?*---The Sun goes out!
" The Thorns ſhoot up! What Thorns in ev'ry [Thought?
" Why Senſe of Better? It imbitters Worſe.

" Why

" Why Senſe? Why Life? If but to ſigh, then ſink
" To what I was? *Twice* Nothing! and much Woe!
" Woe, from Heav'n's Bounties! Woe, from what [was wont
" To flatter moſt, high *Intellectual Pow'rs.*

" *Thought, Virtue, Knowlege!* Bleſſings, by *thy* [Scheme,
" All poiſon'd into Pains. Firſt, *Knowledge,* once
" My Soul's Ambition, *now* her greateſt Dread.
" To *know myſelf,* true Wiſdom?—No, to ſhun
" That ſhocking Science, Parent of Deſpair!
" Avert thy Mirror; If I ſee, I die.

" *Know my Creator?* Climb His bleſt Abode
" By painful Speculation, pierce the Veil,
" Dive in His Nature, read His Attributes,
" And gaze in Admiration——on a *Foe,*
" Obtruding Life, with-holding Happineſs?
" From the full Rivers that ſurround His Throne,
" Not letting fall one Drop of Joy on Man;

" Man gaſping for one Drop, that he might ceaſe
" To curſe his Birth, nor envy *Reptiles* more!
" Ye ſable Clouds! Ye darkeſt Shades of Night!
" Hide *Him*, for ever hide Him, from my Thought,
" Once all my Comfort; Source, and Soul of Joy!
" Now leagu'd with Furies, and with *Thee* againſt me.

" *Know His Atchievements?* Study His Renown?
" Contemplate this amazing Univerſe,
" Dropt from His Hand, with Miracles replete?
" For what? 'Mid Miracles of nobler Name,
" To find one Miracle of *Miſery?*
" To find the Being, which alone can *know*,
" And *praiſe* His Works, a Blemiſh on His Praiſe?
" Thro' Nature's ample Range, in Thought, to ſtrole,
" And ſtart at *Man*, the ſingle Mourner There,
" Breathing high Hope! chain'd down to Pangs, and [Death!

" KNOWING

" KNOWING is Suff'ring: And ſhall *Virtue* ſhare
" The Sigh of *Knowlege?* Virtue ſhares the Sigh.
" By ſtraining up the Steep of *Excellent*,
" By Battles fought, and from *Temptation*, won,
" What gains ſhe, but the Pang of ſeeing Worth,
" *Angelic* Worth, ſoon, ſhuffled in the Dark
" With ev'ry Vice, and ſwept to *brutal* Duſt?
" Merit is Madneſs; Virtue is a Crime;
" A Crime to *Reaſon*, if it coſts us Pain
" *Unpaid:* What Pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
" To think the moſt *Abandon'd*, after Days
" Of Triumph o'er their Betters, find in Death
" As ſoft a Pillow, nor make fouler Clay?

" *Duty! Religion!*——Theſe, our Duty done,
" Imply Reward. *Religion* is Miſtake.
" *Duty?*——There's none, but to repel the Cheat.
" Ye Cheats! away; ye Daughters of my Pride!
" Who feign yourſelves the Fav'rites of the Skies:

" Ye tow'ring Hopes! abortive Energies!
" That toſs, and ſtruggle in my *lying* Breaſt,
" To ſcale the Skies, and build Preſumptions There,
" As I were Heir of an *Eternity*.
" Vain, vain Ambitions! trouble me no more.
" Why travel far in Queſt of ſure Defeat?
" As bounded as my Being, be my Wiſh.
" All is inverted, Wiſdom is a Fool.
" *Senſe!* take the Rein; blind *Paſſion!* drive us on;
" And, *Ignorance!* befriend us on our Way;
" Ye *new*, but *trueſt* Patrons of our Peace!
" Yes; give the *Pulſe* full Empire; live the *Brute*,
" Since, as the Brute, we die. The Sum of Man,
" Of Godlike Man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.

" But not on equal Terms with *other* Brutes:
" *Their* Revels a more poignant Reliſh yield,
" And ſafer too; *They* never Poiſons chuſe.
" *Inſtinct*, than *Reaſon*, makes more wholſome
[Meals,
" And

" And ſends all-marring Murmur far away.
" For *ſenſual* Life *They* beſt Philoſophize;
" *Theirs*, that *Serene*, the *Sages* ſought in vain:
" 'Tis *Man* alone expoſtulates with Heav'n;
" *His*, all the *Pow'r*, and all the *Cauſe*, to mourn.
" Shall *human* Eyes alone diſſolve in Tears?
" And, bleed, in Anguiſh, none but *human* Hearts?
" The wide-ſtretcht Realm of *Intellectual* Woe,
" Surpaſſing *Senſual* far, is All our Own.
" In *Life* ſo fatally diſtinguiſht, why
" Caſt in one Lot, confounded, lumpt, in *Death?*

" Ere yet in Being, was Mankind in Guilt?
" Why thunder'd this peculiar *Clauſe* againſt us,
" *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*----Have the Skies
" Reaſons of State, their Subjects may not ſcan,
" Nor *humbly* reaſon, when they *ſorely* ſigh?
" *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*--'Tis too much;
" Unparallel'd in Nature: 'Tis too much

" On Being *unrequeſted* at Thy Hands,
" OMNIPOTENT! for I ſee nought but *Pow'r*.

" And why ſee That? Why *Thought?* To toil, [and eat,
" Then make our Bed in Darkneſs, needs no [Thonght.
" What Superfluities are *reaſ'ning* Souls!
" Oh give Eternity! or Thought deſtroy.
" But without Thought our Curſe were half unfelt;
" Its blunted Edge would ſpare the throbbing Heart,
" And, *therefore*, 'tis beſtow'd. I thank thee, [*Reaſon!*
" For aiding *Life's* too ſmall Calamities,
" And giving Being to the Dread of *Death.*
" *Such* are thy Bounties!---Was it then too much
" For *me*, to treſpaſs on the Brutal Rights?
" Too much for *Heav'n* to make one Emmet more?
" Too much for *Chaos* to permit my Maſs
" A longer Stay with Eſſences unwrought,
" Unfaſhion'd, untormented into *Man?*
" Wretched Preferment to this Round of Pains!

" Wretched

" Wretched Capacity of Frenzy, *Thought!*
" Wretched Capacity of Dying, *Life!*
" *Life, Thought, Worth, Wiſdom,* All (Oh foul
[Revolt!)
" *Once* Friends to Peace, gone over to the Foe.

" *Death,* then, has chang'd its Nature too: O
" Come to my Boſom, Thou beſt Gift of Heav'n!
[Death!
" Beſt Friend of Man! Since Man is Man no more
" Why in this thorny *Wilderneſs* ſo long,
" Since there's no *Promis'd Land*'s ambroſial Bow'r,
" To pay me with its Honey for my Stings?
" If needful to the ſelfiſh Schemes of Heav'n
" To ſting us ſore, why mockt our Miſery?
" Why this ſo ſumptuous Inſult o'er our Heads?
" Why this Illuſtrious Canopy diſplay'd?
" Why ſo magnificently lodg'd *Deſpair?*
" At ſtated Periods, ſure-returning, roll
" Theſe *glorious Orbs,* that Mortals may compute
" Their Length of Labours, and of Pains; nor loſe

" Their Miſery's full Meaſure?--Smiles with Flow'rs,
" And Fruits promiſcuous, ever-teeming *Earth*,
" That Man may languiſh in *luxurious* Scenes,
" And in an *Eden* mourn his wither'd Joys?
" Claim Earth and Skies Man's Admiration, due
" For *ſuch* Delights! Bleſt *Animals!* too Wiſe
" To *wonder*; and too Happy to *complain!*

" OUR *Doom decreed* demands a mournful [Scene;
" Why not a Dungeon dark, for the *Condemn'd?*
" Why not the Dragon's ſubterranean Den,
" For Man to howl in? Why not his Abode,
" Of the ſame diſmal Colour with his Fate?
" A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vaſt Expence
" Of Time, Toil, Treaſure, Art, for Owls and [Adders,
" As congruous, as, for Man, this lofty Dome,
" Which prompts proud Thought, and kindles [high Deſire;
" If, from her humble Chamber in the Duſt,
" While proud Thought ſwells, and high Deſire [inflames,
" The

" The poor *Worm* calls us for her Inmates *there?*
" And, round us, *Death's* inexorable Hand
" Draws the dark Curtain close; undrawn no more.

" *Undrawn no more?*----Behind the Cloud of [*Death,*
" Once, I beheld a Sun; a Sun which gilt
" That sable Cloud, and turn'd it all to Gold:
" How the *Grave's* alter'd! Fathomless, as Hell!
" A *real* Hell to Those, who dreamt of Heav'n.
" ANNIHILATION! How it yawns before me?
" Next Moment I may drop from *Thought,* from [*Sense,*
" The Privilege of *Angels,* and of *Worms,*
" An Outcast from Existence! And this Spirit,
" This all-pervading, this all-conscious Soul,
" This Particle of Energy divine;
" Which travels Nature, flies from Star to Star,
" And visits Gods, and emulates their Pow'rs,
" For ever is extinguisht. Horror! Death!
" Death of *that* Death I *fearless,* once, survey'd.---

When

" When Horror *Univerſal* ſhall deſcend,
" And Heav'n's dark Concave urn all Human Race,
" On that enormous, unrefunding Tomb,
" How juſt this Verſe! this monumental Sigh!

Beneath the Lumber of demoliſht Worlds,
Deep in the Rubbiſh of the gen'ral Wreck,
Swept Ignominious to the common Maſs
Of Matter, never dignify'd with Life,
Here lie proud Rationals; *The Sons of Heav'n!*
The Lords of Earth! The Property of Worms!
Beings of Yeſterday, and no To-morrow!
Who liv'd in Terror, and in Pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in Chaos; *or, to make*
Their happy Tranſit into Blocks, *or* Brutes,
Nor longer ſully their CREATOR's *Name.*

LORENZO! hear, pauſe, ponder, and pronounce.
Juſt is this Hiſtory? If *ſuch* is Man,
Mankind's Hiſtorian, tho' Divine, might weep.

And dares LORENZO ſmile? --- I know thee Proud;
For once let Pride befriend thee; Pride looks pale
At ſuch a Scene, and ſighs for ſomething more.
Amid thy Boaſts, Preſumptions, and Diſplays,
And art Thou then a Shadow? Leſs than Shade?
A Nothing? Leſs than Nothing? To *have* been,
And *not to be*, is lower than Unborn.
Art thou *ambitious?* Why then make the Worm
Thine Equal? Runs thy Taſte of *Pleaſure* high?
Why patronize ſure Death of ev'ry Joy?
Charm *Riches?* Why chuſe Begg'ry in the Grave,
Of ev'ry Hope a Bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, Pleaſure, Avarice, perſuade Thee
To make that World of Glory, Rapture, Wealth,
They * lately *prov'd*, thy Souls ſupreme Deſire.

WHAT art thou made of? Rather, how Unmade?
Great *Nature's* Maſter-appetite deſtroy'd!

* In the Sixth Night.

Is

Is endleſs Life, and Happineſs, deſpis'd?
Or Both wiſht, *Here*, where Neither can be found?
Such Man's perverſe, eternal War with Heav'n!
Dar'ſt Thou perſiſt? And is there nought on Earth,
But a long Train of tranſitory Forms,
Riſing, and breaking, Millions in an Hour?
Bubbles of a fantaſtic Deity, blown up
In Sport, and then in Cruelty deſtroy'd?
Oh! for what Crime, unmerciful LORENZO!
Deſtroys thy Scheme the *Whole* of human Race?
Kind is fell *Lucifer*, compar'd to Thee:
Oh! ſpare this Waſte of Being half divine;
And vindicate th' Oeconomy of Heav'n.

HEAV'N is all Love; all Joy in giving Joy;
It never had created, but to bleſs:
And ſhall It, then, ſtrike off the Liſt of Life,
A Being bleſt, or Worthy *ſo* to be?
Heav'n ſtarts at an *annihilating* GOD.

Is That, all *Nature* ſtarts at, thy Deſire?
Art ſuch a Clod to wiſh thyſelf all Clay?
What is that dreadful Wiſh?----The dying Groan
Of *Nature* murder'd by the blackeſt Guilt.
What deadly Poiſon has thy Nature drank?
To Nature undebaucht no Shock ſo great;
Nature's *Firſt* Wiſh is *endleſs Happineſs*;
Annihilation is an After-thought,
A monſtrous Wiſh, unborn till Virtue dies.
And oh! what Depth of Horror lies inclos'd?
For Non-exiſtence no Man ever wiſht,
But, firſt, he wiſht the DEITY deſtroy'd.

IF ſo; what Words are dark enough to draw
Thy Picture true? The darkeſt are too fair.
Beneath what baleful Planet, in what Hour
Of Deſperation, by what Fury's Aid,
In what Infernal Poſture of the Soul,
All Hell invited, and all Hell in Joy,

At ſuch a Birth, a Birth ſo near of Kin,
Did thy foul *Fancy* whelp ſo black a Scheme,
Of *Hopes* abortive, *Faculties* half-blown,
And *Deities begun*, reduc'd to Duſt?

THERE's nought, (Thou ſayſt), but one eternal [Flux
Of feeble Eſſences, tumultuous driv'n
Thro' *Time*'s rough Billows into *Night*'s Abyſs.
Say, in this rapid *Tide* of human Ruin,
Is there no Rock, on which Man's toſſing Thought
Can reſt from Terror, dare his Fate ſurvey,
And boldly think it *Something* to be Born?
Amid ſuch hourly Wrecks of Being fair,
Is there no central, all-ſuſtaining *Baſe*,
All-realizing, all-connecting *Pow'r*,
Which, as it call'd-forth all Things, can *recall*,
And force *Deſtruction* to refund her Spoil?
Command the Grave, reſtore her taken Prey?
Bid Death's dark Vale its Human Harveſt yield,

And

And *Earth*, and *Ocean*, pay their Debt of Man,
True to the grand Depoſit truſted There?
Is there no Potentate, whoſe out-ſtretcht Arm,
When rip'ning Time calls forth th' appointed Hour,
Pluckt from foul *Devaſtation*'s famiſht Maw,
Binds *Preſent*, *Paſt*, and *Future*, to his Throne?
His Throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
By germinating Beings cluſt'ring round,
A Garland worthy the Divinity!
A Throne, by Heav'n's Omnipotence in Smiles,
Built, (like a *Pharos* tow'ring in the Waves,)
Amidſt immenſe Effuſions of his Love,
An Ocean of *communicated* Bliſs.

An all-prolific, all-preſerving God!
This were a God indeed.——And ſuch *is* Man
As here preſum'd: He riſes from his Fall.
Think'ſt Thou Omnipotence a naked Root,
Each Bloſſom fair of Deity deſtroy'd?

Nothing

Nothing is dead; nay, Nothing ſleeps; each Soul
That ever animated human Clay,
Now wakes; is on the Wing: And where, O where,
Will the Swarm ſettle?---When the *Trumpet*'s Call,
As ſounding Braſs, collects us, round Heav'n's Throne
Conglob'd, we bask in everlaſting Day,
(Paternal Splendor!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the Soul this Outlet to the Skies,
In this vaſt Veſſel of the Univerſe,
How ſhould we gaſp, as in an empty Void!
How in the Pangs of famiſht *Hope* expire!

How bright *This* Proſpect ſhines! How gloomy, [*Thine!*
A trembling World! and a devouring GOD!
Earth, but the Shambles of Omnipotence!
Heav'n's Face all ſtain'd with cauſleſs Maſſacres
Of countleſs Millions, born to feel the Pang
Of Being *loſt*. LORENZO! can it be?
This bids us ſhudder at the Thoughts of *Life*.

Who

Who would be born to ſuch a phantom World,
Where nought Subſtantial, but our Miſery?
Where Joy (if Joy) but heightens our Diſtreſs,
So ſoon to periſh, and revive no more;
The greater *ſuch* a Joy, the *more* It pains.
A World, where dark, myſterious Vanity
Of *Good*, and *Ill*, the diſtant Colours blends,
Confounds all *Reaſon*, and all *Hope* deſtroys;
Reaſon, and Hope, our ſole Aſylum *Here!*
A World, ſo far from *Great*, (and yet how Great
It ſhines to Thee?) there's nothing *Real* in it;
Being, a Shadow! *Conſciouſneſs*, a Dream!
A Dream, how dreadful! Univerſal Blank
Before it, and Behind! Poor Man, a Spark
From Non-exiſtence ſtruck by Wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a Moment, nor that Moment ſure,
'Midſt Upper, Nether, and Surrounding *Night*,
His Sad, Sure, Sudden, and Eternal Tomb.

LORENZO! doſt Thou *feel* theſe Arguments?
Or is there nought but *Vengeance* can be felt?
How haſt Thou dar'd the DEITY dethrone?
How dar'd indict Him of a World like This?
If *ſuch* the World, Creation was a Crime;
For what is Crime, but Cauſe of Miſery?
Retract, Blaſphemer! And unriddle *This*,
Of endleſs Arguments *above*, *below*,
Without us, and *within*, the ſhort Reſult,——
"*IF Man's Immortal, there's a* GOD *in Heaven.*"

BUT wherefore ſuch Redundancy? Such Waſte
Of Argument? One ſets *my* Soul a Reſt;
One obvious, and at Hand, and, Oh!——at Heart.
So juſt the Skies, PHILANDER's Life ſo pain'd,
His Heart ſo pure; *that*, or *ſucceeding* Scenes
Have Palms to give, or ne'er had He been born.

"*What*

"*What an old Tale is This!*" LORENZO cries.--
I grant this Argument is old; but Truth
No Years impair; and had not This been True,
Thou never hadſt deſpis'd it for its Age.
Truth is Immortal as thy Soul; and *Fable*
As fleeting as thy Joys: Be wiſe, nor make
Heav'n's higheſt Bleſſing, Vengeance; O be wiſe!
Nor make a Curſe of *Immortality*.

SAY, know'ſt Thou what *It* is? Or what *Thou* art?
Know'ſt Thou th' *Importance* of a Soul Immortal?
Behold this Midnight Glory; Worlds, on Worlds!
Amazing Pomp! Redouble this Amaze;
Ten thouſand add; add twice Ten thouſand more;
Then weigh the Whole; *One* Soul outweighs them [All;
And calls th' aſtoniſhing Magnificence
Of *unintelligent* Creation poor.

For This, believe not *me*; no *Man* believe;
Truſt not in Words, but Deeds; and Deeds no leſs
Than thoſe of the SUPREME; nor His, a Few;
Conſult them All; conſulted, All proclaim
Thy Soul's Importance: Tremble at Thyſelf;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd ſo long:
Has wak'd, and work'd, for Ages; from the Birth
Of Nature, to this *Unbelieving* Hour.

In this ſmall Province of His vaſt Domain,
(All *Nature* bow, while I pronounce his Name!)
What has GOD done, and not for *this* ſole End,
To reſcue Souls from Death? The *Soul's high Price*
Is writ in all the Conduct of the Skies.
The *Soul's high Price* is the *Creation's Key*,
Unlocks its Myſteries, and naked lays
The genuine Cauſe of ev'ry Deed divine:
That, is the *Chain of Ages*, which maintains
Their obvious Correſpondence, and unites

Moſt

Moſt diſtant Periods in One bleſt Deſign:
That, is the *Mighty Hinge*, on which have turn'd
All Revolutions, whether we regard
The *Nat'ral*, *Civil*, or *Religious*, World;
The Former Two, but Servants to the Third:
To That their Duty done, they Both expire,
Their *Maſs* new-caſt, forgot their *Deeds renown'd*;
And Angels ask, "*Where once they ſhone ſo Fair?*"

To liſt us from *this* Abject, to Sublime;
This Flux, to Permanent; this Dark to Day;
This Foul, to Pure; this Turbid, to Serene;
This Mean, to Mighty!---for *this* glorious End
Th' ALMIGHTY, riſing, his long Sabbath broke;
The World was Made; was Ruin'd; was Reſtor'd;
Laws from the *Skies* were Publiſh'd; were Repeal'd;
On *Earth* Kings, Kingdoms roſe; Kings, Kingdoms, [fell;
Fam'd Sages lighted up the *Pagan* World;
Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen Glance

Thro' diſtant Age; Saints travell'd; Martyrs bled;
By Wonders ſacred Nature ſtood controul'd;
The Living were Tranſlated; Dead were Rais'd;
Angels, and *more* than Angels, came from Heav'n;
And, oh! for *This*, deſcended lower ſtill;
Gilt was Hell's Gloom; aſtoniſht at his Gueſt,
For one ſhort Moment *Lucifer* ador'd:
LORENZO! and wilt Thou do leſs?---For *This*,
That *Hallow'd Page*, Fools ſcoff at, was inſpir'd,
Of all theſe Truths thrice-venerable Code!
Deiſts! perform your Quarentine; and then,
Fall proſtrate, ere you touch it, leſt you die.

NOR leſs intenſely bent *Infernal* Pow'rs
To mar, than thoſe of *Light*, *this* End to gain.
O what a Scene is Here!---LORENZO! wake;
Riſe to the Thought; exert, expand, thy Soul
To take the vaſt Idea: It denies
All *elſe* the Name of Great. Two warring Worlds!

Not *Europe* againſt *Afric*; Warring Worlds,
Of *more* than Mortal! mounted on the Wing!
On ardent Wings of Energy, and Zeal,
High hov'ring o'er this little Brand of Strife!
This ſublunary Ball.---But Strife, for what?
In their own Cauſe conflicting? No; in *Thine*,
In *Man's*. His *ſingle* Int'reſt blows the Flame;
His the ſole Stake; His Fate the Trumpet ſounds,
Which kindles War Immortal. How It burns!
Tumultuous Swarms of Deities in Arms!
Force Force oppoſing, till the Waves run high,
And tempeſt Nature's univerſal Sphere.
Such Oppoſites Eternal, Stedfaſt, Stern,
Such Foes Implacable, are *Good*, and *Ill*;
Yet Man, vain Man! would mediate Peace between
[them.

THINK not this Fiction. "*There was War in*
[*Heav'n.*"
From Heav'n's high cryſtal Mountain where It hung,
Th' ALMIGHTY's outſtretcht Arm took down his
[Bow;

And ſhot His Indignation at the *Deep*:
Re-thunder'd *Hell*, and darted all her Fires----
And ſeems the Stake of little Moment ſtill?
And ſlumbers *Man*, who ſingly caus'd the Storm?
He ſleeps.---And art Thou ſhockt at Myſteries?
The Greateſt, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What Ardor, Care, and Counſel, *Mortals* cauſe
In Breaſts Divine! How Little in their Own!

WHERE-E'ER I turn, how new *Proofs* pour upon [me!
How happily This wond'rous View ſupports
My Former Argument! How ſtrongly *ſtrikes*
Immortal Life's full Demonſtration, *Here!*
Why this Exertion? Why this ſtrange Regard
From Heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to Man?---
Becauſe, in Man, the glorious, dreadful Pow'r,
Extremely to be Pain'd, or Bleſt, for *Even*.
Duration gives Importance; ſwells the Price.
An Angel, if a Creature of a Day,

What

What would He be? A Trifle of no Weight;
Or Stand, or Fall; no Matter which; He's gone.
Because IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd
This strange Regard of Deities to Dust.
Hence, Heav'n looks down on Earth with all her [Eyes:
Hence, the Soul's mighty Moment in her Sight;
Hence, ev'ry Soul has Partizans Above,
And ev'ry Thought a Critic in the Skies:
Hence, Clay, vile Clay! has Angels for its Guard,
And ev'ry Guard a Passion for his Charge:
Hence, from all Age, the Cabinet divine
Has held high Counsel o'er the Fate of Man.

NOR have the Clouds those gracious Counsels hid.
Angels undrew the Curtain of the Throne,
And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet Mankind:
In various Modes of Emphasis, and Awe,
He spoke his Will, and trembling *Nature* heard;
He spoke it loud, in Thunder, and in Storm.

Witness,

Witneſs, Thou *Sinai!* whoſe Cloud-cover'd Height,
And ſhaken Baſis own'd the preſent GOD:
Witneſs, ye *Billows!* whoſe returning Tide,
Breaking the Chain that faſten'd it in Air,
Swept *Egypt*, and her Menaces, to Hell:
Witneſs, ye *Flames!* th' *Aſſyrian* Tyrant blew
To ſev'nfold Rage, as Impotent, as Strong:
And Thou, *Earth!* witneſs, whoſe expanding Jaws
Clos'd o'er * *Preſumption*'s ſacrilegious Sons:
Has not each Element, in Turn, ſubſcrib'd
The *Soul's high Price*, and ſworn it to the Wiſe?
Has not Flame, Ocean, Æther, Earthquake, ſtrove
To ſtrike *this Truth*, thro' adamantine Man?
If not All-adamant, LORENZO! hear;
All is Deluſion, *Nature* is wrapt up
In tenfold Night, from *Reaſon*'s keeneſt Eye;
There's no Conſiſtence, Meaning, Plan, or End,
In all beneath the Sun, in all above,

* *Corah, &c.*

(As

(As far as Man can penetrate) or Heav'n
Is an Immenſe, Ineſtimable Prize;
Or All is Nothing, or that Prize is All.——
And ſhall each *Toy* be ſtill a Match for Heav'n?
And full Equivalent for Groans Below?
Who would not give a Trifle to *prevent*,
What He would give a Thouſand Worlds to *cure?*

LORENZO! Thou haſt ſeen (if Thine, to ſee)
All *Nature*, and her GOD, (by Nature's *Courſe*,
And Nature's Courſe *controul'd*,) declare for me:
The Skies Above proclaim "*Immortal* Man!"
And, "Man *Immortal!*" all Below reſounds.
The World's a Syſtem of Theology,
Read, by the greateſt Strangers to the Schools;
If *Honeſt*, Learn'd; and *Sages* o'er a Plough.
Is not, LORENZO! then, impos'd on Thee
This hard Alternative; or, to renounce
Thy *Reaſon*, and thy *Senſe*; or, to *Believe?*

What then is *Unbelief?* 'Tis an Exploit;
A ſtrenuous Enterprize: To gain it, Man
Muſt burſt thro' ev'ry Bar of common Senſe,
Of common Shame, magnanimouſly wrong;
And what rewards the ſturdy Combatant?
His Prize, *Repentance*; *Infamy*, his Crown.

But wherefore, *Infamy?*--For Want of *Worth*
Down the ſteep Precipice of *Wrong* He ſlides,
There's nothing to ſupport him in the *Right*.
Faith in the Future wanting, is, at leaſt
In *Embryo*, ev'ry Weakneſs, ev'ry Guilt;
And ſtrong Temptation ripens it to *Birth*.
If *this* Life's Gain invites him to the Deed,
Why not his Country ſold, his Father ſlain?
'Tis Virtue to purſue our Good Supreme;
And his Supreme, his *only* Good is *Here*.
Ambition, *Av'rice*, by the Wiſe diſdain'd,
Is perfect *Wiſdom*, while Mankind are *Fools*,

And think a Turf, or Tombſtone, covers All;
Theſe find Employment, and provide for *Senſe*
A richer Paſture, and a larger Range;
And *Senſe* by Right divine aſcends the Throne,
When *Reaſon*'s Prize, and Proſpect is no more;
Virtue no more we think the Will of Heav'n?
Would Heav'n quite *beggar* Virtue, if belov'd?

"HAS *Virtue* Charms?"--I grant Her heav'nly Fair;
But if un-portion'd, all will *Int'reſt* wed;
Tho' *That* our Admiration, *This* our Choice.
The Virtues grow on *Immortality*;
That Root deſtroy'd, they wither and expire,
A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *Puniſhments* make GOD ador'd;
And *Hopes* and *Fears* give *Conſcience* all her Pow'r.
As in the dying Parent dies the Child,
Virtue, with *Immortality*, expires.
Who tells me He denies his Soul Immortal,

Whate'er

Whate'er his Boaſt, has told me, *He's a Knave.*
His *Duty* 'tis, to love Himſelf *alone*,
Nor care tho' Mankind periſh, if He ſmiles.
Who thinks ere-long the Man ſhall *wholly* die,
Is dead already; nought but *Brute* ſurvives.

AND are there ſuch?---Such Candidates there are
For *more* than Death; for utter Loſs of Being;
Being, the Baſis of the DEITY!
Ask you the *Cauſe?*---The Cauſe they will not tell;
Nor *need* they: Oh the Sorceries of *Senſe!*
They work this Transformation on the Soul,
Diſmount her like the Serpent at the Fall,
Diſmount her from her native Wing, (which ſoar'd
Ere-while Ætherial Heights) and throw her down,
To lick the Duſt, and crawl in ſuch a Thought.

Is it in Words to paint you? O ye Fall'n!
Fall'n from the Wings of *Reaſon*, and of *Hope!*

Erect

Erect in Stature, Prone in Appetite!
Patrons of Pleaſure, poſting into Pain!
Lovers of Argument, averſe to Senſe!
Boaſters of Liberty, faſt-bound in Chains!
Lords of the wide Creation, and the Shame!
More *Senſeleſs* than th' *Irrationals* you ſcorn!
More *Baſe* than thoſe you rule! Than thoſe you pity,
Far more *Undone!* O ye moſt Infamous
Of Beings, from Superior Dignity!
Deepeſt in Woe from Means of boundleſs Bliſs!
Ye curſt by Bleſſings infinite! Becauſe
Moſt highly favour'd, moſt profoundly loſt!
Ye motly Maſs of *Contradiction* ſtrong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your Souls fly off
In Exhalation ſoft, and die in Air,
From the full Flood of Evidence *againſt* you?
In the coarſe Drudgeries, and Sinks of *Senſe*,
Your Souls have quite worn out the Make of Heav'n,
By Vice new-caſt, and Creatures of your own.

But

But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *deſtroy*;
To *curſe*, not *uncreate*, is all your Pow'r.

LORENZO! this black Brotherhood renounce;
Renounce *St. Evremont*, and read St. *Paul*.
Ere rapt by Miracle, by *Reaſon* wing'd
His mounting Mind made long Abode in Heav'n.
This is *Freethinking*, unconfin'd to *Parts*,
To ſend the Soul, on curious Travel bent,
Thro' all the Provinces of Human Thought,
To dart her Flight, thro' the whole Sphere of Man;
Of this vaſt Univerſe to make the Tour;
In each Receſs of *Space*, and *Time*, at Home;
Familiar with their Wonders; diving deep;
And, like a Prince of boundleſs Int'reſts *There*,
Still moſt ambitious of the moſt Remote;
To look on *Truth* unbroken, and intire;
Truth in the *Syſtem*, the full Orb; where Truths
By Truths enlighten'd, and ſuſtain'd, afford

An Arch-like, ſtrong Foundation, to ſupport
Th' incumbent Weight of abſolute, complete
Conviction; Here, the more we preſs, we ſtand
More Firm; Who moſt *Examine* moſt *Believe*.
Parts, like Half-ſentences, confound; the *Whole*
Conveys the Senſe, and GOD is underſtood;
Who not in *Fragments* writes to Human Race;
Read his *whole* Volume, Sceptic! then Reply.

This, This is *Thinking-free*, a Thought that graſps
Beyond a Grain, and looks beyond an Hour.
Turn up thine Eye, ſurvey this Midnight Scene;
What are Earth's Kingdoms, to yon boundleſs Orbs,
Of human Souls, one Day, the deſtin'd Range?
And what yon boundleſs Orbs, to Godlike *Man*?
Thoſe num'rous Worlds that throng the Firmament,
And ask more Space in Heav'n, can rowl at large
In *Man*'s capacious Thought, and ſtill leave Room
For ampler Orbs; for *new* Creations, There.

Can *ſuch* a Soul contract itſelf, to gripe
A Point of no Dimenſion, of no Weight?
It can; it does: The World is ſuch a Point,
And, of *that* Point, how *ſmall* a Part enſlaves?

How ſmall a Part—of *Nothing*, ſhall I ſay?
Why not?---*Friends*, our *chief* Treaſure! How they [drop?
LUCIA, NARCISSA fair, PHILANDER, gone!
The *Grave*, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd
A Triple Mouth; and in an awful Voice,
Loud calls my Soul, and utters All I ſing.
How the World falls to-pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a Ruin of our Joy!
What ſays, This *Tranſportation* of my Friends?
It bids me love the Place where *now* they dwell,
And ſcorn this wretched Spot, they leave ſo Poor.
Eternity's vaſt *Ocean* lies before thee;
There, There, LORENZO! thy CLARISSA ſails.
Give thy Mind Sea-Room; keep it wide of *Earth*,

That

That Rock of Souls *immortal*; cut thy Cord,
Weigh Anchor; Spread thy Sails; call ev'ry Wind;
Eye thy *Great Pole-ſtar*; Make the Land of Life.

Two Kinds of Life has *double-natur'd* Man,
And Two of Death; the *Laſt* far more ſevere.
Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the Sun;
Thrives on his Bounties, triumphs in his Beams.
Life *rational* ſubſiſts on higher Food,
Triumphant in *His* Beams, who made the Day.
When we leave *that* Sun, and are left by *this*,
(The Fate of all who die in ſtubborn Guilt)
'Tis *utter* Darkneſs; ſtrictly, *Double* Death.
We ſink by no *Judicial* Stroke of Heav'n,
But Nature's *Courſe*; as ſure as Plummets fall.
Since GOD, or Man, muſt alter, ere they meet,
(For Light and Darkneſs blend not in one Sphere)
'Tis manifeſt, LORENZO! *who* muſt change.

If then, that *Double-Death* ſhould prove thy Lot,
Blame not the Bowels of the DEITY;
Man ſhall be bleſt, as far as Man *permits.*
Not Man alone, all *Rationals*, Heav'n arms
With an Illuſtrious, but Tremendous, Pow'r,
To counter-act Its own moſt gracious Ends;
And this, of ſtrict Neceſſity, not Choice;
That Pow'r deny'd, *Men*, *Angels*, were no more,
But paſſive Engines, void of Praiſe, or Blame.
A Nature *Rational* implies the Pow'r
Of being bleſt, or wretched, as we pleaſe;
Elſe idle *Reaſon* would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd Capacity
Of Pain, courts Incapacity of Bliſs.
Heav'n *wills* our Happineſs, *allows* our Doom;
Invites us ardently, but not *compells*;
Heav'n but *perſuades*, almighty Man *decrees*;
Man is the Maker of Immortal Fates.
Man falls by Man, if finally He falls;

And fall He *muſt*, who learns from *Death* alone,
The dreadful Secret,---That he *lives* for Ever.

WHY *This* to thee? Thee yet, perhaps, in Doubt
Of Second Life: But wherefore doubtful ſtill?
Eternal Life is Nature's ardent Wiſh;
What ardently we wiſh, we *ſoon* believe:
Thy *tardy* Faith declares that Wiſh deſtroy'd:
What has deſtroy'd it?---Shall I tell thee, What;
When *fear'd the Future*, 'tis no longer wiſht,
And when Unwiſht, we *ſtrive* to Disbelieve.
" *Thus Infidelity our Guilt betrays.*"
Nor that the *ſole* Detection! Bluſh, LORENZO!
Bluſh for Hypocriſy, if not for Guilt.
The *Future fear'd?* An Infidel, and fear!
Fear what? a *Dream?* a *Fable?*---How thy Dread,
Unwilling Evidence, and, therefore *Strong*,
Affords my Cauſe an undeſign'd Support?
How *Disbelief* affirms, what It denies?

"*It unawares, aſſerts Immortal Life,*"——
Surpriſing! *Infidelity* turns out
A *Creed*, and a *Confeſſion of our Sins:*
Apoſtates, *thus*, are Orthodox Divines.

LORENZO! with LORENZO claſh no more;
Nor longer a *Tranſparent* Vizor wear.
Think'ſt Thou, RELIGION *only* has her Mask?
Our Infidels are *Satan*'s Hypocrites,
Pretend the Worſt, and, at the Bottom, *fail.*
When viſited by Thought, (Thought *will* intrude)
Like Him they ſerve, They *tremble, and believe.*
Is there Hypocriſy ſo foul as This?
So Fatal to the Welfare of the World?
What *Deteſtation*, what *Contempt*, their Due?
And if Unpaid, be thank'd for their Eſcape
That Chriſtian Candor they *ſtrive* hard to ſcorn.
If not for that Aſylum, they might find
A Hell on *Earth*; nor 'ſcape a worſe *Below.*

WITH Inſolence, and Impotence of Thought,
Inſtead of racking Fancy, to *refute*,
Reform thy Manners, and the Truth *enjoy*.—
But ſhall I dare confeſs the dire Reſult?
Can thy proud *Reaſon* brook ſo black a Brand?
From *purer Manners*, to *ſublimer Faith*,
Is Nature's unavoidable Aſcent;
An *honeſt* Deiſt, where the Goſpel ſhines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the *Chriſtian* ends.
When that bleſt Change arrives, e'en caſt aſide
This Song ſuperfluous; *Life immortal* ſtrikes
Conviction, in a Flood of Light *Divine*.
A *Chriſtian* dwells, like * URIEL, in the Sun;
Meridian Evidence puts *Doubt* to Flight;
And ardent *Hope* anticipates the Skies.
Of *that* bright Sun, LORENZO! ſcale the Sphere;
'Tis eaſy; It invites thee; It deſcends
From Heav'n to wooe, and waft thee whence It came:

* *Milton.*

Read, and revere the *Sacred Page*; a Page
Where triumphs *Immortality*; a Page
Which not the whole *Creation* could produce;
Which not the *Conflagration* ſhall deſtroy;
In Nature's Ruins not one Letter loſt:
'Tis printed in the Mind of Gods for ever.

In proud Diſdain of what e'en Gods adore,
Doſt ſmile?---Poor Wretch! thy Guardian Angel [weeps.
Angels, and *Men*, aſſent to what I ſing;
Wits ſmile, and thank me for my *Midnight Dream*.
How vicious Hearts fume Frenzy to the Brain?
Parts puſh us on to Pride, and Pride to Shame;
Pert, *Infidelity* is *Wit*'s Cockcade.
To grace the brazen Brow that braves the Skies,
By *Loſs of Being*, dreadfully Secure.
Lorenzo! if *thy* Doctrine wins the Day,
And drives my Dreams, defeated, from the Field;
If *This* is All, if Earth a *final* Scene,

Take

Take heed; ſtand faſt; be ſure to be a *Knave*;
A Knave in Grain? ne'er deviate to the *Right*:
Shouldſt Thou be *Good*---How infinite thy Loſs?
Guilt only makes *Annihilation* Gain.
Bleſt Scheme! which Life deprives of *Comfort*, Death
Of *Hope*; and which VICE *only* recommends.
If ſo; *where*, Infidels! your Bait thrown out
To catch weak Converts? *Where* your lofty Boaſt
Of *Zeal for Virtue*, and of *Love to Man*?
ANNIHILATION! I confeſs, in *Theſe*.

WHAT can *Reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philoſophers the Converts of a *Song*?
Yet know, *Its* * *Title* flatters *you*, not *me*;
Yours be the Praiſe to make *my* Title good;
Mine, to Bleſs Heav'n, and Triumph in *your* Praiſe.
But ſince ſo Peſtilential your Diſeaſe,
Though ſov'reign is the Med'cine I preſcribe,

* The Infidel Reclaim'd.

As yet, I'll neither Triumph, nor Deſpair:
But hope, ere-long my *Midnight Dream* will wake
Your Hearts, and teach your Wiſdom---to be wiſe:
For why ſhould Souls Immortal, made for Bliſs,
E'er wiſh, (and wiſh in vain!) that Souls could die?
What ne'er *can* die, Oh! grant to *live*; and crown
The Wiſh, and Aim, and Labour of the Skies;
Encreaſe, and *enter* on the Joys of Heav'n:
Thus ſhall my Title paſs a *ſacred* Seal,
Receive an *Imprimatur* from Above,
While Angels ſhout--*An Infidel Reclaim'd!*

To cloſe LORENZO! Spite of all my Pains,
Still ſeems it ſtrange, that Thou ſhoulſt live *for ever?*
Is it *leſs* ſtrange that Thou ſhouldſt live *at all?*
This is a Miracle; and *That* no more.
Who gave Beginning, can exclude an End?
Deny Thou *art*, Then, doubt if Thou *ſhalt be*,
A Miracle with Miracles inclos'd,

Is Man? And ſtarts his Faith at what is *Strange?*
What leſs than Wonders, from the *Wonderful*;
What leſs than Miracles, from GOD, can flow?
Admit a GOD,---that Myſtery Supreme!
That Cauſe uncaus'd! All other Wonders ceaſe;
Nothing is Marvellous for *Him* to do;
Deny Him,----all is Myſtery beſides;
Millions of Myſteries! *Each* Darker far,
Than *That* thy Wiſdom would, unwiſely, ſhun.
If *weak* thy Faith, why chuſe the Harder Side?
We nothing *know*, but what is Marvellous;
Yet what is Marvellous, we can't *believe*.
So Weak our *Reaſon*, and ſo Great our GOD,
What moſt ſurpriſes in the *Sacred Page*,
Or full as Strange, or Stranger, *muſt* be True.
Faith is not *Reaſon*'s Labour, but Repoſe.

To *Faith*, and *Virtue*, why ſo backward Man?
Fr om Hence;---The *Preſent* ſtrongly ſtrikes us All;

The

The *Futnre*, faintly: Can we, then, be *Men?*
If Men, LORENZO! the *Reverſe* is Right.
Reaſon is Man's Peculiar; *Senſe*, the Brute's.
The *Preſent* is the Scanty Realm of *Senſe*;
The *Future*, *Reaſon*'s Empire unconfin'd;
On *That* expending all her Godlike Pow'r,
She Plans, Provides, Expatiates, Triumphs, *there*;
There, builds her *Bleſſings*; There, expects her [*Praiſe*;
And nothing asks of *Fortune*, or of *Men*.
And what is *Reaſon?* Be ſhe, thus, defin'd;
Reaſon is *Upright Stature* in the *Soul*.
Oh! be a *Man*;——and ſtrive to be a GOD.

"FOR what? (Thou ſayſt): To damp the Joys of [Life?"
No; to give *Heart* and *Subſtance* to thy Joys.
That Tyrant, *Hope!* mark, how ſhe domineers;
She bids us quit Realities, for Dreams;
Safety, and Peace, for Hazard, and Alarm;
That Tyrant o'er the Tyrants of the Soul,

She bids *Ambition* quit its taken Prize,
Spurn the luxuriant Branch on which *It* ſits,
Tho' bearing Crowns, to ſpring at *diſtant* Game,
And plunge in Toils, and Dangers--for Repoſe.
If *Hope* precarious, and of Things, when gain'd,
Of Little Moment, and as Little Stay,
Can ſweeten Toils and Dangers into Joys;
What then, *That* Hope, which nothing can defeat,
Our Leave unask'd? Rich Hope of boundleſs Bliſs!
Bliſs, paſt *Man*'s Pow'r to paint it; *Time*'s, to cloſe!

This Hope is Earth's moſt eſtimable Prize:
This is Man's Portion, while no more than Man:
Hope, of all Paſſions, moſt befriends us *Here*;
Paſſions of Prouder Name befriend us leſs.
Joy has her *Tears*; and *Tranſport* has her *Death*;
Hope, like a Cordial, innocent, tho' ſtrong,
Man's Heart, at once, *inſpirits*, and *ſerenes*;
Nor makes him pay his Wiſdom for his Joys;

'Tis

'Tis All, our Preſent State can *ſafely* bear,
Health to the Frame! and Vigour to the Mind!
And to the modeſt Eye *chaſtis'd* Delight!
Like the fair Summer-Evening, mild, and ſweet!
'Tis Man's full Cup; his Paradiſe Below!

A bleſt Hereafter, *then*, or Hop'd, or Gain'd,
Is All;---our *Whole* of Happineſs: Full Proof,
I choſe no trivial, or inglorious *Theme*.
And know, ye Foes to Song! (well-meaning Men,
Tho' quite forgotten * Half your *Bible*'s Praiſe)
Important Truths, in Spite of *Verſe*, may pleaſe:
Grave Minds you praiſe; nor can you praiſe too much;
If there is Weight in an ETERNITY,
Let the *Grave* liſten;---and be *graver* ſtill.

* The Poetical Parts of it.

NIGHT

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE's APOLOGY:

OR,

The MAN *of the* WORLD *Answered.*

In which are Considered,

The LOVE *of* This LIFE;

The AMBITION *and* PLEASURE, *with the* WIT *and* WISDOM *of the* WORLD.

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE's APOLOGY:

OR,

The MAN of the WORLD Vindicated.

In which are Considered,

The LOVE of This LIFE;

The AMBITION and PLEASURE, with the WIT and WISDOM of the WORLD.

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE's APOLOGY:

OR,

The MAN *of the* WORLD *Answered.*

AND has all Nature, then, espous'd my [Part?
Have I brib'd Heav'n, and Earth, to plead [against thee?
And is thy Soul *Immortal?*---What re- [mains?
All, All, LORENZO!——Make Immortal, Blest.
Unblest Immortals!----What can shock us more?
And yet LORENZO still affects *the World*;
There, stows his Treasure; Thence, his Title draws;
Man of the World! (for such wouldst thou be call'd).
And art thou proud of that inglorious Style?
Proud of Reproach? For a Reproach it *was*,
In ancient Days; and CHRISTIAN,----in an Age,
When Men were Men, and not asham'd of Heav'n,

Fir'd their Ambition, as it crown'd their Joy.
Sprinkled with Dews from the *Caſtalian* Font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer Spirit, and a nobler Name.

THY fond Attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my Path, and dictate to my Song:
To Thee, *the World how Fair?* How ſtrongly ſtrikes
Ambition? and gay *Pleaſure* ſtronger ſtill?
Thy triple Bane! the Triple Bolt, that lays
Thy Virtue dead! Be *Theſe* my triple Theme;
Not ſhall thy *Wit*, or *Wiſdom*, be forgot.

COMMON the Theme; not ſo the Song; if She
My Song invokes, *Urania* deigns to ſmile.
The Charm that chains us to the World, her Foe,
If ſhe diſſolves, the *Man of Earth*, at once,
Starts from his Trance, and ſighs for other Scenes;
Scenes, where theſe Sparks of Night, theſe *Stars*,
[ſhall ſhine
Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd Suns; (for all things, as they *are*,
The Bleſt behold) and, in one Glory, pour
Their blended Blaze on Man's aſtoniſht Sight;
A Blaze,—the leaſt illuſtrious Object There.

LORENZO! ſince *Eternal* is at hand,
To ſwallow *Time*'s Ambitions; as the vaſt
Leviathan, the Bubbles vain, that ride,
High on the foaming Billow; what avail
High Titles, high Deſcent, Attainments high;
If unattain'd our *Higheſt?* O LORENZO!
What lofty Thoughts, theſe Elements above,
What tow'ring Hopes, what Sallies from the Sun,
What grand Surveys of Deſtiny divine,
And pompous Preſage of unfathom'd Fate,
Should roll in Boſoms, where a Spirit burns,
Bound for Eternity? In Boſoms read
By *Him*, who Foibles in Archangels ſees?
On human Hearts *He* bends a jealous Eye,

And marks, and in Heav'n's Regiſter enrolls
The Riſe, and Progreſs, of each Option there;
Sacred to Doomſday! *That* the Page unfolds,
And ſpread us to the Gaze of Gods, and Men.

AND what an Option, O LORENZO! thine?
This World! And This, unrivall'd by the Skies!
A World, where Luſt of *Pleaſure*, *Grandeur*, *Gold*,
Three *Dæmons* that divide its Realms between them,
With Strokes alternate buffet to and fro,
Man's reſtleſs Heart, their Sport, their flying Ball;
Till, with the giddy Circle, ſick, and tir'd,
It pants for Peace, and drops into Deſpair.
Such is the World, LORENZO ſets above
That glorious *Promiſe*, Angels were eſteem'd
Too *mean* to bring; a Promiſe, their *Ador'd*
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,
By Counſel, Miracle, Life, Death, on Man.
Such is the World, LORENZO's Wiſdom wooes,

And

And on its thorny Pillow ſeeks Repoſe;
A Pillow, which, like Opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary Mind with gay Chimæras,
All the wild Traſh of Sleep, without the Reſt;
What unfeign'd Travel, and what Dreams of Joy!

How frail, Men, Things? How momentary, Both?
Fantaſtic Chace, of Shadows hunting Shades!
The *Gay!* the *Buſy!* equal, tho' unlike;
Equal in Wiſdom, differently wiſe!
Through flow'ry Meadows, and through dreary [Waſtes,
One Buſtling, and One Dancing, into Death.
There's not a Day, but, to the Man of Thought,
Betrays ſome Secret, that throws new Reproach
On Life, and makes him ſick of ſeeing more.
The Scenes of *Buſineſs* tell us—"What are Men;"
The Scenes of *Pleaſure*—"What is All beſide;"
There Others we deſpiſe; and *Here*, Ourſelves.

Amid *Diſguſt* eternal, dwells Delight?
'Tis *Approbation* ſtrikes the String of Joy.

WHAT wondrous Prize has kindled this Career,
Stuns, with the Din, and choaks us with the Duſt,
On Life's gay Stage, one Inch above the Grave?
The *Proud* run up and down in queſt of Eyes;
The *Senſual* in purſuit of ſomething worſe;
The *Grave*, of Gold; the *Politic* of Power;
And All, of other Butterflies, as vain!
As Eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
How is Man's Heart by *Vanity* drawn in;
On the ſwift Circle of returning Toys,
Whirl'd, Straw-like, round and round, and then [ingulph'd,
Where gay Deluſion darkens to Deſpair?

"THIS *is a beaten Track.*"—Is This a Track
Should *not* be beaten? Never beat enough,
Till enough learnt the Truths it would inſpire.

Shall

Shall Truth be ſilent, becauſe Folly *frowns?*
Turn the World's Hiſtory; what find we there,
But *Fortune*'s Sports, or *Nature*'s cruel Claims,
Or *Woman*'s Artifice, or *Man*'s Revenge,
And endleſs Inhumanities on Man?
Fame's Trumpet ſeldom ſounds, but, like the Knell,
It brings bad Tidings: How it hourly blows
Man's Miſadventures round the liſt'ning World?
Man is the Tale of narrative old *Time*;
Sad Tale! which high as *Paradiſe* begins;
As if, the Toil of Travel to delude,
Erom Stage to Stage, in his eternal Round,
The *Days*, his Daughters, as they ſpin our Hours
On *Fortune*'s Wheel, where Accident unthought
Oft, in a Moment, ſnaps Life's ſtrongeſt Thread,
Each, in her Turn, ſome tragic Story tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched Farce between;
And fills his Chronicle with human Woes.

TIME's Daughters, True as thoſe of Men, de-
[ceive us;
Not One, but puts ſome Cheat on all Mankind;
While in their *Father's* Boſom, not yet *Ours*,
They flatter our fond Hopes; and promiſe much
Of Amiable; but hold him not o'er-wiſe,
Who dares to truſt them; and laugh round the Year,
At ſtill-confiding, ſtill-confounded, Man,
Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by Trial, unconvinc'd by Proof,
And Ever looking for the Never-ſeen.
Life to the laſt, like harden'd Felons, lyes;
Nor owns itſelf a Cheat, till It expires.
Its little Joys go out by One and One;
And leave poor Man, at length, in perfect Night;
Night darker, than what, *now*, involves the Pole.

O THOU, who doſt permit theſe Ills to fall,
For gracious Ends, and wouldſt, that Man ſhould
[mourn!
O THOU, whoſe Hand this goodly Fabric fram'd,

Who know'ſt it beſt, and wouldſt that Man ſhould [know?
What is this ſublunary World? A Vapour;
A Vapour all it holds; itſelf, a Vapour;
From the damp Bed of Chaos, by Thy Beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd Hour
In ambient Air, then melt, and diſappear.
Earth's Days are numbred, nor remote her Doom;
As Mortal, tho' leſs Tranſient, than her Sons;
Yet they doat on her, as the World, and They,
Where both Eternal, Solid; THOU, a Dream.

THEY doat, on What? *Immortal Views* apart,
A Region of Outſides! a Land of Shadows!
A fruitful Field of flow'ry Promiſes!
A Wilderneſs for Joys! perplext with Doubts,
And ſharp with Thorns! A troubled *Ocean*, ſpread
With bold Adventurers, their *All* on Board;
No ſecond Hope, if here their Fortune frowns;
Frown ſoon it *muſt*. Of various Rates they ſail,

Of Enſigns various; All alike in This,
All reſtleſs, anxious; toſt with Hopes, and Fears,
In calmeſt Skies; obnoxious All to Storm;
And ſtormy the moſt general Blaſt of Life.
All bound for Happineſs; yet Few provide
The Chart of *Knowlege*, pointing where It lies;
Or *Virtue*'s Helm, to ſhape the Courſe deſign'd:
All, more or leſs, capricious Fate lament,
Now lifted by the Tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their Wiſhes, than before:
All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual Hurt, by Guſts of Paſſion driv'n,
And ſuffering more from Folly, than from Fate.

OCEAN! Thou dreadful, and tumultuous Home
Of Dangers, at eternal War with Man!
Death's Capital! where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen *Terrors* frowning round,
(Tho' lately feaſted high at * *Albion*'s Coſt)

* Admiral *Balchen*, &c.

Wide-

Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful Mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy Face of human Life!
The ſtrong Reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And haply, *Britain* may be deeper ſtruck
By *moral Truth*, in ſuch a Mirror ſeen,
Which Nature holds for ever at her Eye.

SELF-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in Hope,
When *Young*, with ſanguine Chear, and Streamers [gay,
We cut our Cable, launch into the World,
And fondly dream each Wind and Star our Friend.
All, in ſome darling Enterprize embarkt;
But where is he can fathom its Event?
Amid a Multitude of artleſs Hands,
Ruin's ſure Perquiſite! her lawful Prize!
Some ſteer aright; but the black Blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of Hope: With Hearts of Proof,
Full againſt Wind, and Tide, *ſome* win their Way;

And when ſtrong Effort has deſerv'd the Port,
And tugg'd it into View, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
Tho' ſtrong their Oar, ſtill ſtronger is their Fate,
They ſtrike; and while they Triumph, they Expire.
In Streſs of Weather, *Moſt*; *Some* ſink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their Names, the Billows cloſe;
To-morrow knows not they were ever Born.
Others a ſhort Memorial leave behind,
Like a Flag floating, when the Bark's ingulph'd;
It floats a Moment, and is ſeen no more;
One *Cæſar* lives, a Thouſand are forgot.
How Few, beneath auſpicious Planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's Elect!)
With ſwelling Sails make good the promis'd Port,
With all their Wiſhes freighted? Yet even Theſe,
Freighted with all their Wiſhes, ſoon complain;
Free from Misfortune, not from Nature free,
They ſtill are Men; and when is Man ſecure?
As fatal *Time*, as *Storm!* the Ruſh of Years

Beats

Beats down their Strength; their numberleſs Eſcapes
In Ruin end: And, now, their proud Succeſs
But plants *new* Terrors on the Victor's Brow:
What Pain to quit the World, juſt made their own,
Their Neſt ſo deeply down'd, and built ſo high?
Too low they build, who build beneath the Stars.

Woe then apart (if Woe apart, can be
From mortal Man) and Fortune at our Nod,
The Gay! Rich! Great! Triumphant! and Auguſt
What are they?——The *moſt* happy (ſtrange to ſay!)
Convince *me* moſt of human Miſery:
What are they? Smiling Wretches of *To-morrow!*
More wretched, *then*, than e'er their Slave *can* be;
Their treach'rous Bleſſings, at the Day of Need,
Like other faithleſs Friends, unmask, and ſting:
Then, what provoking Indigence in Wealth?
What aggravated Impotence in Pow'r?
High Titles, *then*, what Inſult of their Pain?

If that ſole Anchor, equal to the Waves,
Immortal Hope! defies not the rude Storm,
Takes Comfort from the foaming Billows' Rage,
And makes a welcome Harbour of the Tomb.

THIS is a *Sketch* of what thy Soul admires:
" But here (thou ſayſt) the Miſeries of Life
" Are huddled in a Group. A more diſtinct
" Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better News."
Look on Life's Stages; they ſpeak plainer ſtill;
The plainer They, the deeper wilt Thou ſigh.
Look on thy lovely Boy; in him behold
The Beſt that can befal the Beſt on Earth;
The Boy has Virtue by his *Mother*'s Side:
Yes, on *Florello* look; a *Father*'s Heart
Is tender, tho' the *Man*'s is made of Stone;
The Truth, through ſuch a Medium ſeen, may make
Impreſſion deep, and Fondneſs prove thy Friend.

FLORELLO lately caſt on this rude Coaſt,
A helpleſs Infant; now, a heedleſs Child;
To poor *Clariſſa*'s Throes, thy Care ſucceeds;
Care full of Love, and yet ſevere as Hate!
O'er thy Soul's Joy how oft thy Fondneſs frowns?
Needful Auſterities his Will reſtrain;
As Thorns fence in the tender Plant from Harm.
As yet, his *Reaſon* cannot go alone,
But asks a ſterner Nurſe to lead it on.
His little Heart is often terrify'd;
The Bluſh of Morning, in his Cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly Dew-drop trembles in his Eye;
His harmleſs Eye! and drowns an Angel there.
Ah! what avails his Innocence? The Task
Injoin'd, muſt diſcipline his early Pow'rs;
He learns to ſigh, ere he is known to ſin;
Guiltleſs, and ſad! A Wretch before the Fall!
How cruel this? More cruel to forbear.
Our *Nature* ſuch, with *neceſſary* Pains,

We purchaſe Proſpects of *precarious* Peace:
Tho' not a *Father*, This might ſteal a Sigh.

SUPPOSE him diſciplin'd aright, (if not,
'Twill ſink our poor Account to poorer ſtill):
Ripe from the Tutor, proud of Liberty,
He leaps Incloſure, bounds into the World;
The World is taken, after Ten Years Toil,
Like antient *Troy*; and all its Joys his own.
Alas! the World's a Tutor more ſevere;
Its Leſſons hard, and ill deſerve his Pains;
Unteaching All his virtuous Nature taught,
Or Books (fair Virtue's Advocates!) inſpir'd.

FOR who receives him into public Life?
Men of the World! the Terræ-filial Breed!
Welcome the modeſt Stranger to their Sphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at Diſtance, in his Sight),
And, in their hoſpitable Arms, incloſe.

Men,

Men, who think nought ſo ſtrong of the Romance,
So rank Knight-errant, as a Real Friend;
Men, that act up to *Reaſon*'s Golden Rule,
All Weakneſs of *Affection* quite ſubdu'd:
Men, that would bluſh at being *thought* ſincere,
And feign, for Glory, the *few* Faults they want;
That love a Lye, where Truth would pay as well;
As if, to Them, *Vice* ſhone her own Reward.

LORENZO! canſt thou bear a ſhocking Sight?
Such, for *Florello*'s ſake, 'twill now appear:
See, the ſteel'd Files of ſeaſon'd Veterans,
Train'd to the World, in burniſht Falſhood bright;
Deep in the fatal Stratagems of Peace;
All ſoft Senſation, in the Throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen Purpoſe, in Politeneſs, ſheath'd;
His Friends eternal——during Intereſt;
His Foes implacable——when worth their while;
At War with ev'ry Welfare, but their own;
As wiſe as *Lucifer*; and half as good;

And by whom, none, but *Lucifer*, can gain,
Naked, through Theſe (ſo common Fate ordains),
Naked of Heart, his cruel Courſe he runs,
Stung out of All, moſt amiable in Life,
Prompt Truth, and open Thought, and Smiles un-[feign'd;
Affection, as his Species, wide-diffus'd;
Noble Preſumptions to Mankind's Renown;
Ingenuous Truſt, and Confidence of Love.

THESE Claims to Joy (if Mortals Joy might claim)
Will coſt him many a Sigh; till Time, and Pains,
From the ſlow Miſtreſs of this School, *Experience*,
And her Aſſiſtant, pauſing, pale, *Diſtruſt*,
Purchaſe a dear-bought Clue to lead his Youth,
Through ſerpentine Obliquities of Life,
And the dark Labyrinth of human Hearts.
And happy! if the Clue ſhall come ſo cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with Public Guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul Contagion too,

If

If leſs than heav'nly Virtue is our Guard.
Thus, a ſtrange kind of curſt Neceſſity
Brings down the ſterling Temper of his Soul,
By baſe Alloy, to bear the Current Stamp,
Below call'd Wiſdom; ſinks him into Safety;
And brands him into Credit with the *World*;
Where ſpecious Titles dignify Diſgrace,
And Nature's Injuries are Arts of Life;
Where brighter Reaſon prompts to bolder Crimes;
And Heav'nly Talents make Infernal Hearts;
That unſurmountable Extreme of Guilt!

Poor *Machiavel!* who labour'd hard his Plan,
Forgot, that Genius needs not go to School;
Forgot, that Man, without a Tutor, wiſe,
His Plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ,
The World's all *Title-page*, there's no *Contents*;
The World's all *Face*; the Man who ſhews his *Heart*,
Is hooted for his Nudities, and ſcorn'd.

A Man I knew, who liv'd upon a Smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankeſt Venom foam'd through ev'ry Vein.
LORENZO! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry *Fool* alive;
And Dying, curs'd the *Friend* on whom he liv'd.
To ſuch Proficients thou art half a Saint.
In foreign Realms (for thou haſt travell'd far),
How curious to contemplate Two State-Rooks,
Studious their Neſts to feather in a trice,
With all the *Necromantics* of their Art,
Playing the Game of *Faces* on each other,
Making Court Sweat-meats of their latent Gall,
In fooliſh Hope, to ſteal each other's Truſt;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And, ſometimes, both (let Earth rejoice) undone.
Their Parts we doubt not; but be That their Shame;
Shall Men of Talents, fit to rule Mankind,
Stoop to mean Wiles, that would diſgrace a Fool?

And loſe the Thanks of thoſe few Friends they
[ſerve?
For who can thank the Man, he cannot *ſee*?

Why ſo much Cover? It defeats itſelf.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not, Mens
[Hearts
Are therefore known, *becauſe* they are conceal'd;
For why conceal'd?——The Cauſe they need not tell.
I give Him Joy, that's aukward at a Lye;
Whoſe feeble Nature *Truth* keeps ſtill in Awe;
His Incapacity is his Renown.
'Tis Great, 'tis Manly, to diſdain *Diſguiſe*;
It ſhews our Spirit, or it proves our Strength.
Thou ſayſt, 'Tis *needful*: Is it therefore *right*?
Howe'er, I grant it ſome ſmall Sign of Grace,
To ſtrain at an Excuſe: And wouldſt thou then
Eſcape that cruel *Need*? Thou mayſt, with Eaſe;
Think no Poſt *needful* that demands a Knave.
When late our Civil Helm was ſhifting Hands
So *P*—— thought; think better, if you can.

But This, how rare! the public Path of Life
Is dirty:—Yet allow that Dirt its Due;
It makes the Noble Mind more noble ſtill;
The World's no Neuter; it will wound or ſave;
Our Virtue quench, or Indignation fire.
You ſay, the World, well-known, will make a [*Man:*—
The World, well known, will give our Hearts to [Heav'n,
Or make us *Dæmons*, long before we Die.

To ſhew how fair the World, thy Miſtreſs, ſhines,
Teke *either* Part, ſure Ills attend the Choice;
Sure, tho' not equal, Detriment enſues.
Not *Virtue*-ſelf is Deify'd on Earth;
Virtue has her Relapſes, Conflicts, Foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their Hate.
Virtue has her peculiar Set of Pains;
True; Friends to Virtue, *laſt*, and *leaſt*, complain;
But if They Sigh, can Others hope to Smile?

If

If *Wiſdom* has her Miſeries to mourn,
How can poor *Folly* lead a happy Life?
And if *Both* ſuffer, what has Earth to boaſt,
Where he *moſt* Happy, who the *leaſt* Laments?
Where *much*, *much* Patience, the moſt envy'd State,
And *ſome* Forgiveneſs, needs, the beſt of Friends?
For Friend, or happy Life, who looks not higher,
Of neither ſhall he find the Shadow *here*.

THE World's ſworn Advocate, without a Fee,
LORENZO ſmartly, with a Smile, replies;
" Thus far thy Song is right; and All muſt own,
" Virtue *has her peculiar Set of Pains.*——
" And Joys peculiar who to *Vice* denies?
" If Vice it is, with Nature to comply:
" If *Pride*, and *Senſe*, are ſo predominant,
" To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a Saint,
" Can Nature in a plainer Voice proclaim
" *Pleaſure*, and *Glory*, the Chief Good of Man?"

CAN *Pride*, and *Senſuality*, rejoice?
From Purity of Thought, all *Pleaſure* ſprings;
And, from an humble Spirit, all our *Peace*.
Ambition! Pleaſure! let us talk of Theſe:
Of Theſe, the PORCH, and ACADEMY, talk'd;
Of Theſe, each following Age had much to ſay;
Yet unexhauſted, ſtill, the needful Theme.
Who talks of *Theſe*, to Mankind all at once
He talks; for where the Saint from either free?
Are Theſe thy Reſuge? —No; Theſe ruſh upon
Thy Vitals ſeize, and *Vultur*-like, devour: [thee;
I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy Rock,
PROMETHEUS! from this barren Ball of Earth;
If *Reaſon* can unchain thee, thou art free.

AND, firſt, thy *Caucaſus*, Ambition calls;
Mountain of Torments! Eminence of Woes!
Of courted Woes! and courted through Miſtake!

'Tis

'Tis not Ambition charms thee, 'tis a Cheat
Will make thee ſtart, as *H*—— at his *Moor.*
Doſt graſp at Greatneſs? firſt, know what it is:
Think'ſt thou thy Greatneſs in *Diſtinction* lies?
Not in the Feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
By *Fortune* ſtuck, to mark us from the Throng,
Is Glory lodg'd: 'Tis lodg'd in the Reverſe;
In that which joins, in that which equals, All,
The Monarch, and his Slave;—"A Deathleſs Soul,
" Unbounded Proſpect, and Immortal Kin,
" A Father God, and Brothers in the Skies;"
Elder, indeed, in Time; but leſs remote
In Excellence, perhaps, than thought by Man;
Why greater, What can Fall, than What can Riſe?

If Still delirious, now, Lorenzo! go;
And, with thy full-blown Brothers of the *World,*
Throw Scorn around thee; caſt it on thy Slaves;
Thy Slaves, and Equals: How Scorn caſt on Them

Rebounds

Rebounds on Thee? If Man is mean, as Man,
Art thou a God? If *Fortune* makes him ſo,
Beware the Conſequence: A Maxim That,
Which draws a monſtrous Picture of Mankind,
Where, in the Drapery, the *Man* is loſt;
Externals fluttering, and the Soul forgot.
Thy greateſt Glory when diſpos'd to Boaſt,
Boaſt *That* aloud, in which thy Servants ſhare.

We wiſely ſtrip the Steed we mean to buy;
Judge we, in their Compariſons, of *Men?*
It nought avails thee, *Where,* but *What,* thou art;
All the Diſtinctions of this little Life
Are quite Cutaneous, foreign to the Man.
When, through Death's Streights, *Earth's* ſubtil [Serpents creep,
Which wriggle into Wealth, or climb Renown,
As crooked *Satan* the Forbidden Tree,
They leave their party-colour'd Robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft

Their

Their brazen Creſts, and hiſs at us below.
Of Fortune's *Fucus* ſtrip them, yet alive;
Strip them of Body, too; nay, cloſer ſtill,
Away with all, but *Moral*, in their Minds;
And let, what then remains, impoſe their Name,
Pronounce them Weak, or Worthy; Great, or Mean.
How mean that Snuff of Glory *Fortune* lights,
And *Death* puts out? Doſt thou demand a Teſt,
A Teſt, at once, infallible, and ſhort,
Of *real* Greatneſs? That Man Greatly lives,
Whate'er his Fate, or Fame, who Greatly dies;
High-flush'd with Hope, where Heroes ſhall deſpair.
If *This* a true Criterion, Many Courts
Illuſtrious, might afford but few Grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his Throne, on Earth ſur-
[veys
Nought Greater, than an Honeſt, Humble Heart;
An Humble Heart, *His* Reſidence! pronounc'd
His ſecond Seat; and Rival to the Skies.

The

The private Path, the ſecret Acts of Men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our Lives!
How far above LORENZO's Glory ſits
Th' illuſtrious Maſter of a Name *unknown*;
Whoſe Worth unrivall'd, and unwitneſs'd, loves
Life's ſacred Shades, where Gods converſe with [Men;
And *Peace*, beyond the World's Conception, ſmiles?
As Thou, (now dark) before we part, ſhalt ſee.

BUT thy Great Soul this *skulking* Glory ſcorns,
LORENZO's ſick, but when LORENZO's ſeen;
And, when he ſhrugs at public Bus'neſs, lyes.
Deny'd the public Eye, the public Voice,
As if he liv'd on others Breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the World his Pedeſtal,
Mankind the Gazers, the ſole Figure, He.
Knows he, *that* Mankind praiſe againſt their Will,
And mix as much Detraction as they can?
Knows he, *that* faithleſs *Fame* her Whiſper has,

As

As well as Trumpet? *That* his Vanity
Is ſo much tickled from not hearing *All?*
Knows this All-Knower, *that* from Itch of Praiſe,
Or, from an Itch more ſordid, when he ſhines,
Taking his Country by Five hundred Ears,
Senates at once admire him, and deſpiſe,
With modeſt Laughter lining loud Applauſe,
Which makes the Smile more mortal to his Fame?
His *Fame*, which, (like the mighty *Cæſar*) crown'd
With Laurels, in full Senate, greatly falls,
By *ſeeming* Friends, that honour, and deſtroy.
We riſe in Glory, as we ſink in Pride:
Where Boaſting ends, there Dignity begins;
And yet, miſtaken beyond all Miſtake,
The Blind LORENZO's proud —— of being Proud;
And dreams himſelf aſcending in his Fall.

AN Eminence, though fancy'd, turns the Brain;
All Vice wants *Hellebore*; but, of all Vice,

Pride

Pride loudeſt calls, and for the largeſt Bowl;
Becauſe, all other Vice unlike, it flies,
In *Fact*, the Point, in *Fancy* moſt purſu'd.
Who court Applauſe, oblige the World in *this*;
They gratify Man's Paſſion to *refuſe*.
Superior Honour when *aſſum'd*, is *loſt*;
Ev'n Good Men turn *Banditti*, and rejoyce,
Like *Kouli-Kan*, in Plunder of the Proud.

THO' ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the *World's* Cauſe, with half a Face of Joy,
LORENZO cries—"Be, then, *Ambition* caſt;
"Ambition's Dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
"Gay *Pleaſure!* Proud *Ambition* is her Slave;
"For Her, he ſoars at *Great*, and hazards *Ill*;
"For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
"And paves his Way, with Crowns, to reach Her [Smile;
"Who can reſiſt Her Charms?"—Or, *ſhould?* [*Lorenzo!*
What Mortal ſhall reſiſt, where Angels yield?

Pleaſure's the Miſtreſs of Ethereal Pow'rs;
For Her contend the Rival Gods above;
Pleaſure's the Miſtreſs of the World below;
And well it is for Man, that *Pleaſure* charms;
How would All ſtagnate, but for *Pleaſure*'s Ray?
How would the frozen Stream of Action ceaſe?
What is the Pulſe of this ſo buſy World?
The Love of *Pleaſure*: That, thro' ev'ry Vein,
Throws Motion, Warmth; and ſhuts out Death
[from Life.

THO' various are the Tempers of Mankind,
Pleaſure's gay Family holds All in Chains:
Some moſt affect the Black; and ſome, the Fair;
Some honeſt *Pleaſure* court; and ſome, obſcene.
Pleaſures *obſcene* are various, as the Throng
Of Paſſions, that can *err* in human Hearts;
Miſtake their Objects, or tranſgreſs their Bounds.
Think you there's but *One* Whoredom? Whore-
[dom, All,
But when our *Reaſon* licenſes Delight.

Doſt

Doſt doubt, LORENZO? Thou ſhalt doubt no [more
Thy Father chides thy Gallantries, yet hugs
An ugly, common Harlot, in the Dark.
A rank Adulterer with others *Gold*;
And that Hag, *Vengeance*, in a Corner, charms.
Hatred her Brothel has, as well as Love,
Where horrid *Epicures* debauch in Blood.
Whate'er the Motive, *Pleaſure* is the Mark;
For Her, the black Aſſaſſin draws his Sword;
For Her, dark Stateſmen trim their Midnight Lamp,
To which no *ſingle* Sacrifice may fall;
For Her, the Saint abſtains; the Miſer ſtarves;
The *Stoic* proud, for Pleaſure, Pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For Her, *Affliction*'s Daughters Grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a Luxury in Tears;
For Her, Guilt, Shame, Toil, Danger, we defy;
And, with an Aim *voluptuous*, ruſh on Death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic Pow'r.

AND

And as her Empire wide, her Praiſe is juſt.
Patron of Pleaſure! Doater on Delight!
I am thy Rival; Pleaſure I profeſs;
Pleaſure, the Purpoſe of my gloomy Song.
Pleaſure is nought but Virtue's gayer Name;
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her Worth too low;
Virtue the Root, and Pleaſure is the Flower;
And honeſt *Epicurus'* Foes were Fools.

But this ſounds harſh, and gives the *Wiſe* Of-
[fence;
If o'erſtrain'd Wiſdom ſtill retains the *Name*.
How knits *Auſterity* her cloudy Brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *Praiſe*
Of *Pleaſure*, to Mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear?
Ye modern *Stoics!* hear my ſoft Reply;
Their Senſes Men *will* truſt: We can't impoſe;
Or, if we could, is Impoſition right?
Own *Honey ſweet*; but, owning, add this *Sting*;

" When mixt with Poiſon, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a Lye.
Is nought but *Virtue* to be prais'd, as Good?
Why then is Health preferr'd before Diſeaſe?
What Nature loves *is* Good, without *our* Leave.
And where no future Drawback cries, " *Beware:*"
Pleaſure, though not from Virtue, *ſhould* prevail.
'Tis Balm to Life, and Gratitude to Heav'n;
How cold our Thanks for Bounties unenjoy'd?
The *Love of Pleaſure* is Man's Eldeſt-born,
Born in his Cradle, living to his Tomb;
Wiſdom, her *younger* Siſter, tho' more *grave*,
Was meant to *miniſter*, and not to mar,
Imperial *Pleaſure*, Queen of human Hearts.

LORENZO! Thou, her Majeſty's renown'd,
Tho' uncoiſt, Counſel, learned in the *World!*
Who think'ſt thyſelf a MURRAY, with Diſdain
Mayſt look on me. Yet, my *Demoſthenes!*

Canſt

Canſt thou plead *Pleaſure's* Cauſe as well as I?
Know'ſt thou her *Nature, Purpoſe, Parentage?*
Attend my Song, and thou ſhalt know them all;
And know Thyſelf; and know thyſelf to be
(Strange Truth!) the moſt abſtemious Man alive.
Tell not *Caliſta*; ſhe will laugh thee dead;
Or ſend thee to her Hermitage with *L*——.
Abſurd Preſumption! Thou, who never knew'ſt
A ſerious Thought! ſhalt thou dare dream of Joy?
No Man e'er found a *happy Life* by Chance,
Or yawn'd it into Being, with a Wiſh;
Or, with the Snout of grov'ling *Appetite*,
E'er ſmelt it out, and grubb'd it from the Dirt.
An *Art* it is, and muſt be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting Effort, or be loſt;
And leave us perfect Blockheads, in our Bliſs.
The Clouds may drop down Titles and Eſtates;
Wealth may ſeek Us; but *Wiſdom* muſt be Sought;

Sought before All; but (how unlike All elſe
We ſeek on Earth?) 'tis never ſought in vain.

FIRST, *Pleaſure's* Birth, Riſe, Strength, and Gran-
[deur ſee:
Brought forth by *Wiſdom*, nurſt by *Diſcipline*,
By *Patience* taught, by *Perſeverance* crown'd,
She rears her Head majeſtic; round her Throne
Erected in the Boſom of the Juſt,
Each Virtue, liſted, forms her manly Guard.
For what are *Virtues?* (Formidable Name!)
What, but the Fountain, or Defence, of Joy?
Why, then, commanded? Need Mankind Com-
[mands,
At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their Bliſs? ——
Great Legiſlator! Scarce ſo Great, as Kind!
If Men are rational, and love Delight,
Thy gracious Law but flatters human Choice;
In the Tranſgreſſion lies the Penalty;
And they the moſt indulge, who moſt obey.

Of *Pleaſure*, next, the final Cauſe explore;
Its mighty *Purpoſe*, its important *End*.
Not to turn *Human* brutal, but to build
Divine on Human, *Pleaſure* came from Heav'n.
In Aid to *Reaſon* was the Goddeſs ſent;
To call up all its Strength by ſuch a Charm.
Pleaſure, firſt, ſuccours *Virtue*; in Return,
Virtue gives *Pleaſure* an eternal Reign.
What, but the Pleaſure of Food, Friendſhip, Faith,
Supports Life *Natural*, *Civil*, and *Divine?*
'Tis from the Pleaſure of Repaſt, we live;
'Tis from the Pleaſure of Applauſe, we pleaſe;
'Tis from the Pleaſure of Belief, we pray;
(All Pray'r would ceaſe, if unbeliev'd the Prize;)
It ſerves ourſelves, our Species, and our God;
And to ſerve more, is paſt the Sphere of Man.
Glide, then, for ever, Pleaſure's ſacred Stream!
Through *Eden* as *Euphrates* ran, It runs,

And foſters ev'ry Growth of Happy Life;
Makes a new *Eden* where it flows;——but ſuch
As *muſt* be loſt, LORENZO! by thy Fall.

"*WHAT mean I by thy Fall?*" —— Thou'lt [ſhortly ſee,
While Pleaſure's *Nature* is at large diſplay'd;
Already ſung her *Origin*, and *Ends*.
Thoſe glorious Ends, by Kind, or by Degree,
When *Pleaſure* violates, 'tis then a Vice,
And Vengeance too; it haſtens into Pain.
From due Refreſhment, Life, Health, Reaſon, Joy;
From wild Exceſs, Pain, Grief, Diſtraction, Death;
Heav'n's Juſtice *this* proclaims, and *that* her Love.
What greater Evil can I wiſh my Foe,
Than his full Draught of Pleaſure, from a Cask
Unbroach'd by *juſt Authority*, ungaug'd
By *Temperance*, by *Reaſon* unrefin'd?
A thouſand Dæmons lurk within the Lee.
Heav'n, Others, and Ourſelves! Uninjur'd *Theſe*,

Drink

Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more Divine;
Angels are Angels from Indulgence *there*;
'Tis Unrepenting Pleaſure makes a God.

Dost think thyſelf a God from other Joys?
A Victim rather! ſhortly ſure to bleed.
The Wrong *muſt* mourn: Can Heav'n's Appoint-
[ments fail?
Can Man outwit Omnipotence? ſtrike out
A Self-wrought Happineſs unmeant by *Him*
Who made Us, and the World we would enjoy?
Who forms an Inſtrument, ordains from whence
Its Diſſonance, or Harmony, ſhall riſe.
Heav'n bid the Soul this mortal Frame inſpire;
Bid Virtue's Ray divine inſpire the Soul
With unprecarious Flows of vital Joy;
And, without Breathing, Man as well might hope
For Life, as, without Piety, for Peace.

" Is *Virtue*, then, and *Piety* the ſame?" —

No; Piety is more; 'tis Virtue's Source;
Mother of ev'ry Worth, as That of Joy.
Men of the World this Doctrine ill digeſt;
They ſmile at Piety, yet boaſt aloud
Good-Will to Men; nor know, they ſtrive to part
What *Nature* joins; and thus confute Themſelves.
With *Piety* begins all Good on Earth;
'Tis the Firſt-born of Rationality.
Conſcience, her firſt Law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, Lifeleſs, Impotent to Good;
A feign'd Affection bounds her utmoſt Pow'r.
Some we can't love, but for th'Almighty's Sake;
A Foe to GOD was ne'er true Friend to Man;
Some ſiniſter Intent taints all he does,
And, in his Kindeſt Actions he's Unkind.

ON Piety, Humanity is built;
And, on Humanity, much Happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on Piety itſelf.

A Soul in Commerce with her God, is Heav'n;
Feels not the Tumults and the Shocks of Life;
The Whirls of Paſſions, and the Strokes of Heart.
A Deity believ'd, is Joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is Joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is Joy matur'd.
Each Branch of *Piety* Delight inſpires;
Faith builds a Bridge from This World to the Next,
O'er Death's dark Gulph, and all its Horror hides;
Praiſe, the ſweet Exhalation of our Joy,
That Joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill;
Pray'r ardent opens Heav'n, lets down a Stream
Of Glory on the conſecrated Hour
Of Man, in Audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the *Great God*, that Inſtant joins
The Firſt in Heav'n, and ſets his Foot on Hell.

LORENZO! when waſt Thou at Church *before?*
Thou think'ſt the Service Long: But is it Juſt?

Tho'

Tho' Juſt, Unwelcome; thou hadſt rather tread
Unhallow'd Ground; the Muſe, to win thine Ear,
Muſt take an Air leſs Solemn: She complies.
Good-Conſcience!—at the Sound *the World* retires;
Verſe diſaffects it, and LORENZO ſmiles;
Yet has ſhe her *Seraglio* full of Charms;
And ſuch as Age ſhall Heighten, not Impair.
Art thou dejected? Is thy Mind o'ercaſt?
Amid her Fair Ones, thou the Faireſt chuſe,
To chaſe thy Gloom.—"Go, fix ſome weighty [*Truth*;
" Chain down ſome *Paſſion*; do ſome *gen'rous* [*Good*;
" Teach *Ignorance* to ſee, or *Grief* to ſmile;
" Correct thy *Friend*; befriend thy greateſt *Foe*;
" Or, with warm Heart, and Confidence divine,
" Spring up, and lay ſtrong Hold on *Him* who made [Thee."—
Thy Gloom is ſcatter'd, ſprightly Spirits flow;
Tho' wither'd is thy Vine, and Harp unſtrung.

DOST call the Bowl, the Viol, and the Dance,

Loud

Loud Mirth, mad Laughter? Wretched Comforters!
Phyſicians! more than Half of thy Diſeaſe.
Laughter, tho' never cenſur'd yet as Sin
(Pardon a Thought that only *ſeems* ſevere),
Is half-immoral: Is it much indulg'd?
By venting Spleen, or diſſipating Thought,
It ſhews a *Scorner*, or it makes a *Fool*;
And ſins, as hurting Others, or Ourſelves.
'Tis *Pride*, or *Emptineſs*, applies the Straw,
That tickles Little Minds to Mirth effuſe;
Of Grief as impotent, portentous Sign!
The Houſe of Laughter makes a Houſe of Woe.
A Man *triumphant* is a Monſtrous Sight;
A Man *dejected* is a Sight as Mean;
What Cauſe for *Triumph*, where ſuch Ills abound?
What for *Dejection*, where preſides a Pow'r,
Who call'd us into Being to be Bleſt?
So grieve, as conſcious Grief may riſe to Joy;
So joy, as conſcious Joy to Grief may fall.

Moſt true, a wiſe Man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous, bubbling Mirth,
A ſhallow Stream of Happineſs betray;
Too Happy to be Sportive, He's Serene.

YET wouldſt thou laugh (but at thy own Ex-[pence),
This Counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give——
" Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be Gay."
There Truths abound of ſov'reign Aid to Peace;
Ah! do not prize them leſs, becauſe Inſpir'd,
As Thou, and Thine, are apt, and proud to do.
If *not* inſpir'd, that pregnant Page had ſtood,
Time's Treaſure! and the Wonder of the Wiſe!
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, Thy *Soul* alone at Stake;
Alas!——Should Men miſtake thee for a *Fool*;——
What Man of Taſte for Genius, Wiſdom, Truth,
Tho' tender of thy Fame could interpoſe?
Believe me, Senſe, *here*, acts a double Part,
And the true *Critic* is a *Chriſtian* too.

BUT

BUT *Theſe*, thou think'ſt, are gloomy Paths to [Joy.—
True Joy in Sunſhine ne'er was found at firſt;
They, firſt, Themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe;
And Travel only gives us ſound Repoſe.
Heaven *ſells* all Pleaſure; Effort is the Price;
The Joys of Conqueſt, are the Joys of Man;
And *Glory* the victorious *Laurel* ſpreads,
O'er *Pleaſure's* pure, perpetual, placid Stream.

THERE is a Time, when Toil muſt be preferr'd,
Or Joy, by miſ-tim'd Fondneſs, is undone.
A Man of *Pleaſure* is a Man of *Pains*.
Thou wilt not take the Trouble to be Bleſt.
Falſe Joys, indeed, are born from Want of Thought;
From Thought's full Bent, and Energy, the *True*;
And that demands a Mind in equal Poize,
Remote from gloomy Grief, and glaring Joy.
Much Joy not only ſpeaks ſmall Happineſs,

But

But Happineſs, that ſhortly muſt expire.
Can Joy, unbottom'd in Reflection, ſtand?
And, in a Tempeſt, can Reflection live?
Can Joy, like Thine, ſecure itſelf an Hour?
Can Joy, like Thine, meet Accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the Door to honeſt Poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning Death, and not turn pale?
In ſuch a World, and ſuch a Nature, *Theſe*
Are needful Fundamentals of Delight:
Theſe Fundamentals, give Delight *indeed*;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unſhaken, maſculine, divine;
A conſtant, and a ſound, but *ſerious* Joy.

Is Joy the Daughter of Severity?
It is:——Yet far my Doctrine from Severe.
"Rejoice for ever;" It becomes a Man;
Exalts, and ſets him nearer to the Gods.
"Rejoice for ever," *Nature* cries, "Rejoice;"

And

And drinks to Man, in her nectareous Cup,
Mixt up of Delicates for ev'ry Senſe;
To the great Founder of the bounteous Feaſt,
Drinks Glory, Gratitude, eternal Praiſe;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a Churl.
Ill firmly to ſupport, *Good* fully taſte,
Is the whole Science of Felicity:
Yet *ſparing pledge*; *Her* Bowl is not the Beſt
Mankind can boaſt.—" A rational Repaſt;
" Exertion, Vigilance, a Mind in Arms,
" A military Diſcipline of Thought,
" To foil *Temptation* in the doubtful Field;
" And ever-waking Ardor for *the Right*"—
'Tis *Theſe*, firſt, give, then guard, a chearful Heart.
Nought that is *Right*, think Little; well aware,
What Reaſon bids, GOD bids; by *His* Command
How aggrandiz'd, the Smalleſt Thing we do?
Thus, *Nothing* is Inſipid to the Wiſe;
To Thee, Inſipid All, but what is *Mad*;
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of Guilt.

" *Mad?*

" *Mad?* (thou reply'ſt, with Indignation fir'd)
" Of antient Sages proud to tread the Steps,
" I follow *Nature.*"—Follow *Nature* ſtill,
But look it be thine *own:* Is *Conſcience,* then,
No Part of Nature? Is ſhe not *Supreme?*
Thou Regicide! O raiſe her from the Dead!
Then, follow Nature; and reſemble GOD.

WHEN, Spight of *Conſcience,* Pleaſure is purſu'd,
Man's Nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd:
And what's Unnatural, is Painful too
At Intervals, and muſt diſguſt ev'n Thee!
The *Fact* thou know'ſt; but not, perhaps, the *Cauſe.*
Virtue's Foundations with the World's were laid;
Heav'n mixt her with our Make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred Int'reſts with the Strings of Life.
Who breaks Her awful Mandate, ſhocks Himſelf,
His Better Self: And is it greater Pain,

Our

Our *Soul* ſhould murmur, or our *Duſt* repine;
And One, in their eternal War, *muſt* bleed.

If One *muſt* ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd?
The Pains of Mind ſurpaſs the Pains of Senſe:
Ask, then, the Gout, What Torment is in Guilt.
The Joys of *Senſe* to *Mental* Joys are mean:
Senſe on the Preſent only feeds; the Soul
On Paſt, and Future, forages for Joy.
'Tis Hers, by Retroſpect, thro' *Time* to range;
And forward *Time*'s great Sequel to ſurvey.
Could human Courts take Vengeance on the *Mind*,
Axes might ruſt, and Racks, and Gibbets, fall:
Guard, then, thy Mind, and leave the reſt to Fate.

Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a Man?
The Man is dead, who for the Body lives,
Lur'd, by the Beating of his Pulſe, to liſt
With ev'ry Luſt, that wars againſt his Peace;

And ſets him quite at Variance with Himſelf.
Thyſelf, firſt, Know, then Love: A *Self* there is
Of Virtue fond, that kindles at her Charms.
A *Self* there is, as fond of ev'ry Vice,
While ev'ry Virtue wounds it to the Heart;
Humility degrades it, *Juſtice* robs,
Bleſt *Bounty* beggars it, fair *Truth* betrays,
And godlike *Magnanimity* deſtroys.
This Self, when Rival to the Former, ſcorn;
When not in Competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, Feed it;——But when Virtue bids,
Toſs it, or to the Fowls, or to the Flames.
And why? 'Tis Love of *Pleaſure* bids thee bleed;
Comply, or own Self-Love *extinct*, or *blind*.

FOR what is *Vice?* Self-Love in a Miſtake;
A poor blind Merchant buying Joys too dear.
And *Virtue*, what? 'Tis Self-Love in her Wits,
Quite skilful in the Market of Delight.

Self-

Self-Love's good Senſe is Love of that dread Pow'r,
From whom Herſelf, and All ſhe can enjoy.
Other Self-Love is but diſguis'd Self-Hate;
More mortal than the Malice of our Foes;
A Self-Hate, *now*, ſcarce felt; *then* felt full-ſore,
When Being, curſt; Extinction, loud-implor'd;
And ev'ry Thing preferr'd to what we *are*.

YET *this* Self-Love LORENZO makes his Choice;
And in this Choice triumphant, boaſts of Joy.
How is his Want of Happineſs betray'd,
By Diſaffection to the preſent Hour?
Imagination wanders far afield;
The Future pleaſes: Why? The Preſent pains.—
"But that's a *Secret*."—Yes, which all Men know;
And know from Thee, diſcover'd unawares.
Thy ceaſeleſs Agitation, reſtleſs Roll
From Cheat to Cheat, impatient of a Pauſe;
What is it?—'Tis the Cradle of the Soul,

From *Inſtinct* ſent, to rock her in Diſeaſe,
Which her Phyſician, *Reaſon*, will not cure.
A poor Expedient! yet thy Beſt; and while
It mitigates thy Pain, it *owns* it too.

SUCH are LORENZO's wretched Remedies!
The Weak have Remedies; the Wiſe have Joys.
Superior Wiſdom is ſuperior Bliſs.
And what ſure Mark diſtinguiſhes the Wiſe?
Conſiſtent Wiſdom ever wills the Same;
Thy fickle Wiſh is ever on the Wing.
Sick of Herſelf is *Folly*'s Character;
As *Wiſdom*'s is, a modeſt Self-Applauſe.
A Change of Evils is thy Good ſupreme;
Nor, but in Motion, canſt thou find thy Reſt.
Man's greateſt Strength is ſhewn in ſtanding ſtill.
The firſt ſure Symptom of a Mind in Health,
Is Reſt of Heart, and Pleaſure felt at Home.
Falſe Pleaſure from Abroad her Joys imports;

Rich from within, and Self-ſuſtain'd, the *True.*
The *True* is fixt, and ſolid, as a Rock;
Slipp'ry the *Falſe,* and toſſing, as the Wave.
This, a wild Wanderer on Earth, like *Cain;*
That, like the fabled, Self-enamour'd Boy,
Home-Contemplation her ſupreme Delight;
She dreads an Interruption from without,
Smit with her own Condition; and the more
Intenſe ſhe gazes, ſtill it charms the more.

No Man is Happy, till he thinks, on Earth
There breathes not a more happy than Himſelf:
Then Envy dies, and Love o'erflows on All;
And Love o'erflowing makes an Angel Here.
Such Angels All, intitled to repoſe
On *Him* who governs Fate: Tho' Tempeſt frowns,
Tho' Nature ſhakes, how Soft to lean on Heav'n?
To lean on *Him* on whom Arch-angels lean?
With inward Eyes, and ſilent as the Grave,

They ſtand collecting ev'ry Beam of Thought,
Till their Hearts kindle with Divine Delight;
For all their Thoughts, like Angels, ſeen of old
In *Iſrael's* Dream, come from, and go to, Heav'n:
Hence, are *they* ſtudious of ſequeſtred Scenes;
While Noiſe, and Diſſipation, comfort *Thee.*

WERE all Men Happy, Revellings would ceaſe,
That Opiate for Inquietude within.
LORENZO! never Man was truly Bleſt,
But it compos'd, and gave him ſuch a Caſt,
As *Folly* might miſtake for Want of Joy.
A Caſt, unlike the Triumph of the Proud;
A modeſt Aſpect, and a Smile at Heart.
O for a Joy from thy PHILANDER's Spring!
A Spring perennial, riſing in the Breaſt,
And Permanent, as Pure! no turbid Stream
Of rapt'rous Exultation ſwelling high;
Which, like Land-floods, impetuous pour awhile,

Then

Then ſink at once, and leave us in the Mire.
What does the Man, who tranſient Joy prefers?
What, but prefer the Bubbles to the Stream?

VAIN are all ſudden Sallies of Delight;
Convulſions of a weak, diſtemper'd Joy.
Joy's a fixt State; a Tenor, not a Start;
Bliſs there is none, but *unprecarious* Bliſs;
That is the Gem; Sell All, and purchaſe That.
Why go a-begging to Contingencies,
Not gain'd with Eaſe, nor ſafely lov'd, if gain'd?
At Good Fortuitous, draw back, and pauſe;
Suſpect it; what thou canſt inſure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'ſt thyſelf, is Sure.
Reaſon perpetuates Joy that Reaſon gives,
And makes it as Immortal as herſelf:
To Mortals, nought Immortal, but their Worth.

WORTH, conſcious Worth! ſhould *abſolutely* [reign;
And

And other Joys ask Leave for their Approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever Leave obtain.
Thou art all Anarchy; a Mob of Joys
Wage War, and periſh in inteſtine Broils;
Not the leaſt Promiſe of internal Peace!
No Boſom-Comfort! or unborrow'd Bliſs!
Thy Thoughts are Vagabonds; All Outward-bound,
Mid Sands, and Rocks, and Storms, to cruiſe for [Pleaſure;
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miſs'd than gain'd;
Much Pain muſt expiate, what much Pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *Senſe*, from an infected Shore,
Thy Cargo bring; and Peſtilence, the Prize.
Then, Such thy Thirſt (inſatiable Thirſt!
By fond Indulgence, but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy ſtill cruiſes, when poor *Senſe* is tir'd.

IMAGINATION is the *Paphian* Shop,
Where feeble Happineſs, like VULCAN, Lame,
Bids foul *Ideas*, in their dark Receſs,

And

And hot as Hell (which kindled the black Fires),
With wanton Art, thoſe fatal Arrows form,
Which murder all thy Time, Health, Wealth, and [Fame.
Wouldſt thou receive them, Other Thoughts there [are,
On Angel-Wing, deſcending from Above,
Which Theſe, with Art divine, would counterwork,
And form Celeſtial Armour for thy Peace.

In *This* is ſeen Imagination's *Guilt*;
But who can count her *Follies?* She betrays thee,
To think in Grandeur there is ſomething Great.
For Works of curious Art, and antient Fame,
Thy Genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign Climes muſt cater for thy Taſte.
Hence, What Diſaſter?—Tho' the Price was paid,
That perſecuting Prieſt, the *Turk* of *Rome*,
Whoſe Foot (ye Gods!), tho' cloven, muſt be kiſs'd,
Detain'd thy Dinner, on the *Latian* Shore;
(Such is the Fate of honeſt Proteſtants!)

And

And poor *Magnificence* is ſtarv'd to Death.
Hence, juſt Reſentment, Indignation, Ire!——
Be pacify'd; if *outward* Things are Great,
'Tis Magnanimity Great Things to ſcorn;
Pompous Expences, and Parades auguſt,
And Courts; that inſalubrious Soil to Peace.
True Happineſs ne'er enter'd at an Eye;
True Happineſs reſides in Things unſeen.
No Smiles of *Fortune* ever bleſt the Bad,
Nor can her Frowns rob *Innocence* of Joys;
That Jewel wanting, Triple Crowns are poor:
So tell his *Holineſs*, and be Reveng'd.

PLEASURE, we both agree, is Man's chief Good;
Our only Conteſt, What deſerves the Name.
Give *Pleaſure*'s Name to nought, but what has paſs'd
Th' authentic Seal of *Reaſon*, (which, like YORKE,
Demurrs on what it paſſes) and defies
The Tooth of *Time*; when paſs'd, a Pleaſure ſtill;

Dearer

Dearer on Trial, Lovelier for its Age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our Future, while it forms our Preſent, Joy.
Some Joys the Future overcaſt; and ſome
Throw all their Beams that Way, and gild the Tomb.
Some Joys endear Eternity; ſome give
Abhorr'd Annihilation dreadful Charms.
Are rival Joys contending for thy Choice?
Conſult thy *whole Exiſtence*, and be ſafe;
That Oracle will put all Doubt to Flight.
Short is the Leſſon, tho' my Lecture long,
Be Good——and let Heav'n anſwer for the reſt.

YET, with a Sigh o'er all Mankind, I grant,
In this our Day of Proof, our Land of Hope,
The *Good Man* has his Clouds that intervene;
Clouds, that *obſcure* his ſublunary Day,
But never *conquer*: Ev'n the *Beſt* muſt own,
Patience, and *Reſignation*, are the Pillars

Of

Of human Peace on Earth. The Pillars, There;
But thoſe of SETH not more remote from Thee,
Till *this* Heroic Leſſon thou haſt learnt;
To frown at *Pleaſure*, and to ſmile in *Pain*,
Fir'd at the Proſpect of unclouded Bliſs.
Heav'n, in Reverſion, like the Sun, as yet
Beneath th' Horizon, chears us in this World;
It ſheds, on Souls ſuſceptible of Light,
The glorious Dawn of our Eternal Day.

" THIS (ſays LORENZO) is a fair Harangue;
" But can Harangues blow back ſtrong Nature's [" Stream;
" Or ſtem the Tide Heav'n puſhes thro' our Veins,
" Which ſweeps away Man's impotent Reſolves,
" And lays his Labour level with the *World?*"

THEMSELVES Men make their Comment on [Mankind;
And think nought *is*, but what they find at Home:
Thus, Weakneſs to Chimæra turns the Truth.

Nothing

Nothing romantic has the Muſe preſcrib'd.
* Above, LORENZO ſaw the Man of Earth,
The *Mortal Man*; and wretched was the Sight.
To balance That, to comfort, and exalt,
Now ſee the *Man Immortal*: Him, I mean,
Who lives as Such; whoſe Heart, full-bent on [Heav'n,
Leans all that Way, his Bias to the Stars.
The *World*'s dark Shades, in Contraſt ſet, ſhall raiſe
His Luſtre more; tho' Bright, without a Foil.
Obſerve his awful Portrait, and admire;
Nor ſtop at Wonder; Imitate, and Live.

SOME Angel guide my Pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than Angel can exceed,
A Man on Earth devoted to the Skies,
Like Ships in Seas, while *in*, *above*, the World.

* In a former Night.

WITH

WITH Aſpect mild, and elevated Eye,
Behold him ſeated on a Mount ſerene,
Above the Fogs of *Senſe*, and *Paſſion*'s Storm;
All the black Cares, and Tumults, of This Life,
Like harmleſs Thunders, breaking at his Feet,
Excite his Pity, not impair his Peace.
Earth's genuine Sons, the Sceptred, and the Slave,
A mingled Mob! a wandering Herd! he ſees
Bewilder'd in the Vale; in All unlike!
His full Reverſe in All! What higher Praiſe?
What ſtronger Demonſtration of the Right?

THE Preſent all *Their* Care, the Future, *His*.
When Public Welfare calls, or Private Want,
They give to Fame; His Bounty *He* conceals.
Their Virtues varniſh Nature; *His*, exalt.
Mankind's Eſteem *They* court; and *He*, his Own.
Theirs, the wild Chace of *falſe* Felicities;

His, the compos'd Poſſeſſion of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *His* conſiſtent Peace,
All of one Colour, and an even Thread;
While party-colour'd Shreds of Happineſs,
With hideous Gaps between, patch up for *Them*
A Madman's Robe; each Puff of *Fortune* blows
The Tatters by, and ſhews their Nakedneſs.

He ſees with other Eyes, than *Theirs*: Where
Behold a *Sun*, *He* ſpies a *Deity*; [*They*
What makes *Them* only Smile, makes *Him* Adore.
Where *They* ſee *Mountains*, *He* but *Atoms* ſees;
An *Empire*, in *His* Balance, weighs a *Grain*.
They Things Terreſtrial worſhip, as Divine;
His Hopes Immortal blow them by, as Duſt,
That dims his Sight, and ſhortens his Survey,
Which longs, in Infinite, to loſe all Bound.
Titles and Honours (if they prove his Fate)
He lays aſide, to find his Dignity;

No

No Dignity *They* find in ought beſides.
They triumph in Externals (which conceal
Man's real Glory), proud of an Eclipſe.
Himſelf too much *He* prizes, to be Proud,
And nothing thinks ſo great in Man, as *Man.*
Too dear *He* holds his Int'reſt, to neglect
Another's Welfare, or his Right invade;
Their Int'reſt, like a Lion, lives on Prey.
They kindle at the Shadow of a Wrong;
Wrong *He* ſuſtains with Temper, looks on Heav'n,
Nor ſtoops to think his Injurer, his Foe;
Nought, but what wounds his Virtue, wounds his [Peace.
A cover'd Heart *Their* Character defends;
A cover'd Heart denies *Him* half his Praiſe.
With Nakedneſs *His* Innocence agrees;
While *Their* broad Foliage teſtifies their Fall.
Their No-Joys end, where *His* full Feaſt begins;
His Joys *create*, *Theirs* murder, future Bliſs.
To triumph in Exiſtence, *His* alone;

And

And *His* alone, triumphantly to think
His *true* Exiſtence is not yet begun.
His glorious Courſe was, Yeſterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome, yet Life ſtill is Sweet.

BUT nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm,
Undaunted Breaſt——And whoſe is that high Praiſe?
They yield to Pleaſure, tho' they Danger brave,
And ſhew no Fortitude, but in the Field;
If there they ſhew it, 'tis for Glory ſhown;
Nor will that Cordial always man *Their* Hearts.
A Cordial *His* ſuſtains, that cannot fail;
By Pleaſure unſubdu'd, unbroke by Pain,
He ſhares in that Omnipotence he truſts.
All-bearing, All-attempting, till he falls,
And when he falls, writes VICI on his Shield.
From Magnanimity, all *Fear* above;
From nobler Recompence, above *Applauſe*;
Which owes to Man's *ſhort* Out-look all its Charms.

BACKWARD to credit what he never felt,
LORENZO cries,—"Where ſhines this Miracle?
"From what Root riſes this *Immortal Man?*"—
A Root that grows not in LORENZO's Ground;
The *Root* diſſect, nor wonder at the *Flow'r.*

He follows Nature (not like * Thee), and ſhews us
An uninverted Syſtem of a Man.
His *Appetite* wears *Reaſon*'s golden Chain,
And finds, in due Reſtraint, its Luxury.
His *Paſſion*, like an Eagle well-reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but Infinite.
Patient his *Hope*, un-anxious is his *Care*,
His *Caution* fearleſs, and his *Grief* (if Grief
The Gods ordain) a Stranger to Deſpair.
And why?—Becauſe Affection, more than meet,
His Wiſdom leaves not diſengag'd from Heav'n.

* *See* Page 134. Line 3.

Thoſe

Thoſe ſecondary Goods that ſmile on Earth,
He, loving, in *Proportion,* loves in *Peace.*
They moſt the World enjoy, who leaſt admire.
His *Underſtanding* 'ſcapes the common Cloud
Of Fumes, ariſing from a boiling Breaſt;
His Head is clear, becauſe his Heart is cool,
By worldly Competitions uninflam'd.
The mod'rate Movements of his Soul admit
Diſtinct Ideas, and matur'd Debate,
An Eye impartial, and an even Scale;
Whence Judgment ſound, and unrepenting Choice.
Thus, in a double Senſe, the *Good* are wiſe;
On its own Dunghil, wiſer than the *World.*
What, then, the World? It *muſt* be doubly weak;
Strange Truth! as ſoon would they believe the
[*Creed.*

YET thus it *is*; nor otherwiſe *can* be;
So far from aught Romantic, what I ſing.
Bliſs has no Being, Virtue has no Strength,

But from the Proſpect of immortal Life.
Who think Earth All, or (what weighs juſt the ſame)
Who care no farther, *muſt* prize what it yields;
Fond of its Fancies, proud of its Parades.
Who thinks Earth Nothing, *can't* its Charms admire;
He can't a Foe, tho' moſt malignant, hate,
Becauſe that Hate would prove his Greater Foe.
'Tis hard for *Them* (yet who ſo loudly boaſt
Good-will to Men?) to love their deareſt Friend;
For may he not invade their *Good Supreme*,
Where the leaſt Jealouſy turns Love to Gall?
All ſhines to *Them*, that for a Seaſon ſhines.
Each Act, each Thought, *He* queſtions, "What its Weight;
"Its Colour, what, a Thouſand Ages hence?"——
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the Receſſes of his Soul;
The God-like Man has nothing to conceal.
His Virtue, conſtitutionally deep,
Has *Habit's* Firmneſs, and *Affection's* Flame;

Angels,

Angels, ally'd, deſcend to feed the Fire;
And *Death*, which Others ſlays, makes Him a God.

AND, now, LORENZO! Bigot of this World!
Wont to diſdain poor Bigots caught by Heav'n!
Stand by thy *Scorn*, and be reduc'd to *Nought*:
For what art Thou?—Thou Boaſter! While *thy* [Glare,
Thy gaudy Grandeur, and mere worldly Worth,
Like a broad Miſt, at Diſtance, ſtrikes us moſt;
And, like a Miſt, is Nothing when at hand;
His Merit, like a Mountain, on Approach,
Swells more, and riſes nearer to the Skies,
By Promiſe *now*, and, by Poſſeſſion, *ſoon*,
(Too *ſoon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his Own.

FROM this thy juſt *Annihilation* riſe,
LORENZO! riſe to *Something*, by Reply.
The World, thy Client, liſtens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal Praiſe.

Canſt thou be ſilent? No, for *Wit* is Thine;
And Wit talks *moſt*, when *leaſt* ſhe has to ſay,
And *Reaſon* interrupts not her Career.
She'll ſay——*That Miſts above the Mountains riſe*;
And, with a thouſand Pleaſantries, amuſe;
She'll ſparkle, puzzle, flutter, raiſe a Duſt,
And fly Conviction, in the Duſt ſhe rais'd.

WIT, how delicious to Man's dainty Taſte?——
'Tis precious, as the Vehicle of *Senſe*;
But, as its Subſtitute, a dire Diſeaſe.
Pernicious Talent! Flatter'd by the World,
By the blind World, which thinks the Talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, LORENZO! Wit abounds;
Paſſion can give it; ſometimes *Wine* inſpires
The lucky Flaſh; and *Madneſs* rarely fails.
Whatever Cauſe the Spirit ſtrongly ſtirs,
Confers the Bays, and rivals thy Renown.
For thy Renown, 'twere well, was This the worſt;

Chance

Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See *Dulneſs*, blundering on Vivacities,
Shakes her Sage Head at the Calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to Thee.
But *Wiſdom*, awful Wiſdom! which inſpects,
Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the Right, and holds it to the laſt;
How Rare? In Senates, Synods, ſought in vain;
Or if *there* found, 'tis ſacred to the *Few*.
While a lewd Proſtitute to Multitudes,
Frequent, as Fatal, *Wit*: In Civil Life,
Wit makes an Enterprizer; *Senſe*, a Man.
Wit hates Authority; Commotion loves,
And thinks herſelf the Lightning of the Storm.
In *States*, 'tis dangerous; in *Religion*, Death;
Shall *Wit* turn Chriſtian, when the Dull believe?
Senſe is our *Helmet*, *Wit* is but the Plume;
The *Plume* expoſes, 'tis our *Helmet* ſaves.
Senſe is the Diamond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;

When cut by *Wit*, it caſts a brighter Beam;
Yet, *Wit* apart, it is a Diamond ſtill.
Wit, widow'd of *Good-Senſe*, is worſe than Nought;
It hoiſts more Sail to run againſt a Rock.
Thus, a *Half*-CHESTERFIELD is quite a Fool;
Whom *dull* Fools ſcorn, and bleſs their Want of
[Wit.

How ruinous the Rock I warn thee ſhun,
Where *Syrens* ſit, to ſing thee to thy Fate?
A *Joy*, in which our *Reaſon* bears no Part,
Is but a *Sorrow* tickling, ere it ſtings.
Let not the Cooings of the *World* allure thee;
Which of her Lovers ever found her True?
Happy! of this bad World who Little know;——
And yet, we much muſt know her, to be *Safe*.
To *know* the World, not love her, is thy Point;
She gives but Little, nor that Little, long.
There is, I grant, a Triumph of the Pulſe;
A Dance of Spirits, a mere Froth of Joy,

Our

Our *thoughtleſs Agitation*'s idle Child,
That mantles high, that ſparkles, and expires,
Leaving the Soul more vapid than before.
An *animal* Ovation! ſuch as holds
No Commerce with our *Reaſon*, but ſubſiſts
On Juices, thro' the well-ton'd Tubes, well-ſtrain'd;
A nice Machine! ſcarce ever tun'd aright;
And when it jars—thy *Syrens* ſing no more,
Thy Dance is done; the *Demi-god* is thrown
(Short Apotheoſis!) beneath the *Man*,
In coward Gloom immers'd, or fell Deſpair.

Art thou yet *Dull enough* Deſpair to dread,
And ſtartle at Deſtruction? If thou art,
Accept a Buckler, take it to the Field;
(A Field of Battle is this mortal Life!)
When Danger threatens, lay it on thy Heart;
A ſingle Sentence Proof againſt the *World*.
" *Soul, Body, Fortune!* ev'ry Good pertains

" To

" To One of theſe; but prize not All alike;
" The Goods of Fortune, to thy Body's Health,
" Body to Soul, and Soul ſubmit to God."
Wouldſt thou build laſting Happineſs? Do This;
Th' inverted *Pyramid* can never ſtand.

Is this Truth doubtful? It outſhines the Sun;
Nay, the Sun ſhines not, but to ſhew us This,
The ſingle Leſſon of Mankind on Earth.
And yet—Yet, what? No News! Mankind is mad;
Such mighty Numbers liſt againſt the Right,
(And what can't Numbers, when bewitch'd, at-
[chieve?),
They talk themſelves to Something like Belief,
That all Earth's Joys are Theirs: As *Athens'* Fool
Grinn'd from the Port, on ev'ry Sail his Own.

THEY grin, but wherefore? And how long the
[Laugh?
Half Ignorance, their Mirth; and Half, a Lye;
To cheat the World, and cheat Themſelves, they
[ſmile.
Hard

Hard either Task! The moſt Abandon'd own,
That *Others*, if Abandon'd, are undone;
Then, for Themſelves, the Moment *Reaſon* wakes,
And Providence denies it long Repoſe)
O how laborious is their Gaiety?
They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient Spleen,
Scarce muſter Patience to ſupport the Farce,
And pump ſad Laughter, till the Curtain falls.
Scarce, did I ſay? Some cannot ſit it out;
Oft their own daring Hands the Curtain draw,
And ſhew us *what* their Joy, by their Deſpair.

The clotted Hair! gor'd Breaſt! blaſpheming Eye!
Its impious Fury ſtill alive in Death!——
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking Scene.——But Heav'n denies
A Cover to ſuch Guilt; and ſo ſhould Man.
Look round, Lorenzo! ſee the reeking Blade;
Th' invenom'd Phial, and the fatal Ball;
The ſtrangling Cord, and ſuffocating Stream;

The loathſome Rottenneſs, and foul Decays
From raging Riot (ſlower Suicides!);
And *Pride* in theſe, more execrable ſtill!——
How horrid All to Thought?——But Horrors, theſe,
That vouch the Truth; and aid my feeble Song.

FROM *Vice*, *Senſe*, *Fancy*, no Man can be bleſt;
Bliſs is too great, to lodge within an Hour;
When an Immortal Being aims at Bliſs,
Duration is eſſential to the Name.
O for a Joy from *Reaſon!* Joy from That,
Which makes Man, *Man*; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him *more:* A *Bounteous* Joy! that gives,
And promiſes; that weaves, with Art divine,
The richeſt Proſpect into preſent Peace:
A Joy *Ambitious!* Joy in common held
With Thrones ethereal, and their Greater far:
A Joy high-privileg'd from Chance, Time, Death!
A Joy, which *Death* ſhall double! *Judgment*, [crown!
Crown'd

Crown'd higher, and ſtill higher, at each Stage,
Thro' bleſt Eternity's long Day; yet ſtill,
Not more remote from *Sorrow*, than from *Him*,
Whoſe laviſh Hand, whoſe Love ſtupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty Duſt.
There, O my LUCIA! may I meet thee There,
Where not Thy Preſence can improve my Bliſs!

AFFECTS not This the *Sages of the World?*
Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too?
Eternity, depending on an Hour,
Makes *ſerious Thought* Man's Wiſdom, Joy, and [Praiſe.
Nor need you bluſh (tho' ſometimes your Deſigns
May ſhun the Light) at your Deſigns on Heav'n;
Sole Point! where *over-baſhful* is your Blame.
Are you not *Wiſe?*——You know you are: Yet hear
One Truth, amid your num'rous Schemes, miſlaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aſide, if Seen;
" Our Schemes to plan by *This* World, or the *Next*,

" Is

" Is the ſole Diff'rence between Wiſe, and Fool."
All *worthy Men* will weigh you in *this* Scale;
What Wonder, then, if *They* pronounce you *light*?
Is *their* Eſteem alone not worth your Care?
Accept my ſimple Scheme of *Common-Senſe*;
Thus, ſave your Fame, and make *Two* Worlds [your Own.

THE World *replies* not;—but the World *perſiſts*;
And puts the *Cauſe* off to the longeſt Day,
Planning Evaſions for the Day of Doom.
So far, at that *Re-hearing*, from Redreſs,
They then turn *Witneſſes* againſt Themſelves.
Hear That, LORENZO! nor be Wiſe To-morrow.
Haſte, Haſte! A Man, by Nature, is in Haſte;
For who ſhall anſwer for another Hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make *One* ſure Friend;
And that thou canſt not do, this Side the Skies.

YE Sons of Earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)

Since

Since *Verſe* you think from Prieſtcraft ſomewhat [free,
Thus, in an Age ſo gay, the Muſe plain Truths
(Truths, which, at Church, you *might* have heard [in Proſe)
Has ventur'd into Light; well-pleas'd the Verſe
Should be forgot, if you the Truths retain;
And crown her with your Welfare, not your Praiſe.
But *Praiſe* ſhe need not fear; I ſee my Fate;
And headlong leap, like CURTIUS, down the Gulph.
Since many an ample *Volume*, mighty *Tome*,
Muſt die; and die Unwept; O Thou minute,
Devoted *Page!* go forth among thy Foes;
Go, nobly proud of Martyrdom for Truth,
And die a double Death: Mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: Nor ſhalt thou reſt,
When thou art Dead; in *Stygian* Shades arraign'd
By LUCIFER, as Traitor to his Throne;
And bold Blaſphemer of his Friend,—THE WORLD.
The WORLD, whoſe Legions coſt Him ſlender Pay,
And *Volunteers*, around his Banner ſwarm;

Prudent,

Prudent, as PRUSSIA, in her Zeal for GAUL.

"ARE All, then, Fools?" LORENZO cries---Yes,
[All,
But ſuch as hold *this* Doctrine, (new to Thee)
"The Mother of true Wiſdom is the *Will*;"
The nobleſt *Intellect*, a Fool without it;
World-Wiſdom Much has done, and More may do,
In Arts and Sciences, in Wars, and Peace;
But Art and Science, like thy Wealth, will leave
[thee,
And make thee Twice a Beggar at thy Death.
This is the *moſt* Indulgence can afford,——
"*Thy Wiſdom All can do, but—make thee Wiſe.*"
Nor think this Cenſure is ſevere on Thee;
Satan, thy Maſter, I dare call a Dunce.

NIGHT the NINTH and LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

Containing, among other Things,

I. A *Moral* Survey of the *Nocturnal* Heavens. || II. A *Night*-ADDRESS to the DEITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To His GRACE the DUKE of NEWCASTLE, One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

——*Fatis Contraria Fata rependens.* VIRG.

CONSOLATION

NIGHT *the* NINTH *and* LAST.

THE

CONSOLATION.

AS when a Traveller, a long Day paſt
In painful Search of what he cannot find,
At Night's Approach, content with the next Cot,
There ruminates, awhile, his Labour loſt;
Then, chears his Heart with what his Fate affords,
And chaunts his Sonnet to deceive the Time,
Till the due Seaſon calls him to Repoſe:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the Ways of Men,
And dancing, with the reſt, the giddy Maze,
Where *Diſappointment* ſmiles at *Hope*'s Career;

Warn'd by the Languor of Life's Ev'ning Ray,
At length, have hous'd me in an humble Shed;
Where, future Wand'ring baniſh'd from my [Thought,
And waiting, patient, the ſweet Hour of Reſt;
I chaſe the Moments with a ſerious Song.
Song ſooths our Pains; and Age has Pains to ſooth.

WHEN Age, Care, Crime, and Friends embrac'd [at Heart
Torn from my bleeding Breaſt, and *Death's* dark [Shade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal Fire;
Canſt thou, O *Night!* indulge One Labour more?
One Labour more indulge: Then ſleep, my Strain!
Till, haply, wak'd by *Raphael's* golden Lyre,
Where Night, Death, Age, Care, Crime, and Sorrow [ceaſe,
To bear a Part in everlaſting Lays;
Tho' far, far higher ſet, in Aim, I truſt,
Symphonious to this humble Prelude *here.*

HAS not the Muſe aſſerted *Pleaſures pure,*

Like

Like thoſe Above; exploding other Joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, LORENZO! Fairly weigh;
And tell me, haſt thou Cauſe to triumph ſtill?
I think, thou wilt forbear a Boaſt ſo bold.
But if, beneath the Favour of Miſtake,
Thy Smile's ſincere; not more ſincere can be
LORENZO's Smile, than my Compaſſion for him.
The Sick in *Body* call for Aid; the Sick
In *Mind* are covetous of more Diſeaſe;
And when at *worſt*, they dream themſelves quite *well.*
To *know* ourſelves diſeas'd, is Half our Cure.
When *Nature*'s Bluſh by *Cuſtom* is wip'd off,
And Conſcience, deaden'd by repeated Strokes,
Has into *Manners* nat'raliz'd our *Crimes*;
The Curſe of Curſes is, our Curſe to love;
To triumph in the Blackneſs of our Guilt,
(As *Indians* glory in the deepeſt Jet),
And throw aſide our *Senſes*, with our *Peace*.

BUT, grant no Guilt, no Shame, no leaſt Alloy;
Grant Joy and Glory, quite unſully'd, ſhone,
Yet, ſtill, it ill deſerves LORENZO's Heart.
No *Joy*, no *Glory*, glitters in thy Sight,
But thro' the thin Partition of an Hour,
I ſee its Sables wove by *Deſtiny*,
And *that* in Sorrow bury'd; *this*, in Shame;
While howling *Furies* ring the doleful Knell;
And *Conſcience*, now ſo ſoft, thou ſcarce canſt hear
Her Whiſper, echoes their eternal Peal.

WHERE, the prime Actors of the *laſt Year's* [Scene?
Their Port ſo proud, their Buskin, and their Plume?
How many *ſleep*, who kept the World *awake*
With Luſtre, and with Noiſe? Has *Death* proclaim'd
A Truce, and hung his fated Lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill; nor ſhall the *preſent Year*
Be more tenacious of her human Leaf,

Or

Or ſpread of feeble Life a thinner Fall.

But, needleſs, *Monuments* to wake the Thought;
Life's *gayeſt* Scenes ſpeak Man's Mortality;
Tho' in a Style more florid, full as plain,
As *Mauſoleums*, *Pyramids*, and *Tombs*.
What are our nobleſt Ornaments, but *Deaths*
Turn'd Flatterers of Life, in Paint, or Marble,
The well-ſtain'd Canvas, or the featur'd Stone?
Our Fathers grace, or rather haunt, the Scene;
Joy peoples her Pavilion from the Dead.

"*Profeſt Diverſions!* cannot Theſe eſcape?"——
Far from it: Theſe preſent us with a Shroud;
And talk of *Death*, like Garlands o'er a Grave.
As ſome bold Plunderers, for bury'd *Wealth*,
We ranſack Tombs for *Paſtime*; from the Duſt
Call up the ſleeping Hero; bid him tread
The Scene for our Amuſement: How like Gods

We ſit; and, wrapt in Immortality,
Shed gen'rous Tears on Wretches born to die;
Their Fate deploring, to forget *our Own?*

WHAT, all the Pomps, and Triumphs of our [Lives,
But Legacies in Bloſſom? Our lean Soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in Vanities,
From Friends interr'd beneath; a rich Manure!
Like other Worms, we banquet on the Dead;
Like other Worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent Frailties, or approaching Fate?

LORENZO! ſuch the Glories of the World!
What is the World itſelf? *Thy* World?---a Grave!
Where is the Duſt that has not been alive?
The Spade, the Plough, diſturb our Anceſtors;
From human Mould we reap our daily Bread.
The Globe around Earth's hollow Surface ſhakes,
And is the Ceiling of her ſleeping Sons.

O'er

O'er Devaſtation we blind Revels keep;
Whole bury'd Towns ſupport the Dancer's Heel.
The *Moiſt* of human Frame the Sun exhales;
Winds ſcatter, thro' the mighty Void, the *Dry*;
Earth re-poſſeſſes Part of what ſhe gave,
And the freed Spirit mounts on Wings of Fire;
Each Element partakes our ſcatter'd Spoils;
As Nature wide, our Ruins ſpread; Man's *Death*
Inhabits all Things, but the Thought of Man.

NOR Man alone, his breathing Buſt expires,
His Tomb is mortal; Empires die: Where, now,
The *Roman? Greek?* They ſtalk, an empty Name!
Yet Few regard them in this uſeful Light;
Tho' Half our Learning is *their* Epitaph.
When down thy Vale, unlock'd by Midnight [Thought,
That loves to wander in thy Sunleſs Realms,
O *Death!* I ſtretch my View; what Viſions riſe?
What Triumphs! Toils imperial! Arts divine!

In

In wither'd Laurels, glide before my Sight?
What Lengths of far-fam'd Ages, billow'd-high
With human Agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial Images of Air?
The melancholy Ghoſts of dead Renown,
Whiſp'ring faint Echoes of the World's Applauſe,
With penitential Aſpect, as they paſs,
All point at Earth, and hiſs at human Pride,
The Wiſdom of the *Wiſe*, and Prancings of the
[*Great.*

BUT, O LORENZO! far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly Nature, and enormous Size,
One Form aſſaults my Sight, and chills my Blood,
And ſhakes my Frame. Of *One* departed World
I ſee the mighty Shadow; Oozy Wreath
And diſmal Sea-weed crown her; o'er her Urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated Realms,
And bloated Sons; and, weeping, propheſies
Another's Diſſolution, ſoon, in Flames.

But, like CASSANDRA, propheſies in vain;
In vain, to Many; not, I truſt, to Thee.

FOR, know'ſt thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great Decree, the Counſel of the Skies?
Deluge and *Conflagration*, dreadful Pow'rs!
Prime Miniſters of Vengeance! Chain'd in Caves
Diſtinct, apart the Giant-Furies roar;
Apart; or, ſuch their horrid Rage for Ruin,
In mutual Conflict would they riſe, and wage
Eternal War, till One was quite devour'd.
But not for *This*, ordain'd their boundleſs Rage;
When Heav'n's inferior Inſtruments of Wrath,
War, *Famine*, *Peſtilence*, are found too weak
To ſcourge a World for her enormous Crimes,
Theſe are let looſe, alternate: Down they ruſh,
Swift and tempeſtuous, from th' eternal Throne,
With irreſiſtible Commiſſion arm'd,
The World, in vain corrected, to deſtroy,
And eaſe Creation of the ſhocking Scene. And

SEEST thou, LORENZO! what depends *on* Man?
The *Fate* of Nature; as, *for* Man, her *Birth*.
Earth's Actors change Earth's tranſitory Scenes,
And make Creation groan with human Guilt.
How muſt it groan, in a new Deluge whelm'd,
But not of Waters? At the deſtin'd Hour,
By the loud Trumpet ſummon'd to the Charge,
See, all the formidable Sons of Fire,
Eruptions, Earthquakes, Comets, Lightnings, play
Their various Engines; All at once diſgorge
Their blazing Magazines; and take, by Storm,
This poor terreſtrial Citadel of Man.

AMAZING Period! when each Mountain-Height
Out-burns *Veſuvius*; Rocks eternal pour
Their melted Maſs, as Rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh; and final *Ruin* fiercely drives
Her Ploughſhare o'er Creation! — While aloft,

More

More than Aſtoniſhment! if more *can* be!
Far other *Firmament* than e'er was ſeen,
Than e'er was thought by Man! Far other *Stars!*
Stars animate, that govern theſe of Fire;
Far other *Sun!*—A Sun, O how unlike
The Babe at *Bethle'm?* How unlike the Man
That groan'd on *Calvary?*—Yet *He* it is;
That Man of Sorrows! O how chang'd? What [Pomp?
In Grandeur Terrible, All Heav'n deſcends!
And Gods, ambitious, triumph in His Train.
A ſwift Archangel, with his golden Wing,
As Blots and Clouds, that darken and diſgrace
The Scene divine, ſweeps Stars and Suns aſide.
And now, all Droſs remov'd, Heav'n's own pure [Day.
Full on the Confines of our Æther, flames.
While (dreadful Contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, burſting, belches forth her blazing Seas,
And Storms Sulphureous; her voracious Jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her Prey.

LORENZO!

LORENZO! welcome to this Scene; the Laſt
In Nature's Courſe; the Firſt in Wiſdom's Thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; *This* awakes
The moſt Supine; *This* ſnatches Man from Death.
Rouze, rouze, LORENZO, then! and follow me,
Where Truth, the moſt momentous Man can hear,
Loud calls my Soul, and Ardor wings her Flight.
I find my Inſpiration in my Theme;
The Grandeur of my Subject is my Muſe.

AT *Midnight*, when Mankind is wrapt in *Peace*,
And worldly *Fancy* feeds on golden Dreams,
To give more Dread to Man's moſt dreadful Hour,
At Midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this Pomp will burſt
From tenfold Darkneſs; ſudden as the Spark
From ſmitten Steel; from nitrous Grain, the Blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his Couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The Day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!

Above, around, beneath, Amazement All!
Terror and Glory join'd in their Extremes!
Our GOD in Grandeur, and our *World* on Fire!
All Nature ſtruggling in the Pangs of Death!
Doſt thou not hear her? Doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong Convulſions, and her final Groan?
Where are we *now?* Ah me! The Ground is gone
On which we ſtood, LORENZO! While thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm Support, or ſink for Ever!
Where? How? From whence? Vain Hope! It is [too late!
Where, where, for Shelter, ſhall the Guilty fly,
When Conſternation turns the *Good-Man* pale?

GREAT Day! for which all Other Days were [made;
For which *Earth* roſe from *Chaos*; *Man* from [*Earth*;
And an Eternity, the Date of Gods,
Deſcended on poor Earth-created Man!
Great Day of Dread, Deciſion, and Deſpair!
At Thought of Thee, each ſublunary Wiſh

Lets

Lets go its eager Graſp, and drops the World;
And catches at each Reed of Hope in Heav'n.
At *Thought* of Thee!—And art Thou *abſent*, [then?
LORENZO! No; 'tis Here;—it is begun;—
Already is begun the Grand Aſſize,
In Thee, in All: Deputed Conſcience ſcales
The dread Tribunal, and foreſtalls our Doom;
Foreſtalls; and, by foreſtalling, proves it *Sure*.
Why on Himſelf ſhould Man *void* Judgment paſs?
Is idle *Nature* laughing at her Sons?
Who *Conſcience* ſent, her Sentence will ſupport,
And GOD Above aſſert That GOD in Man.

THRICE happy They! that enter *now* the Court
Heav'n opens in their Boſoms: But, how rare,
Ah me! That Magnanimity, how rare?
What Hero, like the Man who ſtands Himſelf?
Who dares to meet his Naked Heart alone?
Who hears, intrepid, the full Charge it brings,

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd to ſilence future Murmurs There?
The Coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art Thou a Coward? No): The Coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; asks, but fears to *know*;
Asks, "*What is Truth?*" with PILATE; and re-
[tires;
Diſſolves the Court, and mingles with the Throng;
Aſylum ſad! from Reaſon, Hope, and Heav'n.

SHALL All, but Man, look out with ardent Eye,
For that Great Day, which was ordain'd *for* Man?
O Day of Conſummation! Mark ſupreme
(If Men are wiſe) of human Thought! nor leaſt,
Or in the Sight of Angels, or their KING!
Angels, whoſe radiant Circles, Height o'er Height,
Order o'er Order, riſing, Blaze o'er Blaze,
As in a Theatre, ſurround This Scene,
Intent on Man, and anxious for his Fate,
Angels look out for Thee. For Thee, their LORD,
To vindicate His Glory; and for Thee,

Creation univerſal calls aloud,
To diſ-involve the *moral* World, and give
To *Nature*'s Renovation brighter Charms.

SHALL Man alone, whoſe Fate, whoſe *final* Fate,
Hangs on That Hour, exclude it from his Thought?
I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All *Nature*, like an Earthquake, trembling round!
All *Deities*, like Summer's Swarms, on Wing!
All basking in the full Meridian Blaze!
I ſee the JUDGE inthron'd! The flaming Guard!
The Volume open'd! Open'd every Heart!
A Sun-Beam pointing out each ſecret Thought!
No Patron! Interceſſor none! Now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, Mediatorial Hour!
For Guilt no Plea! To Pain, no Pauſe! no Bound!
Inexorable, All! and All, Extreme!

NOR Man alone; the Foe of GOD and Man,

From

From his dark Den, blaſpheming, drags his Chain,
And rears his brazen Front, with Thunder ſcarr'd;
Receives his Sentence, and *begins* his Hell.
All Vengeance *paſt*, now, ſeems abundant Grace!
Like Meteors in a ſtormy Sky, how roll
His baleful Eyes? He curſes Whom he dreads;
And deems it the Firſt Moment of his Fall.

'Tis *preſent* to my Thought!—And, yet, where [is it?
Angels can't tell me; Angels cannot *gueſs*
The *Period*; from *created* Beings lock'd
In Darkneſs. But the *Proceſs*, and the *Place*,
Are leſs obſcure; for Theſe may *Man* inquire.
Say, Thou great Cloſe of human Hopes and Fears!
Great Key of Hearts! Great Finiſher of Fates!
Great End! and Great Beginning! Say, Where art [Thou?
Art Thou in *Time*, or in *Eternity*?
Nor in *Eternity*, nor *Time*, I find Thee.
Theſe, as Two Monarchs, on their Borders meet,

(Monarchs of All elaps'd, or un-arriv'd!)
As in Debate, how beſt their Pow'rs ally'd,
May ſwell the Grandeur, or diſcharge the Wrath,
Of HIM, whom Both their Monarchies obey.

TIME, this vaſt Fabric for him built, (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* burſting o'er his Head;
His Lamp, the Sun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The Frown of hideous Darkneſs, calls his Sons
From their long Slumber; from Earth's heaving [Womb
To ſecond Birth; contemporary Throng!
Rouz'd at One Call, upſtarting from One Bed,
Preſt in One Croud, appall'd with One Amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee.*
Then (as a King depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own Scythe; nor falls *alone*;
His greateſt Foe falls with him; *Time*, and He
Who murder'd all *Time*'s Offspring, *Death*, expire.

TIME was! ETERNITY now reigns alone!
Awful Eternity! offended Queen!
And her Reſentment to Mankind, how juſt!
With kind Intent ſolliciting Acceſs,
How often has ſhe knock'd at human Hearts?
Rich to repay their Hoſpitality,
How often call'd? and, with the Voice of GOD?
Yet bore Repulſe, excluded as a Cheat!
A Dream! while ſouleſt Foes found Welcome *there*?
A Dream a Cheat, *now*, all Things, but *her* Smile.

FOR, lo! her twice Ten thouſand Gates thrown [wide,
As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen Pole,
With Banners, ſtreaming as the *Comet*'s Blaze,
And Clarions, louder, than the *Deep* in Storms,
Sonorous, as immortal Breath can blow,
Pour forth their Myriads, Potentates, and Pow'rs,
Of Light, of Darkneſs; in a middle Field,

Wide, as *Creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral Region! there to mark th' Event
Of that great Drama, whoſe preceding Scenes
Detain'd them cloſe Spectators, thro' a Length
Of Ages, rip'ning to this grand Reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by GOD;
Who now, pronouncing Sentence, vindicates
The Rights of Virtue, and His own Renown.

ETERNITY, the various Sentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd Throng diſtinct Abodes,
Sulphureous, or Ambroſial: What enſues?
The Deed predominant! the Deed of Deeds!
Which makes a Hell of Hell, a Heav'n of Heav'n.
The *Goddeſs*, with determin'd Aſpect, turns
Her adamantine Key's enormous Size
Thro' Deſtiny's inextricable Wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry Bolt, on Both their Fates.
Then, from the Cryſtal Battlements of Heav'n,

Down,

Down, down, ſhe hurls it thro' the dark Profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand Fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her Reſolution more.
The Deep reſounds, and Hell, thro' all her Glooms,
Returns, in Groans, the melancholy Roar.

O HOW unlike the Chorus of the Skies?
O how unlike thoſe Shouts of Joy, that ſhake
The whole *Ethereal?* How the Concave rings?
Nor ſtrange! when Deities their Voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *Creation* roſe,
To ſee *Creation's* godlike Aim, and End,
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely clos'd!
To ſee the mighty *Dramatiſt's* laſt Act
(As meet) in Glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fanſy'd GOD, a GOD *indeed*, deſcends,
To ſolve all *Knots*; to ſtrike the *Moral* home;
To throw full Day on darkeſt Scenes of *Time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown, the Whole.

Hence, in one Peal of loud, eternal Praiſe,
The charm'd Spectators thunder their Applauſe,
And the vaſt Void beyond, Applauſe reſounds.

WHAT THEN AM I?—
Amidſt applauding Worlds,
And Worlds celeſtial, is there found on Earth,
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious String,
Which jars in the grand Chorus, and *Complains?*
Cenſure on *Thee*, LORENZO! I ſuſpend,
And turn it on *Myſelf*; how greatly due;
All, All is *Right*, by GOD ordain'd, or done;
And who, but GOD, reſum'd the Friends *He* gave?
And have I been *Complaining*, then, ſo long?—
Complaining of His *Favours*; *Pain*, and *Death?*
Who, without *Pain*'s Advice, would e'er be Good?
Who, without *Death*, but would be Good in vain?
Pain is to ſave from *Pain*; All Puniſhment,
To make for *Peace*; and Death to ſave from *Death*;

And Second Death, to guard immortal Life;
To rouze the Careleſs, the Preſumptuous awe,
And turn the Tide of Souls another Way;
By the ſame Tenderneſs Divine ordain'd,
That planted *Eden*, and high bloom'd for Man,
A fairer *Eden*, endleſs in the Skies.

HEAV'N gives us Friends to bleſs the *preſent* Scene;
Reſumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.
All Evils *Natural* are *Moral* Goods;
All Diſcipline, *Indulgence*, on the Whole.
None are unhappy; *All* have Cauſe to ſmile,
But ſuch as to Themſelves That Cauſe deny.
Our *Faults* are at the Bottom of our *Pains*;
Error, in *Act*, or *Judgment*, is the Source
Of endleſs Sighs: We *ſin*, or we *miſtake*,
And *Nature* tax, when falſe *Opinion* ſtings.
Let impious Grief be baniſh'd, Joy indulg'd,
But chiefly *then*, when Grief puts in her Claim.

Joy from the *Joyous*, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in Vanity, and dies in Woe.
Joy, *amidſt Ills*, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis Joy, and Conqueſt; Joy, and Virtue too.
A noble Fortitude in *Ills*, delights
Heav'n, Earth, Ourſelves; 'tis Duty, Glory, Peace.
Affliction is the Good Man's ſhining Scene;
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt Ray;
As *Night* to Stars, *Woe* Luſtre gives to Man.
Heroes in Battle, Pilots in the Storm,
And Virtue in Calamities, admire.
The Crown of Manhood is a Winter-Joy;
An Evergreen, that ſtands the *Northern* Blaſt,
And bloſſoms in the Rigour of our Fate.

'Tis a prime Part of Happineſs, to know
How much Unhappineſs *muſt* prove our Lot;
A Part which few poſſeſs! I'll pay Life's Tax,
Without one rebel Murmur, from this Hour,

Nor

Nor think it Misery to be a *Man*;
Who thinks *it is*, shalll never be a *God*.
Some Ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

What spoke *proud Passion?*—"* Wish my [Being lost!"
Presumptuous! Blasphemous! Absurd! and False!
The Triumph of my Soul is,—That I *am*;
And therefore that I *may* be—*What?* Lorenzo!
Look Inward, and look Deep; and deeper still;
Unfathomably deep our Treasure runs
In golden Veins, thro' all Eternity!
Ages, and Ages, and succeeding still
New Ages, *where* this Phantom of an Hour,
Which courts, each Night, dull Slumber for Re- [pair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
And fly thro' Infinite, and All unlock;
And (if deserv'd) by Heav'n's redundant Love,
Made half-adorable itself, adore;

* *Referring to the* First Night.

And

And find, in Adoration, endleſs Joy!
Where Thou, not Maſter of a Moment *here*,
Frail as the Flow'r, and fleeting as the Gale,
May'ſt boaſt a *whole Eternity*, inrich'd
With All a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
Since ADAM fell, no Mortal, un-inſpir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever ſhall,
How Kind is GOD, how Great (if Good) is MAN.
No Man too largely from Heav'n's Love can hope,
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *ſecure*.

ILLS?——There are none: *All-Gracious!* none
[from *Thee*;
From *Man* full Many! Num'rous is the Race
Of blackeſt Ills, and thoſe Immortal too,
Begot by *Madneſs* on fair *Liberty*;
Heav'n's Daughter, Hell-debauch'd! *Her* Hand alone
Unlocks Deſtruction to the Sons of Men,
Faſt barr'd by *Thine*; high-wall'd with Adamant,
Guarded with Terrors reaching to this World,

And

And cover'd with the Thunders of Thy Law;
Whose Threats are *Mercies*, whose Injunctions, [*Guides*,
Assisting, not restraining, *Reason*'s Choice;
Whose Sanctions, *unavoidable Results*
From Nature's Course, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more Dang'rous, nor less Sure.
Thus, an indulgent Father warns his Sons,
"Do This; Fly That"—nor always tells the Cause;
Pleas'd to reward, as Duty to his Will,
A Conduct needful to their own Repose.

GREAT GOD of Wonders! (if, Thy *Love* sur- [vey'd,
Aught else the Name of wonderful retains)
What Rocks are *These*, on which to build our [Trust?
Thy Ways admit no Blemish; none I find;
Or This alone——"*That none is to be found.*"
Not One, to soften *Censure*'s hardy Crime;
Not One, to palliate peevish *Grief*'s COMPLAINT,
Who, like a *Dæmon*, murm'ring from the Dust,

Dares

Dares into Judgment call her Judge.—SUPREME!
For *All* I bleſs Thee; Moſt, for the *Severe*;
* *Her* Death—*my own* at Hand—the fiery Gulph,
That flaming Bound of Wrath Omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preſerve;
It ſtrengthens what it ſtrikes; its wholſome Dread
Averts the dreaded Pain; Its hideous Groans
Join Heav'n's ſweet Halleluiahs in *Thy* Praiſe,
Great Source of Good *alone!* How Kind in All?
In Vengeance, Kind! *Pain, Death, Gehenna,*
[SAVE.

THUS, in Thy World material, *Mighty Mind!*
Not That alone which *ſolaces*, and *ſhines*,
The *Rough* and *Gloomy*, challenges our Praiſe.
The *Winter* is as needful as the *Spring*;
The *Thunder*, as the *Sun*; a ſtagnate Maſs
Of Vapours breeds a peſtilential Air;
Nor more propitious the *Favonian* Breeze

* LUCIA.

To

To Nature's Health, than purifying Storms;
The dread *Volcano* miniſters to Good,
Its ſmother'd Flames might undermine the World;
Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in Love to Man;
Comets good Omens are, when duly ſcann'd;
And, in their Uſe, *Eclipſes* learn to ſhine.

MAN is reſponſible for *Ills* receiv'd;
Thoſe we call *wretched* are a choſen Band,
Compell'd to refuge in the *Right*, for Peace.
Amid my Liſt of Bleſſings infinite,
Stand This the foremoſt, "*That my Heart has bled.*"
'Tis Heav'n's laſt Effort of Good-will to Man;
When *Pain* can't bleſs, Heav'n quits us in Deſpair.
Who fails to grieve, when juſt Occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſt;
Inhuman, or Effeminate, his Heart;
Reaſon abſolves the Grief, which *Reaſon* ends.
May Heav'n ne'er truſt my Friend with Happineſs,

Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous Pain; and made it *ſafe* to *ſmile*.
Such Smiles are mine, and *ſuch* may they remain;
Nor hazard their Extinction, from Exceſs.
My Change of *Heart* a Change of *Style* demands;
The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT,
And makes a Convert of my guilty Song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting Traveller, ſome riſing Ground,
Some ſmall Aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his Eye the various Vale,
The Fields, Woods, Meads, and Rivers he has paſt;
And, ſatiate of his Journey, thinks of Home
Endear'd by Diſtance, nor affects more Toil;
Thus I, though ſmall, indeed, is that Aſcent
The Muſe has gain'd, review the Paths ſhe trod;
Various, extenſive, beaten but by Few;
And, conſcious of her Prudence in Repoſe,

Praiſe;

Pauſe; and with Pleaſure meditate an End,
Though ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my Theme.
Thro' many a Field of *Moral,* and *Divine,*
The Muſe has ſtray'd; and much of *Sorrow* ſeen
In human Ways; and much of *Falſe* and *Vain;*
Which none, who travel this bad Road, can miſs.
O'er *Friends deceas'd* full heartily ſhe wept;
Of *Love Divine* the Wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd Man *immortal;* ſhew'd the *Source of Joy;*
The *grand Tribunal* rais'd; aſſign'd the Bounds
Of *human Grief:* In *few,* to cloſe the Whole,
The moral Muſe has ſhadow'd out a Sketch,
Though not in Form, nor with a *Raphael*-Stroke,
Of *Moſt* our Weakneſs needs *believe,* or *do,*
In this our Land of Travel, and of Hope,
For Peace on *Earth,* or Proſpect of the *Skies.*

WHAT then remains?---Much! much! a mighty [Debt
To be diſcharg'd: Theſe Thoughts, O NIGHT! [are Thine;

From Thee they came, like Lovers ſecret Sighs,
While Others ſlept. So, CYNTHIA (Poets feign)
In Shadows veil'd, ſoft-ſliding from her Sphere,
Her Shepherd chear'd; of Her enamour'd leſs,
Than I of Thee.—And art Thou ſtill unſung,
Beneath whoſe Brow, and by whoſe Aid, I ſing?
Immoral Silence!—Where ſhall I begin?
Where end? Or how ſteal Muſick from the Spheres,
To ſooth their Goddeſs?

O majeſtick NIGHT!
Nature's great Anceſtor! *Day*'s Elder-born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient Sun!
By Mortals, and Immortals, ſeen with Awe!
A ſtarry Crown thy Raven-Brow adorns,
An azure Zone, thy Waiſt; Clouds, in Heav'n's [Loom
Wrought thro' Varieties of Shape and Shade,
In ample Folds of Drapery divine,
Thy flowing Mantle form, and, Heav'n throughout,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous Train.

Thy

Thy gloomy Grandeurs (*Nature*'s moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring Aſpect!) claim a grateful Verſe;
And, like a ſable Curtain ſtarr'd with Gold,
Drawn o'er my Labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the Scene.

And what, O Man! ſo *worthy* to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the Songs of Heav'n?
Creation of Archangels is the Theme!
What, to be ſung, ſo *needful?* What ſo well
Celeſtial Joys prepares us to ſuſtain?
The Soul of Man, HIS Face deſign'd to ſee,
Who gave theſe Wonders to be ſeen by Man,
Has *here* a previous Scene of Objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to ſtretch to that Expanſe
Of Thought, to riſe to that exalted Height
Of Admiration, to contract that Awe,
And give her whole Capacities that Strength,
Which beſt may qualify for *final* Joy.
The more our Spirits are inlarg'd on *Earth*,

The deeper Draught ſhall they receive of *Heav'n.*

HEAV'N's KING! whoſe Face unveil'd conſum-
[mates Bliſs;
Redundant Bliſs! which fills that mighty Void,
The whole Creation leaves in human Hearts!
THOU, who didſt touch the Lip of JESSE's Son,
Wrapt in ſweet Contemplation of theſe Fires,
And ſet his Harp in Concert with the Spheres!
While of Thy Works *Material* the Supreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring Song.
Looſe me from *Earth's* Incloſure, from the *Sun's*
Contracted Circle ſet my Heart at large;
Eliminate my Spirit, give it Range
Through Provinces of Thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous Scaffolding,
Creation's golden Steps, to climb to THEE.
Teach me with *Art* great *Nature* to controul,
And ſpread a Luſtre o'er the Shades of *Night.*
Feel I Thy kind Aſſent? And ſhall the *Sun*

Be

Be ſeen at *Midnight*, riſing in my Song?

LORENZO! come, and warm thee: Thou, whoſe [Heart,
Whoſe *little* Heart, is moor'd within a Nook
Of this obſcure Terreſtrial, Anchor weigh.
Another Ocean calls, a *nobler* Port;
I am thy Pilot, *I* thy proſp'rous Gale.
Gainful thy Voyage through yon azure Main;
Main, without Tempeſt, Pirate, Rock, or Shore;
And whence thou may'ſt import *eternal* Wealth;
And leave to *beggar'd* Minds the *Pearl* and *Gold*.
Thy Travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign Realms?
Thou *Stranger* to the *World!* thy Tour *begin*;
Thy Tour through *Nature*'s univerſal Orb.
Nature delineates her whole Chart at large,
On ſoaring Souls, that ſail among the Spheres;
And *Man* how purblind, if unknown the Whole?
Who circles ſpacious *Earth*, Then travels *here*,
Shall own, He never was from *Home* before!

Come, my * PROMETHEUS, from thy pointed Rock
Of *falſe* Ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, *innocently*, ſteal celeſtial Fire,
And kindle our Devotion at the *Stars*;
A Theft, that ſhall not chain, but ſet thee free.

ABOVE our Atmoſphere's inteſtine Wars,
Rain's Fountain-Head, the Magazine of Hail,
Above the Northern Neſts of feather'd Snows,
The Brew of Thunders, and the flaming Forge
That forms the crooked Lightning; 'bove the Caves
Where infant Tempeſts wait their growing Wings,
And tune their tender Voices to That Roar,
Which ſoon, perhaps, ſhall ſhake a Guilty World;
Above miſconſtru'd Omens of the Sky,
Far-travell'd Comets calculated Blaze,
Elance thy Thought, and think of *more* than *Man*.
Thy Soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, ſhrunk,

* Night *the Eighth*.

Blighted

Blighted by Blaſts of *Earth's* unwholſome Air,
Will bloſſom *here*; ſpread all her Faculties.
To theſe bright Ardors; ev'ry Power unfold,
And riſe into Sublimities of Thought;
Stars *teach*, as well as *ſhine*. At *Nature's* Birth,
Thus, their Commiſſion ran---- "Be kind to *Man*."
Where art thou, poor benighted Traveller!
The *Stars* will light thee; tho' the *Moon* ſhould fail
Where art Thou, more benighted! more aſtray!
In Ways immoral? The *Stars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their Counſel, ſet thee right.

THIS Proſpect vaſt, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis Nature's Syſtem of Divinity,
And ev'ry Student of the *Night* inſpires.
'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by GOD's own Hand;
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by Man.
LORENZO! with my *Radius* (the rich Gift
Of Thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee

Its various Leſſons; ſome that may ſurprize
An Un-adept in Myſteries of NIGHT;
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* School,
Nor thought to grow on Planet, or on Star.
Bulls, Lions, Scorpions, Monſters here we feign;
Ourſelves more monſtrous, not to ſee what here
Exiſts *indeed*;——a Lecture to Mankind.

WHAT read we *here*?---Th' Exiſtence of a GOD?---
Yes; and of other Beings, Man above;
Natives of *Æther!* Sons of higher Climes!
And, what may move LORENZO's Wonder more,
ETERNITY is written in the Skies.
And whoſe Eternity?——LORENZO! *Thine*;
Mankind's Eternity. Nor FAITH alone,
VIRTUE grows here; *here* ſprings the ſov'reign Cure
Of almoſt ev'ry Vice; but, chiefly *Thine*;
Wrath, *Pride*, *Ambition*, and *impure Deſire*.

LORENZO!

LORENZO! Thou canſt wake at Midnight too,
Tho' not on *Morals* bent: *Ambition, Pleaſure!*
Thoſe Tyrants I for Thee ſo * lately fought,
Afford their harraſs'd Slaves but ſlender Reſt.
Thou, to whom Midnight is *immoral* Noon,
And the Sun's noon-tide Blaze, prime Dawn of Day;
Not by thy Climate, but capricious Crime,
Commencing one of our *Antipodes!*
In thy nocturnal Rove, one Moment halt,
'Twixt Stage and Stage, of Riot, and Cabal;
And lift thine Eye (if bold an Eye to lift,
If bold to meet the Face of injur'd Heav'n)
To yonder Stars: For other Ends they ſhine,
Than to light Revellers from Shame to Shame,
And, thus, be made Accomplices in Guilt.

WHY from yon Arch, that Infinite of Space,

* Night *the Eighth.*

With

With Infinite of lucid Orbs replete,
Which ſet the living Firmament on Fire,
At the firſt Glance, in ſuch an Overwhelm
Of Wonderful, on Man's aſtoniſh'd Sight,
Ruſhes OMNIPOTENCE?—To curb our *Pride*;
Our *Reaſon* rouze, and lead it to that Pow'r,
Whoſe Love lets down theſe Silver Chains of Light,
To draw up Man's *Ambition* to *Himſelf*,
And bind our *chaſt Affections* to His Throne.
Thus the Three Virtues, leaſt alive on Earth,
And welcom'd on Heav'n's Coaſt with moſt Ap-
[plauſe,
An *Humble*, *Pure*, and *Heav'nly-minded* Heart,
Are *here* inſpir'd:—And canſt thou gaze too long?

NOR ſtands thy *Wrath* depriv'd of its Reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant Choir.
The Planets of each Syſtem repreſent
Kind Neighbours; mutual Amity prevails;
Sweet Interchange of Rays, receiv'd, return'd;

Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None ſins againſt the Welfare of the Whole;
But, their reciprocal, unſelfiſh Aid,
Affords an Emblem of *Millennial* Love.
Nothing in Nature, much leſs *conſcious* Being,
Was e'er created ſolely for Itſelf:
Thus Man his *ſov'reign* Duty learns in this
Material Picture of Benevolence.

And know, of all our ſupercilious Race,
Thou moſt inflammable! Thou Waſp of Men!
Man's angry Heart, *inſpected,* would be found
As rightly ſet, as are the ſtarry Spheres;
'Tis *Nature*'s Structure, broke by ſtubborn *Will,*
Breeds all that un-celeſtial Diſcord *there.*
Wilt thou not feel the Bias *Nature* gave?
Canſt thou deſcend from Converſe with the Skies,
And ſeize thy Brother's Throat?---For what---a *Clod,*

An

An Inch of *Earth?* The *Planets* cry "Forbear."
They chaſe our double Darkneſs; *Nature's* Gloom,
And (kinder ſtill!) our *intellectual* Night.

AND ſee, *Day's* amiable Siſter ſends
Her Invitation, in the ſofteſt Rays
Of mitigated Luſtre; courts thy Sight,
Which ſuffers from her Tyrant-Brother's Blaze.
Night grants thee the full Fredom of the Skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted Eye;
With *Gain*, and *Joy*, ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt Scenes, and ſheds an Awe,
Which gives thoſe venerable Scenes full Weight,
And deep Reception, in th' intender'd Heart;
While Light peeps thro' the Darkneſs, like a Spy;
And Darkneſs ſhews its Grandeur by the Light.
Nor is the *Profit* greater than the *Joy*,
If human Hearts at glorious Objects glow,
And Admiration can inſpire Delight.

What ſpeak I more, than I, This Moment, feel?
With pleaſing Stupor firſt the Soul is ſtruck,
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly Wiſe!)
Then into Tranſport ſtarting from her Trance,
With Love, and Admiration, how ſhe glows!
This gorgeous Apparatus! This Diſplay!
This Oſtentation of creative Power!
This Theatre!—what Eye can take it in?
By what divine Enchantment was it rais'd,
For Minds of the firſt Magnitude to launch
In endleſs Speculation, and adore?
One Sun by Day, by Night *Ten thouſand* ſhine;
And light us deep into the DEITY,
How boundleſs in Magnificence and Might?
O what a Confluence of ethereal Fires,
From Urns un-number'd, down the Steep of Heav'n,
Streams to a Point, and centers in my Sight?
Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my *Heart*.

My

My Heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in Duſt, and calls it to the Skies.
Who ſees it, unexalted, and unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material Off-ſpring of OMNIPOTENCE!
Inanimate, All-animating Birth!
Work worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy Praiſe!
All Praiſe! Praiſe *more* than human! nor deny'd
Thy Praiſe *Divine!*——But tho' Man, drown'd in [Sleep,
With-holds his Homage, not *alone* I wake;
Bright Legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unheard
By mortal Ear, the glorious Architect,
In This His univerſal Temple, hung
With Luſtres, with innumerable Lights,
That ſhed Religion on the Soul; at once,
The *Temple*, and the *Preacher!* O how loud
It calls Devotion? genuine Growth of *Night!*

DEVOTION! Daughter of Aſtronomy!

An

An *undevout* Aſtronomer is *mad.*
True; All Things ſpeak a GOD; but in the Small,
Men trace out *Him*; in Great, *He* ſeizes Man.
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills
With new Inquiries, 'mid Aſſociates new.
Tell me, ye Stars! ye Planets! tell me, all
Ye Starr'd, and Planeted, Inhabitants! What is it?
What are theſe Sons of Wonder? Say, proud Arch!
(Within whoſe azure Palaces they dwell)
Built with Divine Ambition! in Diſdain
Of Limit built! built in the Taſte of Heav'n!
Vaſt Concave! Ample Dome! Waſt thou deſign'd
A meet Apartment for the DEITY?——
Not ſo; That Thought alone thy State impairs,
Thy *Lofty* ſinks, and ſhallows thy *Profound*,
And ſtreightens thy *Diffuſive*; dwarfs the Whole,
And makes an Univerſe an *Orrery.*

BUT when I drop mine Eye, and look on Man,

Thy

Thy Right regain'd, thy Grandeur is reſtor'd
O *Nature!* wide flies off th' expanding Round.
As when whole Magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The ſmitten Air is hollow'd by the Blow;
The vaſt Diſploſion diſſipates the Clouds,
Shock'd Æther's Billows daſh the diſtant Skies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding Round flies off,
And leaves a mighty Void, a ſpacious Womb,
Might teem with new Creation; Re-inflam'd
Thy Luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurpriſing Pomp,
Such godlike Glory, ſtole the Style of Gods,
From Ages dark, obtuſe, and ſteep'd in *Senſe*;
For, ſure, to *Senſe*, they truly are divine,
And half-abſolv'd Idolatry from Guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into Virtue. Such it *was*
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of *Man*
Unloſt, to lift their Thought, nor mounted higher;

But, weak of Wing, on Planets perch'd; and
What was their Higheſt, muſt be their Ador'd. [thought

BUT They how *weak*, who could no higher
And are there, then, LORENZO! Thoſe, to whom [mount?
Unſeen, and Unexiſtent, are the Same?
And if Incomprehenſible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it Madneſs, to *believe?*
Why has the Mighty BUILDER thrown aſide
All Meaſure in His Work; ſtretch'd out His Line
So far, and ſpread Amazement o'er the Whole?
Then (as He took Delight in wide Extremes),
Deep in the Boſom of His Univerſe,
Dropt down that *reaſoning* Mite, that Inſect, *Man*,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the Scene?—
That Man might ne'er preſume to plead Amazement
For Diſbelief of Wonders in *Himſelf.*
Shall GOD be leſs miraculous, than what
His Hand has form'd? Shall *Myſteries* deſcend

From *Un-myſterious?* Things more Elevate,
Be more Familiar? Uncreated lie
More obvious than Created, to the Graſp
Of human Thought? The *more* of Wonderful
Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we ſhould aſſent.
Could we conceive *Him*, GOD He could not be;
Or *He* not GOD, or *we* could not be *Men.*
A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD;
Man's Diſtance how immenſe? On *ſuch* a Theme,
Know This, LORENZO! (ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange)
Nothing can *ſatisfy*, but what *confounds*;
Nothing, but what *aſtoniſhes*, is *true.*
The Scene thou ſeeſt atteſts the Truth I ſing,
And ev'ry Star ſheds Light upon thy Creed.
Theſe Stars, this Furniture, this Coſt of Heav'n,
If but *reported*, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd;
But thine *Eye* tells thee, the *Romance* is true.
The Grand of Nature is th' Almighty's Oath,
In *Reaſon's* Court, to ſilence *Unbelief.*

How my Mind, op'ning at this Scene, imbibes
The moral Emanations of the Skies,
While nought, perhaps, LORENZO leſs admires?
Has the Great Sov'reign ſent Ten thouſand Worlds
To tell us, *He* reſides above them All,
In Glory's unapproachable Receſs?
And dare *Earth*'s bold Inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific Embaſſy
A Moment's Audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For Man's Emolument; ſole Cauſe that ſtoops
Their Grandeur to Man's Eye? LORENZO! rouze;
Let Thought, awaken'd, take the Lightning's Wing,
And glance from Eaſt to Weſt, from Pole to Pole.
Who ſees, but is confounded, or convinc'd;
Renounces *Reaſon*, or a GOD adores?
Mankind was ſent into the World to *ſee*;
Sight gives the Science needful to their Peace;

That obvious Science asks *ſmall* Learning's Aid.
Wouldſt thou on Metaphyſic Pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy Patience amid Logic Thorns?
Or travel Hiſtory's enormous Round?
Nature no ſuch hard Task injoins; She gave
A Make to Man directive of his Thought;
A Make ſet upright, pointing to the Stars,
As who ſhould ſay, "Read thy chief Leſſon there."
Too late to read this Manuſcript of Heav'n,
When, like a Parchment-Scroll, ſhrunk up by [Flames,
It folds LORENZO's Leſſon from his Sight.

LESSON how various! Not the GOD alone,
I ſee His *Miniſters*; I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant Orders, Eſſences ſublime,
Of various Offices, of various Plume,
In heav'nly Liveries, diſtinctly, clad,
Azure, Green, Purple, Pearl, or downy Gold,
Or all commix'd; they ſtand, with Wings outſpread,

Liſt'ning

Liſt'ning to catch the Maſter's leaſt Command,
And fly thro' *Nature*, ere the Moment ends;
Numbers innumerable! —Well conceiv'd
By *Pagan*, and by *Chriſtian!* O'er each Sphere
Preſides an Angel, to direct its Courſe,
And feed, or fan, its Flames; or to diſcharge
Other high Truſt unknown. For who can ſee
Such Pomp of Matter, and imagine, *Mind*,
For which *alone* Inanimate was made,
More ſparingly diſpens'd? That nobler Son,
Far liker the great SIRE!—'Tis thus the Skies
Inform us of Superiors numberleſs,
As much, in *Excellence*, above Mankind,
As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.
Theſe, as a Cloud of Witneſſes, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd Theatre are all our Deeds;
Perhaps, a Thouſand Demigods deſcend
On ev'ry Beam we ſee, to walk with Men.
Awful Reflection! Strong Reſtraint from Ill!

YET, *here*, our Virtue finds ſtill ſtronger Aid
From theſe ethereal Glories *Senſe* ſurveys.
Something, like Magic, ſtrikes from this blue [Vault;
With juſt Attention is it view'd? We feel
A ſudden Succour, un-implor'd, un-thought;
Nature herſelf does Half the Work of *Man*.
Seas, Rivers, Mountains, Foreſts, Deſerts, Rocks,
The Promontory's Height, the Depth profound
Of Subterranean, excavated Grots,
Black-brow'd, and vaulted-high, and yawning wide
From *Nature*'s Structure, or the Scoop of *Time*;
If ample of Dimenſion, vaſt of Size,
Even *Theſe* an aggrandizing Impulſe give;
Of ſolemn Thought enthuſiaſtic Heights
Even *Theſe* infuſe.——But what of Vaſt in *Theſe*?
Nothing;——or we muſt own the Skies forgot.
Much leſs in *Art*.——Vain *Art*! Thou Pygmy-
How doſt thou ſwell, and ſtrut, with human Pride, [Pow'r!

To

To ſhew thy Littleneſs? What childiſh Toys,
Thy watry Columns ſquirted to the Clouds?
Thy baſon'd Rivers, and impriſon'd Seas?
Thy Mountains molded into Forms of Men?
Thy Hundred-gated *Capitals*? or Thoſe
Where Three Days Travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on Miracles by Mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, Theatres immenſe,
Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in Mid-Air?
Or *Temples* proud to meet their GODS Half-way?
Yet *Theſe* affect us in no common Kind.
What then the Force of ſuch ſuperior Scenes?
Enter a Temple, it will ſtrike an Awe;
What Awe from This the DEITY has built?
A *Good Man* ſeen, tho' ſilent, Counſel gives;
The touch'd Spectator wiſhes to be Wiſe;
In a bright Mirror His own Hands have made,
Here we ſee Something like the Face of GOD.
Seems it not then enough, to ſay, LORENZO!

To Man abandon'd, "*Haſt thou ſeen the Skies?*"

AND yet, ſo thwarted Nature's kind Deſign,
By daring Man, he makes her ſacred Awe,
(That Guard from Ill,) his Shelter, his Temptation
To more than common Guilt, and quite inverts
Celeſtial Art's Intent. The trembling Stars
See Crimes gigantic, ſtalking thro' the Gloom
With Front erect, that hide their Head by Day,
And making Night ſtill *darker* by their Deeds.
Slumb'ring in Covert, till the Shades deſcend,
Rapine, and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for Prey.
The Miſer earths his Treaſure; and the Thief,
Watching the Mole, half-beggars him e'er Morn.
Now *Plots*, and foul *Conſpiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their Horrors from the Moon,
Havock, and Devaſtation, they prepare,
And Kingdoms tott'ring in the Field of Blood.
Now Sons of Riot in Mid-Revel rage.

What

What ſhall I do?—ſuppreſs it? or proclaim?—
Why *ſleeps* the Thunder? Now, LORENZO! now,
His beſt Friend's Couch the rank Adulterer
Aſcends ſecure; and laughs at Gods, and Men.
Prepoſt'rous Madmen, void of Fear or Shame,
Lay their Crimes bare to theſe chaſt Eyes of Heav'n;
Yet ſhrink, and ſhudder, at a Mortal's Sight.
Were Moon, and Stars, for Villains *only* made?
To *guide*, yet *ſcreen* them, with tenebrious Light?
No; they were made to faſhion the Sublime
Of human Hearts, and *wiſer* make the *Wiſe*.

THOSE Ends were anſwer'd once; when Mortals [liv'd
Of Stronger Wing, of Aquiline Aſcent
In Theory Sublime. O how unlike
Thoſe Vermin of the Night, this Moment ſung,
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her Venom feed!
Thoſe ancient Sages, *Human* Stars! They met
Their Brothers of the *Skies*, at Midnight-Hour;

Their

Their Counſel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd.*
The *Stagyrite*, and *Plato*, He who drank
The poiſon'd Bowl, and He of *Tuſculum*,
With Him of *Corduba*, (immortal Names!),
In theſe Unbounded, and *Elyſian*, Walks,
An Area fit for GODS, and Godlike Men,
They took their nightly Round, thro' radiant Paths
By *Seraphs* trod; inſtructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in Their bright Footſteps here Below;
To walk in Worth ſtill brighter than the Skies.
There, they contracted their Contempt of *Earth*;
Of Hopes eternal kindled, *There*, the Fire;
There, as in near Approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great Viſitants!) more intimate with GOD,
More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themſelves*.
Thro' *various Virtues*, they, with Ardor, ran,
The *Zodiac* of their learn'd, illuſtrious Lives.

IN *Chriſtian* Hearts, O for a *Pagan* Zeal!

A *needful*

A *needful*, but *opprobrious* Pray'r! As much
Our *Ardor* Leſs, as Greater is our *Light*.
How monſtrous This in *Morals?* Scarce more ſtrange
Would this *Phænomenon* in Nature ſtrike,
A *Sun*, that froze us, or a *Star*, that warm'd.

WHAT taught theſe Heroes of the Moral World?
To Theſe thou giv'ſt thy *Praiſe*, give *Credit* too.
Theſe Doctors ne'er were penſion'd to deceive thee;
And *Pagan* Tutors are thy Taſte.——They taught,
That, Narrow Views betray to Miſery.
That, Wiſe it is to comprehend the Whole.
That, *Virtue* roſe from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
The ſingle Baſe of Virtue built to Heav'n.
That GOD, and *Nature*, our Attention claim.
That, *Nature* is the Glaſs reflecting GOD,
As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his Sphere.
That, *Mind immortal*, loves *immortal* Aims.

That,

That, *boundleſs Mind* affects a *boundleſs Space*.
That, Vaſt Surveys, and the Sublime of Things,
The Soul aſſimilate, and make her Great.
That, therefore, Heav'n her Glories, as a Fund
Of Inſpiration, thus ſpreads out to Man.
Such are their Doctrines; *Such* the *Night* inſpir'd.

AND what more true? What Truth of greater [Weight?
The Soul of Man was made to walk the Skies;
Delightful Outlet of her Priſon *Here!*
There, diſincumber'd from her Chains, the Ties
Of Toys terreſtrial, ſhe can rove at large;
There, freely can reſpire, dilate, extend,
In full Proportion let looſe all her Pow'rs;
And, *undeluded*, graſp at ſomething Great.
Nor, as a Stranger, does ſhe wander There;
But, wonderful Herſelf, thro' Wonders ſtrays;
Contemplating *their* Grandeur, finds *her own*;
Dives deep in their Oeconomy divine,

Sits

Sits high in Judgment on their various Laws,
And, like a Maſter, judges not amiſs.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and juſtly proud, the Soul
Grows conſcious of her Birth celeſtial; breathes
More Life, more Vigour, in her native Air;
And feels herſelf *at home* among the Stars;
And, feeling, emulates her Country's Praiſe.

WHAT call we, then, the Firmament, LORENZO?—
As *Earth* the Body, ſince, the *Skies* ſuſtain
The Soul with Food, that gives immortal Life,
Call it, The noble Paſture of the *Mind*;
Which there expatiates, ſtrengthens, and exults,
And riots thro' the Luxuries of Thought.
Call it, The Garden of the DEITY,
Bloſſom'd with Stars, redundant in the Growth
Of Fruit ambroſial; *moral* Fruit to Man.
Call it, The Breaſt-plate of the true High-Prieſt,
Ardent with Gems oracular, that give,

In Points of higheſt Moment, right Reſponſe;
And ill-neglected, if we prize our Peace.

THUS, have we found a *true* Aſtrology;
Thus, have we found a new, and noble Senſe,
In which *alone* Stars govern human Fates.
O that the *Stars* (as ſome have feign'd) let fall
Bloodſhed, and Havock, on embattled Realms,
And reſcu'd *Monarchs* from ſo black a Guilt!
BOURBON! this Wiſh how gen'rous in a Foe?
Wouldſt thou be Great, wouldſt thou become a God,
And ſtick thy deathleſs Name among the Stars,
For mighty Conqueſts on a Needle's Point?
Inſtead of forging Chains for *Foreigners*,
Baſtile thy *Tutor*: Grandeur All thy Aim?
As yet thou know'ſt not what it is: How Great,
How Glorious, *then*, appears the *Mind* of Man,
When in it All the Stars, and Planets, roll?
And what it *ſeems*, it *is*: *Great* Objects make

Great

Great Minds, enlarging as their Views enlarge;
Thoſe ſtill more Godlike, as *Theſe* more Divine.

AND *more* divine than *Theſe*, thou canſt not ſee.
Dazled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious Draught
Of miſcellaneous Splendors, how I reel
From Thought to Thought, inebriate, without End!
An *Eden*, This! a PARADISE *un-loſt!*
I meet the DEITY in ev'ry View,
And tremble at my Nakedneſs before Him!
O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life!*
For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our Taſte;
No *Flaming-Sword* denies our Entrance *Here*;
Would Man but gather, he might *live for ever.*

LORENZO! much of *Moral* haſt thou ſeen.
Of curious Arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *Mathematic* Glories of the Skies.
In Number, Weight, and Meaſure, All ordain'd.

LORENZO's

LORENZO's boaſted Builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
Are left to finiſh his aerial Tow'rs;
Wiſdom, and *Choice*, their well-known Characters
Here deep-impreſs; and claim it for their Own.
Tho' ſplendid All, no Splendor void of Uſe;
Uſe rivals *Beauty*; *Art* contends with *Pow'r*;
No wanton Waſte, amid effuſe Expence;
The Great OECONOMIST adjuſting All
To prudent Pomp, magnificently Wiſe.
How rich the Proſpect! and for ever New!
And *neweſt* to the Man that views it *moſt*;
For Newer ſtill in Infinite ſucceeds.
Then, Theſe aerial Racers, O how Swift!
How the Shaft *loiters* from the ſtrongeſt String!
Spirit Alone can diſtance the Career.
Orb above Orb aſcending without End!
Circle in Circle, without End, inclos'd!
Wheel within Wheel, EZEKIEL! like to Thine!
Like Thine, it ſeems a Viſion, or a Dream;

Tho'

Tho' *seen*, we labour to believe it *true*!
What Involution! What Extent! What Swarms
Of Worlds, that laugh at *Earth*! immenſely Great!
Immenſely diſtant from each other's Spheres!
What then, the wond'rous *Space* thro' which they [roll?
At once it quite ingulphs all human Thought;
'Tis Comprehenſion's abſolute Defeat.

Nor think thou ſeeſt a wild Diſorder here;
Thro' this illuſtrious Chaos to the Sight,
Arrangement neat, and chaſteſt Order, reign.
The Path preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawleſs Sallies of Mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What Knots are ty'd? How ſoon are they diſſolv'd,
And ſet the ſeeming marry'd Planets free?
They rove for ever, without Error rove;
Confuſion unconfus'd! Nor leſs admire
This Tumult untumultuous; All on Wing,

In Motion, All! yet what profound Repoſe!
What fervid Action, yet no Noiſe! as aw'd
To Silence, by the Preſence of their LORD;
Or huſh'd, by *His* Command, in Love to Man,
And bid let fall ſoft Beams on human Reſt,
Reſtleſs themſelves. On yon cœrulean Plain,
In Exultation to *Their* GOD, and *Thine*,
They dance, they ſing eternal Jubilee,
Eternal Celebration of *His* Praiſe.
But, ſince their *Song* arrives not at our Ear,
Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the Sight
Fair *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerleſs Power.
Mark, how, the *Labyrinthian* Turns they take,
The Circles intricate, and myſtic Maze,
Weave the grand Cypher of *Omnipotence*;
To *Gods*, how Great! how Legible to *Man*!

Leaves ſo much Wonder greater Wonder ſtill:
Where are the Pillars that ſupport the Skies?

What More than *Atlantean* Shoulder props
The incumbent Load? What Magic, what ſtrange
In fluid Air theſe pond'rous Orbs ſuſtains? [Art,
Who would not think them hung in golden
And ſo they are; in the high Will of Heav'n, [Chains?—
Which fixes All; makes Adamant of Air,
Or Air of Adamant; makes All of Nought,
Or Nought of All; if *ſuch* the dread Decree.

IMAGINE from their deep Foundations torn
The moſt gigantic Sons of Earth, the broad
And tow'ring *Alps*, all toſt into the Sea;
And, light as Down, or volatile as Air,
Their Bulks enormous dancing on the Waves,
In Time, and Meaſure, exquiſite; while all
The Winds, in Emulation of the Spheres,
Tune their ſonorous Inſtruments aloft;
The Concert ſwell, and animate the Ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, Worlds,

In a far thinner Element ſuſtain'd,
And acting the ſame Part, with greater Skill,
More rapid Movement, and for nobleſt *Ends*?

MORE *obvious* Ends to paſs, are not theſe Stars
The Seats Majeſtic, proud imperial Thrones,
On which angelic Delegates of Heav'n,
At certain Periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,
Diſcharge high Truſts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love*;
To cloathe, in outward Grandeur, Grand Deſign,
And Acts moſt Solemn ſtill more ſolemnize?

YE Citizens of Air! what ardent Thanks,
What full Effuſion of the grateful Heart,
Is due from Man indulg'd in ſuch a Sight!
A Sight ſo Noble! and a Sight ſo Kind!
It drops *new* Truths at ev'ry *new* Survey!
Feels not LORENZO Something ſtir within,
That ſweeps away all Period? As Theſe Spheres

Meaſure

Measure Duration, they no less inspire
The Godlike Hope of Ages without End.
The boundless *Space*, thro' which these Rovers take
Their restless Roam, suggests the Sister-Thought
Of boundless *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* Skill,
To Man un-labour'd, that important Guest
ETERNITY, finds Entrance at the *Sight*:
And an *Eternity*, for Man ordain'd,
Or These his destin'd Midnight Counsellors,
The *Stars*, had never whisper'd it to Man.
NATURE *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her Sons.
Could she then kindle the most ardent Wish
To *disappoint* it? That is Blasphemy.
Thus, of thy Creed a Second Article,
Momentous, as th' Existence of a GOD,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought;
And thou may'st read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.

HERE, then, LORENZO! on these Glories dwell;

Nor want the gilt, illuminated, Roof,
That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark Delights.
Aſſemblées? — This is one divinely bright;
Here, un-endanger'd in Health, Wealth, or Fame,
Range thro' the faireſt, and the SULTAN ſcorn.
He, wiſe as *Thou*, no *Creſcent* holds ſo fair,
As That, which on his Turbant awes a World;
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy Him.
Look on her, and gain more than Worlds can give,
A Mind ſuperior to the Charms of *Power*.
Thou muffled in Deluſions of this Life!
Can yonder *Moon* turn Ocean in his Bed,
From Side to Side, in conſtant Ebb, and Flow,
And purify from Stench his watry Realms?
And fails her *moral* Influence? Wants ſhe Power
To turn LORENZO's ſtubborn Tide of Thought
From ſtagnating on *Earth*'s infected Shore,
And purge from Nuiſance his corrupted Heart?
Fails her Attraction when it draws to Heav'n?

Nay,

Nay, and to what thou valu'ſt more, *Earth*'s Joy?
Minds elevate, and, panting for *Unſeen*,
And defecate from *Senſe*, alone obtain
Full Reliſh of Exiſtence un-deflower'd,
The *Life* of Life, the *Zeſt* of worldly Bliſs.
All elſe on Earth amounts——to what? To *This*,
"BAD to be *Suffer'd*; BLESSINGS to be *Left*:"
Earth's richeſt Inventory boaſts no more.

OF higher Scenes be, then, the Call obey'd.
O let me gaze!——Of Gazing there's no End.
O let me think!——Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
In Mid-way Flight Imagination tires;
Yet ſoon re-ptunes her Wing to ſoar anew,
Her Point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the Pleaſure, ſo *profound* the Plan!
A Banquet, This, where Men, and Angels, meet,
Eat the ſame *Manna*, mingle Earth, and Heaven.
How diſtant ſome of theſe nocturnal Suns!

So distant (says the Sage), 'twere not absurd
To doubt, if Beams, set out at *Nature*'s Birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign World;
Tho' nothing half so rapid as their Flight,
An Eye of Awe and Wonder let me roll,
And roll *for ever:* Who can satiate Sight
In *such* a Scene! in such an Ocean wide
Of deep Astonishment? Where Depth, Height, [Breadth,
Are lost in their Extremes; and where to count
The thick-sown Glories in this Field of Fire,
Perhaps a *Seraph*'s Computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition!* boast thy boundless Might
In Conquest, o'er the Tenth Part of a Grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for Miracles,
To give his tott'ring Faith a solid Base.
Why call for Less than is *already* thine?
Thou art no Novice in Theology;
What is a *Miracle?*—'Tis a Reproach,

'Tis

'Tis an implicit Satire, on Mankind;
And while it *ſatisfies*, it *cenſures* too.
To Common-Senſe, Great *Nature*'s Courſe pro-
[claims
A DEITY: When Mankind falls aſleep,
A *Miracle* is ſent, as an Alarm,
To wake the World, and prove *Him* o'er again,
By *recent* Argument, but not more *ſtrong*.
Say, Which imports more Plenitude of Power,
Or Nature's Laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?
To *make* a Sun, or *ſtop* his Mid-Career?
To countermand his Orders, and ſend back
The flaming Courier to the frighted *Eaſt*
Warm'd, and aſtoniſh'd, at his Ev'ning Ray;
Or bid the *Moon*, as with her Journey tir'd,
In *Ajalon*'s ſoft, flow'ry, Vale repoſe?
Great Things are Theſe; ſtill Greater, to *create*.
From ADAM's Bow'r look down thro' the whole
[Train
Of Miracles;—Reſiſtleſs is their Power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the Mind,

Than

Than This, *call'd* un-miraculous Survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen,
If seen with *human* Eyes. The *Brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *Spangles* here; the *Fool*, no more.
Sayst thou, "The Course of *Nature* governs All?"
The *Course* of *Nature* is the *Art* of GOD.
The Miracles thou call'st for, *This* attest;
For say, Could *Nature* *Nature's* Course controul?

BUT, Miracles apart, who sees HIM not,
Nature's CONTROULER, AUTHOR, GUIDE, and END?
Who turns his Eye on *Nature's* Midnight-Face,
But must inquire—"What Hand behind the Scene,
"What Arm Almighty, put these wheeling Globes
"In Motion, and wound up the vast Machine?
"Who rounded in his Palm these spacious Orbs?
"Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark Profound,
"Num'rous as glitt'ring Gems of Morning-Dew,
"Or Sparks from populous Cities in a Blaze,

"And ſet the Boſom of *Old Night* on Fire?
"Peopled her Deſert, and made Horror *ſmile?*"
Or, if the Military Stile delights thee,
(For Stars have fought their Battles, leagu'd with [*Man*)
"Who marſhals this bright Hoſt? Enrolls their [Names?
"Appoints their Poſts, their Marches, and Returns,
"Punctual at ſtated Periods? Who diſbands
"Theſe Vet'ran Troops, their final Duty done,
"If e'er diſbanded?"—HE, whoſe potent Word,
Like the loud Trumpet, levy'd firſt their Powers
In *Night*'s inglorious Empire, where they ſlept
In Beds of Darkneſs; arm'd them with fierce Flames,
Arrang'd, and diſciplin'd, and cloath'd in Gold;
And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the Field,
Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief.*
O let us join This Army! Joining Theſe,
Will give us Hearts intrepid, at That Hour,
When *brighter* Flames ſhall cut a *darker* Night;
When Theſe ſtrong Demonſtrations of a GOD

Shall

Shall hide their Heads, or tumble from their Spheres,
And One *eternal* Curtain cover All!

STRUCK at *that* Thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd Eye, and read the Stars
To Man ſtill more propitious; and their Aid
(Tho' guiltleſs of Idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their nobleſt Name.
O ye *Dividers of my Time!* Ye bright
Accomptants of my Days, and Months, and Years,
In your fair Kalendar diſtinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant Regiſter,
Tho' Man inſpects it not, ſtands good againſt him;
Since *You*, and Years, roll on, tho' Man ſtands ſtill;
Teach me my Days to number, and apply
My trembling Heart to *Wiſdom*; now beyond
All Shadows of Excuſe for fooling on.
Age ſmooths our Path to Prudence; ſweeps aſide
The Snares, keen *Appetite*, and *Paſſion*, ſpread

To

To catch ſtray Souls; and, Woe to That grey Head,
Whoſe *Folly* would undo, what *Age* has done!
Aid, then, aid, All ye Stars!—Much rather THOU,
Great ARTIST! THOU, whoſe Finger ſet aright
This exquiſite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,
Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid, and irrevocable, Flight,
With ſuch an *Index* fair, as none can miſs,
Who lifts an Eye, nor ſleeps till it is clos'd.
Open *mine* Eye, Dread DEITY! to read
The tacit Doctrine of Thy Works; to ſee
Things as they *are*, un-alter'd thro' the Glaſs
Of worldly Wiſhes. *Time! Eternity!*
(Tis Theſe, miſ-meaſur'd, ruins all Mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them Both
In equal Scale, and learn their various Weight.
Let *Time* appear a *Moment*, as it *is*;
And let *Eternity*'s full Orb, at once,
Turn on my Soul, and ſtrike it into Heaven.

When

When ſhall I ſee far more than charms me Now?
Gaze on Creation's Model in *Thy* Breaſt
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the Tranſcript more?
When, This vile, foreign, Duſt, which ſmothers All
That travel *Earth*'s deep Vale, ſhall I ſhake off?
When ſhall my Soul her Incarnation quit,
And, re-adopted to Thy bleſt Embrace,
Obtain her *Apotheoſis* in THEE?

Dost think, LORENZO! this is wand'ring wide?
No, 'tis directly ſtriking at the Mark;
To wake thy *dead Devotion* * was my Point;
And how I bleſs *Night*'s conſecrating Shades,
Which to a *Temple* turn an *Univerſe*;
Fill us with great Ideas, full of Heaven,
And antidote the peſtilential Earth?
In ev'ry Storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an Aſylum has the Soul in Prayer?

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And

And what a Fane is *This*, in which to pray?
And what a GOD muſt dwell in ſuch a Fane?
O what a Genius muſt inform the Skies?
And is LORENZO's Salamander-Heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid theſe ſacred Fires?
O ye nocturnal Sparks! Ye glowing Embers,
On Heav'n's broad Hearth! Who burn, or burn no [more,
Who blaze, or die, as Great JEHOVAH's Breath
Or blows you, or forbears! aſſiſt my Song;
Pour your whole Influence; exorcize his Heart,
So long poſſeſs'd; and bring him back to *Man*.

AND is LORENZO a Demurrer *ſtill?*
Pride in thy Parts provokes thee to conteſt
Truths, which, conteſted, put thy *Parts* to Shame.
Nor ſhame they more LORENZO's *Head*, than *Heart*;
A *faithleſs* Heart, how deſpicably Small?
Too Streight, aught Great, or Generous, to receive!
Fill'd with an Atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self!*

And

And Self miſtaken! Self, that laſts an Hour!
Inſtincts and *Paſſions*, of the nobler Kind,
Lie ſuffocated There; or *They* alone,
Reaſon apart, would wake High Hope; and open,
To raviſh'd Thought, that *Intellectual* Sphere,
Where *Order*, *Wiſdom*, *Goodneſs*, *Providence*,
Their endleſs Miracles of Love diſplay,
And promiſe All the truly Great deſire.
The Mind that would be *happy*, muſt be *great*;
Great, in its *Wiſhes*; Great, in its *Surveys*.
Extended Views a narrow Mind extend;
Puſh out its corrugate, expanſive Make,
Which, e'er-long, *more* than Planets ſhall embrace.
A Man of *Compaſs* makes a Man of *Worth*;
Divine contemplate, and become *Divine*.

As Man was made for Glory, and for Bliſs,
All Littleneſs is in Approach to Woe;
Open thy Boſom, ſet thy Wiſhes wide,

And

And let in *Manhood*; let in *Happineſs*;
Admit the boundleſs Theatre of Thought
From Nothing, up to GOD; which makes a *Man*.
Take GOD from *Nature*, nothing Great is left;
Man's Mind is in a Pit, and nothing ſees;
Man's Heart is in a Jakes, and loves the Mire.
Emerge from thy Profound; erect thine Eye;
See thy Diſtreſs! How cloſe art thou beſieg'd!
Beſieg'd by *Nature*, the proud Sceptic's Foe!
Inclos'd by theſe innumerable Worlds,
Sparkling Conviction on the darkeſt Mind,
As in a golden Net of PROVIDENCE,
How art thou caught, ſure Captive of Belief?
From this thy bleſt Captivity, what Art,
What Blaſphemy to Reaſon, ſets thee free?
This Scene is Heav'n's indulgent Violence:
Canſt thou bear up againſt this Tide of Glory?
What is Earth boſom'd in theſe ambient Orbs,
But, Faith in GOD impos'd, and preſs'd on Man?

Dar'ſt thou ſtill litigate thy deſp'rate *Cauſe*,
Spite of theſe numerous, awful, *Witneſſes*,
And doubt the *Depoſition*, of the Skies?
O how laborious is thy Way to Ruin?

LABORIOUS? 'Tis *impracticable* quite;
To ſink beyond a *Doubt*, in this Debate,
With all his Weight of Wiſdom, and of Will,
And Crime flagitious, I defy a Fool.
Some wiſh they *did*, but *no* Man *disbelieves*.
GOD is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot ſtrike
Theſe groſs, material, Organs; GOD by Man
As much is ſeen, as *Man* a GOD can ſee,
In theſe aſtoniſhing Exploits of Power.
What Order, Beauty, Motion, Diſtance, Size!
Concertion of Deſign, how exquiſite!
How complicate, in their divine Police!
Apt Means! Great Ends! Conſent to general Good!
Each Attribute of theſe *material* Gods,

So long (and that with ſpecious Pleas) ador'd,
A ſep'rate Conqueſt gains o'er Rebel Thought;
And leads in Triumph the whole Mind of Man.

LORENZO! This may ſeem *Harangue* to Thee;
Such All is apt to ſeem, that thwarts our Will.
And doſt thou, then, demand a *ſimple* Proof
Of this great Maſter-Moral of the Skies,
Unskill'd, or diſ-inclin'd, to read it *there?*
Since 'tis the Baſis, and All drops without it,
Take it, in One compact, unbroken Chain.
Such Proof inſiſts on an attentive Ear;
'Twill not make One amid a Mob of Thoughts,
And, for thy Notice, ſtruggle with the World.
Retire;---The *World* ſhut out;---Thy Thoughts call Home;—
Imagination's airy Wing repreſs;——
Lock up thy *Senſes*;——Let no *Paſſion* ſtir;——
Wake all to *Reaſon*; Let *her* reign alone;——
Then, in thy *Soul's* deep Silence, and the Depth

Of *Nature's* Silence, Midnight, thus inquire,
As *I* have done; and ſhall inquire no more.
In Nature's Chanel, thus the Queſtions run.

" WHAT am I? and from *Whence?*—I nothing [know,
" But that I *am*; and, ſince I *am*, conclude
" Something *Eternal*; Had there e'er been *Nought*,
" *Nought* ſtill had been: *Eternal* there *muſt* be.—
" But *What* Eternal?—Why not *Human Race?*
" And ADAM's Anceſtors without an End?—
" That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince ev'ry Link
" Of that long-chain'd Succeſſion is ſo frail;
" Can ev'ry *Part depend*, and not the *Whole?*
" Yet grant it True; *new* Difficulties riſe;
" I'm ſtill quite out at Sea; nor ſee the Shore.
" Whence *Earth*, and theſe bright *Orbs?*---*Eternal* [too?—
" Grant *Matter* was Eternal; ſtill theſe *Orbs*
" Would want ſome Other Father;—Much Deſign
" Is ſeen in all their *Motions*, all their *Makes*;

" *Deſign*

" *Deſign* implies *Intelligence*, and *Art*;
" *That* can't be from *Themſelves*—or *Man*; *That*
[Art
" Man ſcarce can comprehend, could Man beſtow?
" And nothing Greater, yet allow'd, than *Man.*—
" Who, *Motion*, foreign to the ſmalleſt Grain,
" Shot thro' vaſt Maſſes of enormous Weight?
" Who bid brute *Matter's* reſtive Lump aſſume
" Such various Forms, and gave it Wings to fly?
" Has Matter *innate* Motion? Then each Atom,
" Aſſerting its indiſputable Right
" To dance, would form an Univerſe of Duſt:
" Has Matter *none?* Then whence theſe glorious
[Forms,
" And boundleſs Flights, from *Shapeleſs*, and *Re-*
[*poſ'd?*
" Has Matter *more* than Motion? Has it Thought,
" Judgment, and Genius? Is it deeply learn'd
" In *Mathematics?* Has it fram'd *ſuch* Laws,
" Which, but to *gueſs*, a NEWTON made Immor-
[tal?—
" If ſo, how each *ſage* Atom laughs at *me*,
" Who think a *Clod* inferior to a *Man!*

" If Art, to form; and Counsel to conduct;
" And That with greater far, than Human Skill,
" Resides not in each Block;——a GODHEAD [reigns.—
"—Grant, then, Invisible, Eternal, MIND;
" *That* granted, All is solv'd.—But, granting That,
" Draw I not o'er me a still darker Cloud?
" Grant I not That which I can ne'er conceive?
" A Being without Origin, or End!——
" Hail, Human Liberty! There is no GOD——
" Yet, Why? On either Scheme that Knot subsists;
" Subsist it *must*, in GOD, or *Human Race*;
" If in the Last, how many Knots beside,
" Indissoluble All?——Why choose it *There*,
" Where, chosen, still subsist Ten thousand more?
" Reject it; where *That* chosen, all the Rest
" Dispers'd, leave *Reason*'s whole Horizon clear?
" This is not Reason's Dictate; *Reason* says,
" Close with the Side where *One* Grain turns the [Scale;
" What vast Preponderance is Here? Can Reason

" With louder Voice exclaim—*Believe a* GOD?
" And *Reaſon* heard, is the ſole Mark of Man.
" What Things Impoſſible muſt Man think True,
" On any other Syſtem? And how ſtrange
" To *Disbelieve*, through mere Credulity?"

If, in this Chain, Lorenzo finds no Flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to *Belief*.
And where the Link, in which a Flaw he finds?—
And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how Great?
How Great that Pow'r, whoſe Providential Care
Thro' theſe bright Orbs dark Centres darts a Ray?
Of *Nature* univerſal threads the Whole?
And hangs *Creation*, like a precious Gem,
Tho' Little, on the Footſtool of His Throne?

That Little Gem, how Large? A Weight let fall
From a fixt Star; in Ages can it reach
This diſtant *Earth*? Say, then, Lorenzo! where,

Where, ends this mighty Building? Where, begin
The Suburbs of Creation? Where, the Wall
Whose Battlements look o'er into the Vale
Of Non-Existence? NOTHING's strange Abode!
Say, at what Point of Space JEHOVAH drop'd
His slacken'd *Line*, and laid His *Balance* by;
Weigh'd *Worlds*, and measur'd *Infinite*, no more?
Where, rears His *terminating Pillar* high
Its extra-mundane Head? and says, to Gods,
In Characters illustrious as the Sun,

I stand, the Plan's proud Period; I pronounce
The Work accomplish'd; the Creation clos'd:
Shout, all ye Gods! nor shout, ye Gods alone;
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of Life,
That rests, or rolls, ye Heights, and Depths, re-
[*sound!*
Resound! resound! ye Depths, and Heights, re-
[*sound!*

HARD are those Questions?——Answer, *harder*
[still.
Is *This* the Sole Exploit, the Single Birth,

The

The Solitary Son, of *Power Divine?*
Or, has th' Almighty FATHER, with a Breath,
Impregnated the Womb of diſtant *Space?*
Has *He* not bid, in various Provinces,
Brother-Creations the dark Bowels burſt
Of *Night* primæval; barren, now, no more?
And *He* the central Sun, tranſpiercing all
Thoſe *Giant-Generations*, which diſport,
And dance, as *Motes*, in His Meridian Ray;
That Ray withdrawn, Benighted, or Abſorb'd,
In that *Abyſs of Horror*, whence they ſprung;
While *Chaos* triumphs, repoſſeſt of All
Rival *Creation* raviſh'd from His Throne?
CHAOS! of *Nature* both the Womb, and Grave!

THINKS'T thou, my Scheme, LORENZO! ſpreads [too wide?
Is This *extravagant?*—No; This is *juſt*;
Juſt, in *Conjecture*, tho' 'twere falſe in *Fact*.
If 'tis an Error, 'tis an Error ſprung

From

From noble Root, High Thought of the MOST-
[HIGH.
But wherefore Error? Who can prove it Such?—
He that can ſet OMNIPOTENCE a Bound.
Can Man *conceive* beyond what GOD can *do*?
Nothing, but *Quite-Impoſſible*, is *Hard*.
He ſummons into Being, with like Eaſe,
A Whole *Creation*, and a Single *Grain*.
SpeaksHe the Word? a Thouſand Worlds are born!—
A Thouſand Worlds! There's Space for Millions more;
And in what Space can His great *Fiat* fail?
Condemn me not, cold Critic! but indulge
The warm *Imagination*: Why condemn?
Why not indulge Such Thoughts, as ſwell our Hearts
With fuller Admiration of *That Power*,
Who gives our Hearts with ſuch high Thoughts to
[ſwell?
Why not indulge in *His* augmented Praiſe?
Darts not *His* Glory a ſtill brighter Ray,
The leſs is left to *Chaos*, and the Realms
Of hideous *Night*, where *Fancy* ſtrays aghaſt;

And,

And, tho' moſt *talkative*, makes no *Report*?

STILL ſeems my Thought enormous? Think again;—
Experience-Self ſhall *aid* thy lame Belief.
Glaſſes, (that Revelation to the Sight!)
Have they not led us deep in the Diſcloſe
Of fine-ſpun *Nature*, exquiſitely *Small*;
And, tho' *demonſtrated*, ſtill *ill-conceiv'd*?
If, then, on the Reverſe, the Mind would mount
In *Magnitude*, what Mind can mount too far,
To keep the Balance, and Creation *poize*?
Defect alone can err on ſuch a Theme;
What is too Great, if we the *Cauſe* ſurvey?
Stupendous ARCHITECT! THOU, THOU art All!
My Soul flies up and down in Thoughts of THEE,
And finds herſelf but at the Centre ſtill!
I AM, Thy Name! *Exiſtence*, all *Thine own*!
Creation's Nothing; flatter'd *much*, if ſtyl'd
"*The thin, the fleeting Atmoſphere of* GOD."

O FOR

O FOR the Voice—of What? of Whom?—What [Voice
Can anſwer to my Wants, in *ſuch* Aſcent,
As dares to deem One Univerſe too ſmall?
Tell me, LORENZO! (for now *Fancy* glows,
Fir'd in the Vortex of Almighty Power)
Is not this Home-Creation, in the Map
Of univerſal *Nature*, as a Speck,
Like fair BRITANNIA in our little Ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its Size,
But, elſewhere, far out-meaſur'd, far outſhone?
In *Fancy* (for the *Fact* beyond us lies)
Canſt thou not figure it, an *Iſle*, almoſt
Too ſmall for Notice, in the *Vaſt* of Being;
Sever'd by mighty Seas of *un-built* Space,
From other *Realms*; from ample *Continents*
Of higher Life, where nobler Natives dwell;
Leſs *Northern*, leſs remote from DEITY,
Glowing beneath the *Line* of the SUPREME,

Where

Where Souls in Excellence make Haſte, put forth
Luxuriant Growths; nor the late Autumn wait
Of *Human* Worth, but ripen ſoon to Gods?

YET why drown *Fancy* in ſuch Depths as theſe?
Return, preſumptuous Rover! and confeſs
The Bounds of Man; nor blame them, as too ſmall.
Enjoy we not full Scope in what is *ſeen?*
Full ample the Dominions of the Sun!
Full glorious to behold! How far, how wide,
The matchleſs Monarch, from his flaming Throne,
Laviſh of Luſtre, throws his Beams about him,
Farther, and faſter, than a Thought can fly,
And feeds his Planets with eternal Fires?
This *Heliopolis*, by Greater far,
Than the proud Tyrant of the *Nile*, was built;
And *He* alone, who built it, can deſtroy.
Beyond *this City*, why ſtrays human Thought?
One Wonderful, enough for Man to know!

One

One Infinite, enough for Man to range!
One Firmament, enough for Man to read!
O what Voluminous Inſtruction Here?
What Page of Wiſdom is deny'd him? None;
If learning his chief Leſſon makes him Wiſe,
Nor is *Inſtruction*, Here, our only Gain;
There dwells a noble *Pathos* in the Skies,
Which warms our Paſſions, proſelytes our Hearts.
How eloquently ſhines the glowing Pole!
With what Authority it gives its Charge,
Remonſtrating great Truths in Style ſublime,
Tho' Silent, Loud! heard Earth around; above
The Planets heard; and not unheard in Hell;
Hell has her Wonder, tho' too proud to praiſe.
Is *Earth*, then, more Infernal? Has ſhe Thoſe,
Who neither *praiſe*, LORENZO! nor *admire*?

LORENZO's Admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er ask'd the *Moon* One Queſtion; never held

Leaſt Correſpondence with a ſingle Star;
Ne'er rear'd an Altar to the *Queen of Heav'n*,
Walking in Brightneſs; or her Train ador'd.
Their *ſublunary* Rivals have long ſince
Engroſs'd his whole Devotion; *Stars* malign,
Which make their fond *Aſtronomer* run mad;
Darken his *Intellect*, corrupt his *Heart*;
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his Fame and Peace
To momentary Madneſs, call'd Delight.
Idolater, more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted Hand to LUNA, or pour'd out
The Blood to JOVE!—O THOU, to whom belongs
All Sacrifice! O Thou Great JOVE Unfeign'd!
DIVINE INSTRUCTOR! Thy *firſt* Volume, *This*,
For *Man*'s Peruſal; All in CAPITALS!
In *Moon*, and *Stars*, (Heav'n's golden Alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to ſeize the Sight; who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *underſtand*. 'Tis Unconfin'd
To *Chriſtian* Land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,

In

In Language univerſal, to MANKIND:
A Language, Lofty to the Learn'd; yet Plain,
To Thoſe that feed the Flock, or guide the Plough,
Or, from its Husk, ſtrike out the bounding Grain.
A Language, worthy the GREAT MIND, that ſpeaks!
Preface, and *Comment*, to the *Sacred Page!*
Which oft refers its Reader to the Skies,
As pre-ſuppoſing his Firſt Leſſon *there*,
And Scripture-ſelf a *Fragment*, *That* unread.
Stupendous Book of Wiſdom, to the Wiſe!
Stupendous Book! and open'd, NIGHT! by Thee.

BY Thee *much* open'd, I confeſs, O *Night!*
Yet *more* I wiſh; but *how* ſhall I prevail?
Say, gentle *Night!* whoſe modeſt, maiden Beams
Give us a *new* Creation, and preſent
The World's great Picture ſoften'd to the Sight;
Nay, Kinder far, far more Indulgent ſtill,
Say, Thou, whoſe mild Dominion's Silver Key

Unlocks

Unlocks our Hemiſphere, and ſets to View
Worlds beyond Number; Worlds conceal'd by Day
Behind the proud, and envious, Star of Noon!
Canſt thou not draw a deeper Scene?—And ſhew
The Mighty POTENTATE, to whom belong
Theſe rich *Regalia*, pompouſly diſplay'd
To kindle that high Hope? Like Him of *Uz*,
I gaze around; I ſearch on every Side——
O for a Glimpſe of HIM my Soul adores!
As the chas'd Hart, amid the deſart Waſte,
Pants for the living Stream; for HIM who made [her,
So pants the thirſty Soul, amid the Blank
Of ſublunary Joys. Say, Goddeſs! Where?
Where, blazes *His* bright Court? Where, burns *His* Throne?
Thou know'ſt; for Thou art near Him; by Thee, [round
His grand Pavilion, ſacred Fame reports
The ſable Curtains drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair Daughter-Train, ſo ſwift of Wing,
Who travel far, diſcover where *He* dwells?

A *Star* His Dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye *Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!*
And thou, *Orion!* of ſtill keener Eye!
Say, ye, who guide the Wilder'd in the Waves,
And bring them out of Tempeſt into Port!
On which Hand muſt I bend my Courſe to find
[*Him?*—
Theſe Courtiers keep the Secret of their KING;
I wake whole Nights, in vain, to ſteal it from them.

I WAKE; and, waking, climb *Night*'s radiant Scale,
From Sphere to Sphere; the Steps by Nature ſet
For Man's Aſcent; at once to *tempt*, and *aid*;
To *tempt* his Eye, and *aid* his tow'ring Thought;
Till it arrives at the *Great Goal* of all.

IN ardent *Contemplation*'s rapid Car,
From *Earth*, as from my Barrier, I ſet out.
How ſwift I mount? Diminiſh'd *Earth* recedes;
I paſs the *Moon*; and, from her further Side,

Pierce Heav'n's blue Curtain; ſtrike into *Remote*,
Where, with his lifted Tube, the ſubtil Sage,
His artificial, airy Journey takes,
And to *Celeſtial* lengthens *Human* Sight.
I pauſe at every *Planet* on my Road,
And ask for HIM, who gives their Orbs to roll,
Their Foreheads fair to ſhine. From SATURN's Ring,
In which, of *Earths* an Army might be loſt,
With the bold *Comet*, take my bolder Flight,
Amid thoſe *ſovereign* Glories of the Skies,
Of independent, native Luſtre, proud,
The Souls of Syſtems! and the Lords of Life,
Thro' their wide Empires!——What behold I *now?*
A Wilderneſs of Wonders burning round;
Where *larger* Suns inhabit *higher* Spheres;
Perhaps the *Villas* of deſcending Gods!
Nor halt I here; my Toil is but begun;
'Tis but the Threſhold of the DEITY;
Or, far beneath it, I am groveling ſtill.

Nor is it ſtrange; I built on a Miſtake;
The Grandeur of His Works, whence *Folly* ſought
For Aid, to *Reaſon* ſets His Glory higher;
Who built thus high for Worms (mere Worms to [*Him*;)
O where, LORENZO! muſt the BUILDER dwell?

PAUSE, then; and, for a Moment, here reſpire.—
If human Thought can keep its Station Here.
Where am I?—Where is *Earth?*---Nay, where art [Thou,
O *Sun?*---Is the Sun turn'd Recluſe?---And are
His boaſted Expeditions ſhort to *Mine?*—
To *mine*, how ſhort? On Nature's *Alps* I ſtand,
And ſee a Thouſand Firmaments beneath!
A Thouſand Syſtems! as a Thouſand Grains!
So *much* a Stranger, and ſo *late* arriv'd,
How can Man's curious Spirit not inquire,
What are the Natives of this World ſublime,
Of this ſo foreign, un-terreſtrial Sphere,
Where Mortal, *untranſlated*, never ſtray'd?

"O YE,

" O Ye, as diſtant from my little Home,
" As ſwifteſt Sun-beams in an Age can fly!
" Far from my native Element I roam,
" In Queſt of New, and Wonderful, to Man.
" What Province This, of *His* immenſe Domain,
" Whom All obeys? Or Mortals here, or Gods?
" Ye Borderers on the Coaſts of Bliſs! What are you?
" A Colony from Heav'n? Or, only rais'd,
" By frequent Viſit from Heav'n's neighbouring [Realms,
" To ſecondary Gods, and half-divine?——
" Whate'er your Nature, *This* is paſt Diſpute,
" Far other Life you live, far other Tongue
" You talk, far other Thought, perhaps, you think,
" Than Man. How various are the Works of God?
" But ſay, *What* Thought? Is *Reaſon* here inthron'd,
" And abſolute? Or *Senſe* in Arms againſt her?
" Have you *Two* Lights? Or need you no *reveal'd*?
" Enjoy your happy Realms their golden Age?

" And had Your EDEN an abſtemious EVE?
" *Our* EVE's fair Daughters prove their Pedigree,
" And ask their ADAMS—'*Who would not be Wiſe?*'
" Or, if your Mother *fell*, are you *Redeem'd?*
" And if redeem'd——is your Redeemer *ſcorn'd?*
" Is This your final Reſidence? If not,
" Change you your Scene, *Tranſlated?* Or, by
[*Death?*
" And if by *Death*; *What* Death?——Know you
[*Diſeaſe?*
" Or horrid *War?*——With War, This fatal Hour,
" EUROPA groans; (ſo call we a ſmall Field,
" Where Kings run mad). In *Our* World, DEATH
[deputes
" *Intemperance* to do the Work of *Age*;
" And, hanging up the Quiver *Nature* gave him,
" As ſlow of Execution, for Diſpatch
" Sends forth *Imperial* Butchers; bids them ſlay
" Their Sheep, (the ſilly Sheep they fleec'd before)
" And toſs him twice Ten thouſand at a Meal.
" Sit all *your* Executioners on Thrones?
" With *you*, can Rage for Plunder make a GOD?

" And

" And *Bloodſhed* waſh out every other Stain?——
" But You, perhaps, can't bleed: From Matter groſs
" Your *Spirits* clean, are delicately clad
" In fine-ſpun Æther; Privileg'd to ſoar,
" Unloaded, uninfected; How unlike
" The Lot of Man? How Few of human Race
" By their own *Mud* unmurther'd? How we wage
" Self-War eternal?——Is your painful Day
" Of hardy Conflict o'er? Or, are you ſtill
" Raw Candidates at School? And have you Thoſe
" Who diſaffect *Reverſions*, as with *Us*?——
" But what are *We*? You never heard of *Man*,
" Or *Earth*; the *Bedlam* of the Univerſe!
" Where *Reaſon*, (un-diſeas'd with You,) runs mad,
" And nurſes *Folly*'s Children as *her own*;
" Fond of the Fouleſt. In the ſacred Mount
" Of *Holineſs*, where Reaſon is pronounc'd
" *Infallible*; and *thunders*, like a God;
" Even *there*, by *Saints*, the *Dæmons* are outdone;

" What *Theſe* think Wrong, our *Saints* refine to [Right,
" And kindly teach *dull* Hell her own black Arts;
" SATAN, inſtructed, o'er their *Morals* ſmiles.—
" But *This*, how ſtrange to You, who know not [*Man?*
" Has the leaſt Rumour of our Race arriv'd?
" Call'd *here* ELIJAH, in his flaming Car?
" Paſt by you the good ENOCH, on his Road
" To Thoſe fair Fields, whence LUCIFER was hurl'd;
" Who bruſh'd, perhaps, your Sphere, in his Deſcent,
" Stain'd your pure Cryſtal Æther, or let fall
" A ſhort Eclipſe from his portentous Shade?
" O! that the Fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad Orb
" Athwart his Way; nor reach'd his preſent Home,
" Then blacken'd *Earth* with Footſteps foul'd in [*Hell,*
" Nor waſh'd in *Ocean*, as from ROME he paſt
" To BRITAIN's Iſle; *too, too*, conſpicuous *There!*"

BUT This is all Digreſſion; Where is HE,
That o'er Heav'n's Battlements the Felon hurl'd

To

To Groans, and Chains, and Darkneſs? Where is HE,
Who ſees Creation's Summit in a Vale?
HE, Whom, while Man is *Man*, he can't but ſeek;
And if he finds, commences *more* than Man?
O for a Teleſcope His Throne to reach!
Tell me, ye Learn'd on *Earth!* or Bleſt *Above!*
Ye ſearching, ye *Newtonian*, Angels! tell,
Where, your Great MASTER's Orb? His Planets, [where?
Thoſe *conſcious* Satellites, thoſe *Morning-Stars*,
Firſt-born of DEITY! from Central Love,
By Veneration moſt profound, thrown off;
By ſweet Attraction, no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *ſerene*;
Paſt Thought, illuſtrious, but with borrow'd Beams;
In ſtill *approaching* Circles, ſtill *remote*,
Revolving round the Sun's eternal SIRE?
Or ſent, in Lines direct, on Embaſſies
To Nations——in what Latitude?——Beyond
Terreſtrial Thought's Horizon!——And on what

High

High Errands ſent?——Here *human* Effort ends;
And leaves me ſtill a Stranger to *His* Throne.

FULL well it might! I quite miſtook my Road,
Born in an Age more Curious, than Devout;
More fond to fix the *Place* of Heav'n, or Hell,
Than ſtudious *this* to ſhun, or *that* ſecure.
'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* Path,
That leads me to my Point: LORENZO! know,
Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their Guide,
Who worſhip GOD, ſhall find *Him*. Humble *Love*,
And not proud *Reaſon*, keeps the Door of Heav'n;
Love finds Admiſſion, where proud *Science* fails.
Man's Science is the Culture of his Heart;
And not to loſe his Plumbet in the Depths
Of *Nature*, or the more Profound of GOD.
Either to know, is an Attempt that ſets
The Wiſeſt on a Level with the Fool.
To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here!*)

Paſt

Paſt Doubt, is deep Philoſophy *Above*;
Higher Degrees in Bliſs Archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the Deepeſt, learning ſtill.
For, what a *Thunder* of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak) is *ſeen* in All?
In *Man!* In *Earth!* In more-amazing *Skies!*
Teaching This Leſſon, *Pride* is loath to learn——
"Not *deeply* to *Diſcern*, not *much* to *Know*,
"Mankind was born to WONDER, and ADORE."

AND is there Cauſe for higher *Wonder* ſtill,
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt Surveys?
Yes; and for deeper *Adoration* too.
From my late airy Travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?——Yes, LORENZO! This;
Each of theſe Stars is a Religious Houſe;
I ſaw their Altars ſmoke, their Incenſe riſe,
And heard *Hoſannas* ring through every Sphere,
A Seminary fraught with future Gods.

Nature

Nature all o'er is *conſecrated* Ground,
Teeming with Growths Immortal, and Divine.
The Great PROPRIETOR's all-bounteous Hand
Leaves nothing waſte; but ſows theſe fiery Fields
With Seeds of *Reaſon*, which to *Virtues* riſe,
Beneath *His* genial Ray; and, if eſcap'd
The peſtilential Blaſts of ſtubborn *Will*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the Skies.
And is *Devotion* thought too much on *Earth*,
When Beings, ſo Superior, Homage *boaſt*,
And *triumph* in Proſtrations to THE THRONE?

BUT wherefore more of Planets, or of Stars?
Æthereal Journeys, and, diſcover'd there,
Ten thouſand Worlds, Ten thouſand Ways devout?
All *Nature* ſending Incenſe to THE THRONE,
Except the bold LORENZO's of Our Sphere?
Op'ning the ſolemn Sources of my Soul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd ERIDANUS,

My

My flowing Numbers o'er the flaming Skies,
Nor ſee, of *Fancy*, or of *Fact*, what more,
Invites the Muſe——Here turn we, and review
Our paſt Nocturnal Landſchape wide:---Then, ſay,
Say, then, LORENZO! with what Burſt of Heart,
The Whole, at once, revolving in his Thought,
Muſt Man exclaim, adoring, and aghaſt?
" O what a Root! O what a Branch is Here?
" O what a Father! What a Family!
" Worlds! Syſtems! and Creations!——And Crea-
[tions,
" In One agglomerated Cluſter, hung,
" * Great VINE! on THEE: On THEE the Cluſter
[hangs;
" The filial Cluſter! infinitely ſpread
" In glowing Globes, with various Being fraught;
" And drinks (Nectareous Draught!) Immortal Life.
" Or, ſhall I ſay (for *Who* can ſay enough?)
" A Conſtellation of Ten thouſand Gems,
" (And, O! of what Dimenſion! of what Weight!)

* *John* xv. 1.

" Set

" Set in One *Signet*, flames on the Right Hand
" Of MAJESTY DIVINE! The *blazing Seal*,
" That deeply ſtamps, on all created *Mind*,
" Indelible, *His* ſov'reign Attributes,
" OMNIPOTENCE, and LOVE! *That*, paſſing Bound;
" And *This*, ſurpaſſing That. Nor ſtop we *Here*,
" For Want of *Power* in GOD, but *Thought* in MAN.
" Even *This* acknowleg'd, leaves us ſtill in Debt;
" If *Greater* aught, That Greater all is THINE,
" DREAD SIRE!—Accept this *Miniature* of THEE;
" And pardon an *Attempt* from Mortal Thought,
" In which Archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

How ſuch Ideas of the ALMIGHTY's *Power*,
And ſuch Ideas of the ALMIGHTY's *Plan*,
(Ideas not abſurd) diſtend the Thought
Of feeble Mortals? Nor of *Them* alone!
The Fullneſs of the DEITY breaks forth
In *Inconceivables* to Men, and Gods.

Think,

Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the Thought;
How low must *Man* descend, when *Gods* adore?——
Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud Boast?
Did I not tell thee, "* We would mount, LORENZO!
" And kindle our Devotion at the *Stars*?"

AND have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?
And art all Adamant? And dost confute
All urg'd, with One irrefragable *Smile*?
LORENZO! *Mirth* how miserable *Here*?
Swear by the *Stars*, by HIM who made them, swear,
Thy Heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *They*:
Then *Thou*, like *Them*, shalt *shine*; like *Them*,
From Low to Lofty; from Obscure to Bright; [shalt *rise*
By due Gradation, *Nature*'s sacred Law.
The *Stars*, from whence?—Ask *Chaos*—*He* can tell.
These bright Temptations to Idolatry,
From *Darkness*, and *Confusion*, took their Birth;

* Page 204.

Sons

Sons of *Deformity!* From fluid Dregs
Tartarean, firſt they roſe to Maſſes rude;
And then, to Spheres opaque; Then dimly ſhone;
Then brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in *perfect Day.*
Nature delights in Progreſs; in Advance
From Worſe to Better: But, when *Minds* aſcend,
Progreſs, in Part, depends upon *Themſelves.*
Heav'n aids Exertion; Greater makes the Great;
The *voluntary* Little leſſens more.
O be a *Man!* and thou ſhalt be a *God!*
And *Half Self-made!* Ambition how Divine!

O Thou, ambitious of Diſgrace alone!
Still Undevout? Unkindled?—Tho', high-taught,
School'd by the Skies; and Pupil of the Stars.
Rank Coward to the *Faſhionable World!*
Art Thou *aſham'd* to bend thy Knee to Heav'n?
Curſt Fume of Pride, exhal'd from deepeſt Hell!
Pride in *Religion* is Man's higheſt Praiſe.

Bent

Bent on Deſtruction! and in Love with Death!
Not All theſe Luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were Half ſo ſad, as One benighted Mind,
Which gropes for Happineſs, and meets *Deſpair*.
How, like a Widow in her Weeds, the *Night*,
Amid her glimmering Tapers, ſilent ſits!
How ſorrowful, how deſolate, ſhe weeps
Perpetual Dews, and ſaddens Nature's Scene!
A Scene more ſad *Sin* makes the darken'd Soul;
All Comfort kills, nor leaves one Spark alive.

Tho' blind of Heart, ſtill open is thine Eye;
Why ſuch Magnificence in all thou ſeeſt?
Of *Matter*'s Grandeur, know, One End is This,
To tell the *Rational*, who gazes on it——
" Tho' *That* immenſely Great, ſtill Greater *He*,
" Whoſe Breaſt, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
" Unburthen'd, Nature's Univerſal Scheme;
" Can graſp *Creation* with a *ſingle* Thought;

" *Creation* graſp; and not exclude its SIRE"——
To tell him farther——" It behoves him much
" To *guard* the important, yet-depending, Fate
" Of Being, brighter than a Thouſand Suns;
" One ſingle Ray of *Thought* outſhines them all."—
And if Man hears obedient, ſoon he'll ſoar
Superior Heights, and on his purple Wing,
His purple Wing, bedrop'd with Eyes of Gold,
Riſing, where *Thought* is *now* deny'd to riſe,
Look down *triumphant* on theſe dazling Spheres.

WHY then perſiſt?——No Mortal ever liv'd,
But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when Words are true),
The Whole that charms thee, abſolutely Vain;
Vain, and far worſe!——Think Thou, with dying Men;
O *condeſcend* to think as Angels think!
O *tolerate* a Chance for Happineſs!
Our Nature ſuch, Ill Choice enſures Ill Fate;
And Hell had been, tho' there had been no God.

Doſt Thou not know, my new Aſtronomer!
Earth, turning from the *Sun*, brings Night to Man?
Man, turning from his GOD, brings *endleſs* Night;
Where Thou canſt read no *Morals*, find no *Friend*,
Amend no *Manners*, and expect no *Peace*.
How *deep* the Darkneſs? and the Groan, how *loud*?
And far, how far, from *lambent* are the Flames?
Such is LORENZO's Purchaſe! Such his Praiſe!
The Proud, the Politic, LORENZO's Praiſe;
Tho', in his Ear, and level'd at his Heart,
I've half read o'er the Volume of the Skies.

FOR think not Thou haſt heard all This from *me*;
My Song but echoes what Great *Nature* ſpeaks;
What has ſhe ſpoken? Thus the Goddeſs ſpoke,
Thus ſpeaks for ever:—"Place, at Nature's Head,
"A Sovereign, which o'er all Things rolls His Eye,
"Extends His Wing, promulgates His Commands,
"But, above all, diffuſes endleſs Good;

" *To whom*, for ſure Redreſs, the Wrong'd may fly;
" The Vile, for Mercy; and the Pain'd, for Peace;
" *By Whom*, the various Tenants of theſe Spheres,
" Diverſify'd in Fortunes, Place, and Pow'rs,
" Rais'd in Enjoyment, as in Worth they riſe,
" Arrive at length (if worthy ſuch Approach)
" At that bleſt Fountain-Head, from which they [ſtream;
" Where Conflict paſt redoubles preſent Joy;
" And preſent Joy looks forward on Increaſe;
" And That, on more; no Period! every Step
" A double Boon! a *Promiſe*, and a *Bliſs*."

How eaſy ſits *this* Scheme on human Hearts?
It ſuits their Make; it ſooths their vaſt Deſires;
Paſſion is pleas'd; and *Reaſon* asks no more;
'Tis Rational! 'Tis Great!——But what is *Thine?*
It darkens! ſhocks! excruciates! and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked, both of Help, and Hope,
Sinking from Bad to Worſe; few Years, the Sport
Of *Fortune*; then, the Morſel of *Deſpair*.

SAY,

SAY, then, LORENZO! (for Thou know'ſt it well)
What's *Vice?*—Mere Want of Compaſs in our [Thought.
Religion, what?—The Proof of *Common-Senſe*;
How art thou hooted, where the *Leaſt* prevails?
Is it *my* Fault, if *theſe Truths* call thee *Fool?*
And thou ſhalt never be *miſcall'd* by me.
Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, ſtand thy Friend?
And art Thou *ſtill* an Inſect in the Mire?
How, like thy Guardian Angel, have I flown,
Snatch'd thee from Earth; eſcorted thee thro' all
Th' Etherial Armies; walkt thee, like a God,
Thro' Splendors of firſt Magnitude, arrang'd
On either Hand; Clouds thrown beneath thy Feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd on the bright Paradiſe of GOD;
And almoſt introduc'd thee to THE THRONE!
And art Thou ſtill carouſing, for Delight,
Rank Poiſon; firſt, fermenting to mere *Froth*,
And then ſubſiding into final *Gall?*

To Beings of ſublime, *immortal* Make,
How ſhocking is All-Joy, whoſe *End* is ſure?
Such Joy *more* ſhocking ſtill, the more it *charms*!
And doſt Thou chuſe what ends, ere well-begun?
And Infamous, as Short? And doſt Thou chuſe
(*Thou*, to whoſe Palate *Glory* is ſo ſweet)
To wade into *Perdition*, thro' *Contempt*,
Nor of poor Bigots only, but thy *own*?
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd Heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful Brow;
For by ſtrong Guilt's moſt violent Aſſault,
Conſcience is but *diſabled*, not *deſtroy'd*.

O THOU moſt Awful Being! and moſt Vain!
Thy Will, how *frail*? how *glorious* is thy Power!
Tho' dread ETERNITY has ſown her Seeds
Of Bliſs, and Woe, in thy deſpotic Breaſt;
Tho' Heaven, and Hell, depend upon thy Choice,
A Butterfly comes 'croſs, and Both are fled.

Is This the Picture of a Rational?
This Horrid Image, ſhall it be moſt Juſt?
LORENZO! No: It cannot,——*ſhall* not be,
If there is Force in *Reaſon*; or, in *Sounds*
Chaunted beneath the Glimpſes of the Moon
A Magic, at this planetary Hour,
When *Slumber* locks the general Lip, and Dreams
Thro' ſenſeleſs Mazes hunt Souls *un-inſpir'd*.
Attend——The ſacred Myſteries begin——
My ſolemn *Night-born* Adjuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raiſe thy Spirit from the Duſt;
While the *Stars* gaze on this Enchantment *new*;
Enchantment; not Infernal, but Divine!

"By *Silence*, DEATH's peculiar Attribute;
"By *Darkneſs*, GUILT's inevitable Doom;
"By *Darkneſs*, and by *Silence*, Sifters dread!
"That draw the Curtain round NIGHT's ebon [Throne,
"And raiſe Ideas, ſolemn as the Scene;

" By NIGHT, and all of Awful, Night presents
" To *Thought*, or *Sense* (of Awful much, to Both,
" The Goddess brings); By These her trembling [*Fires*,
" Like VESTA's, ever-burning; and, like *hers*,
" Sacred to Thoughts immaculate, and pure;
" By these bright Orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,
" And press thee to revere, the DEITY,
" Perhaps, too, aid thee, when revet'd a while,
" To reach *His* Throne; as *Stages* of the Soul,
" Thro' which, at different Periods, she shall pass,
" Refining gradual, for her final Height,
" And purging off some Dross at every Sphere;
" By this dark Pall thrown o'er the silent World;
" By the World's Kings, and Kingdoms, most re- [nown'd,
" From short Ambition's *Zenith* set for ever;
" Sad Presage to vain Boasters, now, in Bloom!
" By the long List of swift Mortality,
" From *Adam*, downward to this Ev'ning's Knell,
" Which Midnight waves in *Fancy's* startled Eye;

" And

" And ſhocks her with a hundred Centuries
" Round *Death's* black Banner throng'd, in human
" By Thouſands, *now*, reſigning their laſt Breath, [Thought;
" And calling Thee—wert Thou ſo wiſe to hear;
" By Tombs o'er Tombs ariſing, human Earth
" Ejected, to make room for—human Earth;
" The Monarch's *Terror!* and the Sexton's *Trade!*
" By pompous Obſequies, that ſhun the Day,
" The *Torch* funereal, and the nodding *Plume*,
" Which makes poor Man's Humiliation proud;
" Boaſt of our *Ruin!* Triumph of our *Duſt!*
" By the damp Vault that weeps o'er Royal Bones;
" And the pale Lamp, that ſhews the ghaſtly Dead,
" *More* ghaſtly thro' the thick incumbent Gloom;
" By Viſits (if there are) from darker Scenes,
" The gliding Spectre! and the groaning Grove!
" By Groans, and Graves, and Miſeries that groan
" For the Grave's Shelter: By deſponding Men,
" Senſeleſs to Pains of Death, from Pangs of Guilt;

" By

" By Guilt's laſt Audit; By yon *Moon* in Blood,
" The rocking Firmament, the falling Stars,
" And Thunder's laſt Diſcharge, great Nature's Knell!
" By SECOND *Chaos*; and ETERNAL *Night*"—
BE WISE—nor let *Philander* blame my *Charm*;
But own not ill-diſcharg'd my double Debt,
Love to the Living; *Duty* to the Dead.

FOR know, I'm but Executor; *He* left
This moral Legacy; *I* make it o'er
By *his* Command; *Philander* hear in me;
And Heaven in both.—If deaf to Theſe, Oh! hear,
Florello's tender Voice; *His* Weal depends
On *Thy* Reſolve; it trembles at Thy Choice;
For *His* Sake—love *Thyſelf*: Example ſtrikes
All human Hearts; a *bad* Example, more;
More ſtill, a Father's; That enſures his Ruin.
As Parent of his Being, wouldſt thou prove
Th' unnatural Parent of his Miſeries,

And make him curſe the Being which thou gav'ſt?
Is *this* the Bleſſing of ſo fond a Father?
If careleſs of LORENZO! ſpare, Oh! ſpare,
Florello's Father, and *Philander*'s Friend;
Florello's Father ruin'd, ruins Him;
And, from *Philander*'s Friend the World expects,
A Conduct, no Diſhonour to the Dead.
Let *Paſſion* do, what *nobler Motive* ſhould;
Let *Love*, and *Emulation*, riſe in Aid
To *Reaſon*; and perſuade thee to be——Bleſt.

THIS ſeems not a Requeſt to be deny'd;
Yet, (ſuch th' Infatuation of Mankind!)
'Tis the moſt *Hopeleſs*, Man can make to Man.
Shall I, then, riſe in Argument, and Warmth;
And urge *Philander*'s poſthumous Advice,
From Topics yet unbroach'd?——
But Oh! I faint! My Spirits fail!——Nor ſtrange;
So long on Wing, and in no middle Clime;

To

To which my Great CREATOR's Glory call'd;
And *calls*—but, now, in vain. *Sleep*'s dewy Wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping Lids; and *promiſes*
My long Arrear of Reſt; the *downy God*,
(Wont to return with our returning *Peace*,)
Will *pay*, ere-long, and bleſs me with Repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet Stranger! from the Peaſant's Cot,
The Ship-boy's Hammock, or the Soldier's Straw,
Whence *Sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring
Not hideous Viſions, as of late; but Draughts
Delicious of well-taſted, cordial, Reſt;
Man's rich Reſtorative; his balmy Bath,
That ſupples, lubricates, and keeps in Play,
The various Movements of this nice Machine,
Which asks ſuch frequent Periods of Repair.
When tir'd with vain Rotations of the Day,
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding Dawn;
Freſh we ſpin on, till *Sickneſs* clogs our Wheels,
Or *Death* quite breaks the Spring, and Motion ends.

When

When will it end with Me?

—"THOU only know'ſt,
" THOU, whoſe broad Eye the *Future*, and the *Paſt*,
" Joins to the *Preſent*; making One of *Three*
" To mortal Thought! THOU know'ſt, and THOU [alone,
" All-knowing!—All-unknown!—And yet Well- [known!
" Near, tho' Remote! and, tho' Unfathom'd, Felt!
" And, tho' Inviſible, for-ever Seen!
" And Seen in All! The *Great*, and the *Minute*:
" Each Globe above, with its Gigantic Race,
" Each Flower, each Leaf, with its ſmall People [ſwarm'd,
" (Thoſe puny Vouchers for OMNIPOTENCE!)
" To the Firſt Thought, that asks, "*From whence?*" [declare
" Their common Source. THOU Fountain running [o'er
" In Rivers of communicated Joy!
" Who gav'ſt us Speech for far, far humbler Themes!
" Say, by what Name ſhall I preſume to call
" HIM I ſee burning in theſe countleſs Suns,

" As

" As *Moſes*, in the *Buſh*? ILLUSTRIOUS MIND!
" The whole Creation, Leſs, far Leſs, to Thee,
" Than *That* to the Creation's ample Round.
" How ſhall I name THEE?—How my labouring Soul
" Heaves underneath the Thought, too big for Birth?

" GREAT Syſtem of Perfections! Mighty Cauſe
" Of Cauſes mighty! Cauſe uncaus'd! Sole Root
" Of *Nature*, that luxuriant Growth of GOD.
" Firſt Father of *Effects*! that Progeny
" Of endleſs Series; where the Golden Chain's
" Laſt Link admits a Period, Who can tell?
" Father of All that is or heard, or hears!
" Father of All that is or ſeen, or ſees!
" Father of All that *is*, or *ſhall* ariſe!
" Father of this immeaſurable Maſs
" Of *Matter* multiform; or denſe, or rare;
" Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at Reſt;
" Minute, or paſſing Round! In each Extreme

" Of

" Of like Amaze, and Myſtery, to Man.
" Father of theſe bright Millions of the *Night*!
" Of which the Leaſt full Godhead had proclaim'd,
" And thrown the Gazer on his Knee.—Or, ſay,
" Is Appellation higher ſtill, Thy Choice?
" Father of *Matter*'s Temporary Lords!
" Father of *Spirits*! Nobler Offspring! Sparks
" Of high Paternal Glory; rich-endow'd
" With various Meaſures, and with various Modes
" Of *Inſtinct*, *Reaſon*, *Intuition*; Beams
" More pale, or bright from *Day Divine*, to break
" The Dark of Matter *organiz'd* (the Ware
" Of all *created* Spirit); Beams, that riſe
" Each over other in ſuperior Light,
" Till the Laſt ripens into Luſtre ſtrong,
" Of next Approach to GODHEAD. Father fond
" (Far fonder than e'er bore that Name on Earth),
" Of *Intellectual* Beings! Beings bleſt
" With Powers to pleaſe THEE; not of paſſive Ply

" To

" To Laws they know not; Beings lodg'd in Seats
" Of well-adapted Joys; in different Domes
" Of this Imperial Palace for thy Sons;
" Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
" Tho' boundleſs, Habitation, plan'd by THEE!
" Whoſe ſeveral Clans their ſeveral Climates ſuit;
" And Tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, would deſtroy.
" Or, Oh! indulge, Immortal KING! indulge
" A Title, leſs auguſt indeed, but more
" Endearing; ah! how ſweet in human Ears?
" Sweet in our Ears! and Triumph in our Hearts!
" *Father of Immortality to Man!*
" A Theme that * lately ſet my Soul on Fire.——
" And THOU the NEXT! yet Equal! THOU, by [whom
" *That* Bleſſing was convey'd; far more! was [*Bought*;
" Ineffable the Price! BY whom all Worlds
" Were made; and One, redeem'd! Illuſtrious Light
" From Light Illuſtrious! THOU, whoſe *Regal* [Power,

* Night the Sixth, and Seventh.

" Finite

" Finite in *Time*, but Infinite in *Space*,
" On more than adamantine Baſis fix'd,
" O'er more, far more, than Diadems, and Thrones,
" Inviolably reigns; the *Dread* of Gods!
" And Oh! the *Friend* of Man! Beneath whoſe [Foot,
" And by the Mandate of whoſe awful Nod,
" All Regions, Revolutions, Fortunes, Fates,
" Of High, of Low, of Mind, and Matter, roll
" Thro' the ſhort Chanels of expiring *Time*,
" Or ſhoreleſs Ocean of Eternity,
" Calm, or Tempeſtuous (as *Thy* Spirit breathes)
" In abſolute Subjection!——And, O THOU
" The glorious THIRD! Diſtinct, not Separate!
" Beaming from *Both!* with Both Incorporate!
" And (ſtrange to tell!) incorporate with Duſt!
" By Condeſcenſion, as Thy Glory, great,
" Enſhrin'd in Man! Of human Hearts, if pure,
" Divine Inhabitant! The Tie Divine

" Of Heaven with diſtant Earth! By whom, I truſt,
" (If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this Addreſs
" To THEE, to THEM—To Whom?—Myſterious [Power!
" Reveal'd—yet Unreveal'd! Darkneſs in Light!
" Number in Unity! our Joy! our Dread!
" The *Triple* Bolt that lays all Wrong in Ruin!
" That animates all Right, the *Triple* Sun!
" Sun of the Soul! her never-ſetting Sun!
" Tri-une, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,
" Abſconding, yet Demonſtrable, GREAT GOD!
" Greater than Greateſt! Better than the Beſt!
" Kinder than Kindeſt! with ſoft *Pity*'s Eye,
" Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with *Thine Own*,
" From Thy bright Home, from That high Firma- [ment,
" Where THOU, from all Eternity, haſt dwelt;
" Beyond Archangels *unaſſiſted* Ken;
" From far above what Mortals Higheſt call;
" From Elevation's Pinacle; Look down,

Through

" Through—What? Confounding Interval! Thro'
[All,
" And more, than lab'ring *Fancy* can conceive;
" Thro' radiant Ranks of Eſſences unknown;
" Thro' Hierarchies from Hierarchies detach'd
" Round various Banners of OMNIPOTENCE,
" With endleſs Change of rapturous Duties fir'd;
" Thro' wond'rous Beings interpoſing Swarms,
" All cluſtering at the Call, to dwell in THEE;
" Thro' this wide Waſte of Worlds; this *Viſta* vaſt
" All ſanded o'er with Suns; Suns turn'd to *Night*
" Before *Thy* feebleſt Beam,—Look down—down—
[down,
" On a poor *breathing Particle* in Duſt,
" Or, lower,—an *Immortal* in his Crimes.
" His Crimes forgive! Forgive his Virtues, too!
" Thoſe Smaller Faults; Half-Converts to the Right
" Nor let me cloſe Theſe Eyes, which never more
" May ſee the Sun (tho' Night's deſcending Scale
" Now weighs up Morn) Unpity'd, and Unbleſt!

" In *Thy* Diſpleaſure dwells *eternal* Pain;
" Pain, our Averſion; Pain, which ſtrikes me *now*;
" And, ſince all Pain is terrible to Man,
" Tho' tranſient, Terrible; at *Thy* good Hour,
" Gently, ah gently, lay me in my Bed,
" My *Clay-cold Bed!* by Nature, now, ſo near;
" By Nature, near; ſtill nearer by Diſeaſe!
" Till Then, be *This*, an Emblem of my Grave:
" Let it out-preach the Preacher; Every Night
" Let it out-cry the Boy at *Philip*'s Ear;
" That Tongue of Death! That Herald of the Tomb!
" And when (the Shelter of Thy Wing implor'd)
" My *Senſes*, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft Repoſe;
" O ſink *this* Truth ſtill deeper in my Soul,
" Suggeſted by my Pillow, ſign'd by *Fate*,
" Firſt, in *Fate*'s Volume, at the Page of *Man*——
" *Man's ſickly Soul, tho' turn'd, and toſs'd for-ever,*
" *From Side to Side, can reſt on nought but* THEE;

" *Here, in full Truſt; Hereafter, in full Joy.*
" On THEE, the promis'd, ſure, eternal Down
" Of Spirits, toil'd in Travel thro' this Vale.
" Nor of *that* Pillow ſhall *my* Soul deſpond;
" For——Love Almighty! Love Almighty! (Sing,
" Exult, Creation!) Love Almighty, reigns!
" That Death of *Death!* That Cordial of *Deſpair!*
" And loud ETERNITY's triumphant Song!

" OF Whom, no more:—For, O Thou PATRON-[GOD!
" Thou *God*, and *Mortal!* Thence *more* GOD to [MAN!
" Man's Theme eternal! Man's eternal Theme!
" THOU canſt not 'ſcape *uninjur'd* from our *Praiſe.*
" Uninjur'd from our Praiſe can HE eſcape,
" Who, diſemboſom'd from the FATHER, bows
" The Heaven of Heavens, to kiſs the diſtant Earth!
" Breathes out in Agonies a ſinleſs Soul!
" Againſt the *Croſs*, *Death's* Iron Sceptre breaks!

" From famiſh'd *Ruin* plucks her human Prey!
" Throws wide the Gates Celeſtial to His *Foes!*
" Their *Gratitude*, for ſuch a boundleſs Debt,
" Deputes their *Suffering Brothers* to receive!
" And, if deep Human Guilt in Payment fails,
" As deeper Guilt, prohibits our *Deſpair!*
" Injoins it, as our Duty, to *Rejoice!*
" And (to cloſe All), omnipotently kind,
" * *Takes His Delights among the Sons of Men.*"

WHAT Words are Theſe?—And did they come [from Heav'n?
And were they ſpoke to Man? To guilty Man?
What are all Myſteries to Love like This?
The Song of Angels, all the Melodies
Of Choral Gods, are wafted in the Sound;
Heal, and exhilarate, the broken Heart,
Tho' plung'd, before, in Horrors dark as *Night*;

* *Prov.* Chap. viii.

Rich

Rich Prelibation of *conſummate* Joy!
Nor wait we Diſſolution to be bleſt.

THIS final Effort of the moral Muſe,
How juſtly * *Titled?* Nor for me alone;
For all that read; what Spirit of Support,
What Heights of CONSOLATION crown my Song?

THEN, farewel NIGHT! Of Darkneſs, now, no [more:
Joy breaks, ſhines, triumphs; 'tis eternal Day.
Shall that which riſes out of *Nought* complain
Of a few Evils, pay'd with endleſs Joys?
My Soul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt Union join
The Two Supports of Human Happineſs,
Which ſome, erroneous, think can never meet;
True *Taſte of Life*, and conſtant *Thought of Death*;
The *Thought* of Death, ſole Victor of its *Dread!*

* The *Conſolation.*

Hope be thy *Joy*; and *Probity* thy *Skill*;
Thy *Patron*, HE, whoſe Diadem has dropp'd
Yon Gems of Heaven; *Eternity*, thy *Prize*.
And leave the Racers of the *World* their Own,
Their Feather, and their Froth, for endleſs Toils;
They part with All for That *which is not Bread*;
They mortify, they ſtarve, on Wealth, Fame, Power;
And laugh to Scorn the *Fools* that aim at more.
How muſt a Spirit, late eſcap'd from Earth,
Suppoſe *Philander*'s, *Lucia*'s, or *Narciſſa*'s,
The *Truth of Things* new-blazing in its Eye,
Look back, aſtoniſh'd, on the Ways of Men,
Whoſe Lives whole Drift is to forget their Graves?
And when Our *preſent Privilege* is paſt,
To ſcourge us with due Senſe of its *Abuſe*,
The *ſame* Aſtoniſhment will ſeize us All.
What *then* muſt pain us, would preſerve us *now*.
LORENZO! 'tis not yet too late: LORENZO!

Seize

Seize Wiſdom, ere 'tis Torment to be Wiſe;
That is, Seize *Wiſdom*, ere ſhe ſeizes *Thee*.
For, what, my ſmall Philoſopher! is *Hell?*
'Tis nothing, but full Knowlege of *the Truth*,
When *Truth*, reſiſted long, is ſworn our Foe;
And calls ETERNITY to do her Right.

THUS, *Darkneſs* aiding Intellectual Light,
And Sacred *Silence* whiſpering Truths Divine,
And *Truths Divine* converting Pain to Peace,
My Song the Midnight Raven has outwing'd,
And ſhot, ambitious of unbounded Scenes,
Beyond the flaming Limits of the World,
Her gloomy Flight. But what avails the Flight
Of *Fancy*, when our *Hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in Flatterers, and Foes;
'Tis Pride, to praiſe her; Penance, to perform.
To more than Words, to more than Worth of [Tongue,
LORENZO!

LORENZO! riſe, at this auſpicious Hour;
An Hour, when Heav'n's moſt intimate with Man;
When, like a falling Star, the Ray Divine
Glides ſwift into the Boſom of the *Juſt*;
And Juſt are All, *determin'd* to reclaim;
Which ſets that Title high, within thy Reach.
Awake, then: Thy PHILANDER calls: Awake!
Thou, who ſhalt wake, when the Creation ſleeps;
When, like a Taper, all theſe Suns expire;
When TIME, like Him of *Gaza* in his Wrath,
Plucking the Pillars that ſupport the World,
In NATURE's ample Ruins lies entomb'd;
And MIDNIGHT, *Univerſal* Midnight! reigns.

END *of the* Night-Thoughts.

BRITISH 22 MY 90 MUSEUM

A PARA-

A

PARAPHRASE

ON

Part of the Book of *JOB.*

A

PARAPHRASE

ON

Part of the Book of JOB.

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PARAPHRASE

ON

Part of the Book of *JOB*.

THRICE Happy *Job* long liv'd in Regal [State,
Nor ſaw the Sumptuous Eaſt a Prince ſo [Great;
Whoſe Worldly Stores in ſuch Abun- [dance flow'd,
Whoſe Heart with ſuch exalted Virtue glow'd.
At length Misfortunes take their Turn to reign,
And Ills on Ills ſucceed; A dreadful Train!
What Now but Deaths, and Poverty, and Wrong,
The Sword wide-waſting, the reproachful Tongue,
And ſpotted Plagues that, mark'd his Limbs all o'er
So thick with Pains, they wanted Room for more?

A Change

A Change ſo ſad what Mortal Heart could bear?
Exhauſted Woe had left Him nought to fear,
But gave Him All to Grief. Low Earth He preſt,
Wept in the Duſt, and ſorely ſmote his Breaſt.
His Friends around the deep Affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his Pangs, and Groan for Groan return'd;
In Anguiſh of their Hearts their Mantles rent,
And Sev'n long Days in ſolemn Silence ſpent;
A Debt of Rev'rence to Diſtreſs ſo great!
Then *Job* contain'd no more, but curs'd his Fate.
His Day of Birth, its inauſpicious Light
He wiſhes ſunk in Shades of endleſs Night,
And blotted from the Year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant Death, impatient for the Grave;
That Seat of Peace, that Manſion of Repoſe,
Where Reſt and Mortals are no longer Foes;
Where Counſellors are Huſh'd, and Mighty Kings
(O happy Turn!) no more are Wretched Things.

HIS Words were daring, and diſpleas'd his Friends;
His Conduct They reprove, and He defends;
And now They kindled into warm Debate,
And Sentiments oppos'd with equal Heat;
Fixt in Opinion, Both refuſe to yield,
And ſummon all their Reaſon to the Field;
So high at length their Arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt Extent of Human Thought:
A Pauſe enſu'd. When, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long Contention clos'd.
Full o'er their Heads, with terrible Surpriſe
A ſudden Whirlwind blacken'd all the Skies;
(They Saw, and Trembled!) from the Darkneſs broke
A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke.

WHO gives his Tongue a Looſe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my Conduct, and reproves my Reign?

Lifts up his Thought againſt Me from the Duſt,
And tells the World's Creator what is Juſt?
Of late ſo brave, now lift a dauntleſs Eye,
Face my Demand, and give it a Reply.
Where didſt Thou dwell at Nature's early Birth?
Who laid Foundations for the ſpacious *Earth?*
Who on its Surface did extend the Line,
Its Form determine, and its Bulk confine?
Who fix'd the Corner Stone? What Hand, declare,
Hung it on Nought, and faſten'd it in Air;
When the bright Morning Stars in Concert ſung,
When Heav'n's high Arch with loud Hoſannah's rung,
When ſhouting Sons of God the Triumph crown'd,
And the wide Concave thunder'd with the Sound?

EARTH's num'rous *Kingdoms*, haſt Thou view'd [them all?
And can thy Span of Knowlege graſp the Ball?
Who heav'd the *Mountain*, which ſublimely ſtands,
And caſts its Shadow into diſtant Lands?

WHO

WHO, ſtretching forth his Sceptre o'er the *Deep*,
Can that wild World in due Subjection keep?
I broke the Globe, I ſcoop'd its hollow'd Side,
And did a Baſon for the Floods provide;
I chain them with my Word; the boiling Sea,
Work'd up in Tempeſts, hears my great Decree;
" Thus far, thy floating Tide ſhall be convey'd;
" And Here, O Main, be thy Proud Billows ſtay'd.

HAST Thou explor'd the *Secrets* of the Deep,
Where ſhut from Uſe, unnumber'd Treaſures ſleep;
Where down a Thouſand Fathoms from the Day,
Springs the great Fountain, Mother of the Sea?
Thoſe gloomy Paths did thy bold Foot e'er tread,
Whole Worlds of Waters rolling o'er thy Head?

HATH the cleft *Centre* open'd wide to Thee?
Death's inmoſt Chambers didſt Thou ever ſee?

E'er knock at his tremendous Gate, and wade
To the black Portal thro' th' incumbent Shade?
Deep are thoſe Shades, but Shades ſtill deeper hide
My Counſels from the Ken of human Pride.

WHERE dwells the *Light*, in what refulgent [Dome?
And where has *Darkneſs* made her diſmal Home?
Thou know'ſt no Doubt, ſince thy large Heart is [fraught
With ripen'd Wiſdom thro' long Ages brought,
Since Nature was call'd forth when Thou waſt by,
And into Being roſe beneath thine Eye.

ARE *Miſts* begotten? Who their Father knew?
From whom deſcend the pearly Drops of Dew?
To bind the Stream by Night, what Hand can boaſt,
Or whiten Morning, with the hoary *Froſt?*
Whoſe pow'rful Breath from Northern Regions [blown,
Touches the Sea, and turns it into Stone?

A ſudden

A ſudden Deſert ſpreads o'er Realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the Creation waſte?

THOU know'ſt Me not; thy Blindneſs cannot ſee
How vaſt a Diſtance parts thy God from Thee.
Canſt Thou in *Whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canſt Thou
In Clouds and Darkneſs wrap thy awful Brow?
And when Day triumphs in meridian Light,
Put forth thy Hand, and ſhade the World with Night?

WHO launch'd the *Clouds* in Air, and bid them [roll
Suſpended Seas aloft, from Pole to Pole?
Who can refreſh the burning ſandy Plain,
And quench the Summer with a Waſte of Rain?
Who in rough Deſerts, far from Human Toil,
Make Rocks bring forth, and Deſolation ſmile?
There blooms the Roſe, where human Face ne'er [ſhone,
And ſpreads its Beauties to the Sun alone.

To check the Show'r, who lifts his Hand on high,
And ſhuts the Sluices of th' exhauſted Sky,
When Earth no longer mourns her gaping Veins,
Her naked Mountains, and her ruſſet Plains;
But new in Life a chearful Proſpect yields
Of ſhining Rivers, and of verdant Fields,
When Groves and Foreſts laviſh all their Bloom,
And Earth and Heav'n are fill'd with rich Perfume?

HAST Thou e'er ſcal'd my wint'ry Skies, and ſeen
Of *Hails* and *Snows* my Northern Magazine?
Theſe the dread Treaſures of mine Anger are,
My Fund of Vengeance, for the Day of War,
When Clouds rain Death, and Storms, at my Com-
[mand,
Rage thro' the World, or waſte a guilty Land.

WHO taught the rapid *Winds* to fly ſo faſt,
Or ſhakes the Centre with his Eaſtern Blaſt?

Who

Who from the Skies can a whole Deluge pour?
Who ſtrikes thro' Nature with the ſolemn Roar
Of dreadful *Thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *Lightning* wraps the flying Ball?
Not He who trembles at the darted Fires,
Falls at the Sound, and in the Flaſh expires.

WHO drew the *Comet* out to ſuch a Size,
And pour'd his flaming Train o'er half the Skies?
Did thy Reſentment hang Him out? does He
Glare on the Nations, and Denounce from Thee?

WHO on low Earth can moderate the Rein,
That guides the *Stars* along th' Etherial Plain;
Appoint their Seaſons, and direct their Courſe,
Their Luſtre brighten, and ſupply their Force?
Canſt thou the Skies Benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the *Pleiades* to ſhine in vain?

Or when *Orion* ſparkles from his Sphere,
Thaw the cold Seaſon, and unbind the Year?
Bid *Mazaroth* his deſtin'd Station know,
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?
Mine is the *Night*, with all her Stars; I pour
Myriads, and Myriads I reſerve in Store.

DOST Thou pronounce where Day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the Purple Curtain of the Morn;
Awake the *Sun*, and bid Him come away,
And glad Thy World with his Obſequious Ray?
Haſt Thou, enthron'd in flaming Glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the ſpacious Ring of Heav'n?
That Pomp of Light, what Hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant Earth lies basking in the Blaze?

WHO did the *Soul* with her rich Pow'rs inveſt,
And light up Reaſon in the Human Breaſt,

To

To ſhine, with freſh Increaſe of Luſtre, Bright,
When Stars and Sun are ſet in endleſs Night?
To theſe my various Queſtions make Reply.

TH' Almighty ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, ſhook the Sky.

WHAT then, *Chaldean* Sire, was thy Surprize?
Thus Thou, with trembling Heart, and down-caſt [Eyes,
" Once and again, which I in Groans deplore,
" My Tongue has err'd, but ſhall preſume no more.
" My Voice is in eternal Silence bound,
" And all my Soul falls proſtrate to the Ground."

HE ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread Voice from the black Whirlwind [broke.

CAN that Arm meaſure with an Arm Divine?
And canſt Thou thunder with a Voice like Mine?

Or in the Hollow of thy Hand contain
The Bulk of Waters, the wide-ſpreading Main,
When mad with Tempeſts all the Billows riſe
In all their Rage, and daſh the diſtant Skies?

COME forth in Beauty's Excellence array'd,
And be the Grandeur of thy Pow'r diſplay'd;
Put on Omnipotence, and frowning make
The ſpacious Round of the Creation ſhake;
Diſpatch thy Vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty Tyrants low,
And crumble them to Duſt. When This is done,
I grant thy Safety lodg'd in Thee alone;
Of Thee Thou art, and may'ſt undaunted ſtand
Behind the Buckler of thy own Right Hand.

FOND Man! the Viſion of a Moment made!
Dream of a Dream! and Shadow of a Shade!

What

What Worlds haſt Thou produc'd, what Creatures
What Inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd? [fram'd,
When pain'd with Hunger, the wild *Ravens* Brood
Calls upon God, importunate for Food,
Who hears their Cry, who grants their hoarſe Re-
And ſtills the Clamour of the craving Neſt? [queſt,

WHO in the cruel *Oſtrich* has ſubdu'd
A Parent's Care, and fond Inquietude?
While far She flies, her ſcatter'd Eggs are found,
Without an Owner, on the ſandy Ground;
Caſt out on Fortune, they at Mercy lie,
And borrow Life from an indulgent Sky;
Adopted by the Sun, in Blaze of Day,
They ripen under his prolific Ray.
Unmindful She, that ſome unhappy Tread
May cruſh her Young, in their neglected Bed.
What time ſhe skims along the Field with Speed,
She ſcorns the Rider, and purſuing Steed.

How

How rich the *Peacock?* what bright Glories run
From Plume to Plume, and vary in the Sun?
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden Ray,
Gives all his Colours, and adorns the Day,
With conſcious State the ſpacious Round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving Blaze.

WHO taught the *Hawk* to find, in Seaſons wiſe,
Perpetual Summer, and a Change of Skies?
When Clouds deform the Year, She mounts the [Wind,
Shoots to the South, nor fears the Storm behind;
The Sun returning, She returns agen,
Lives in his Beams, and leaves ill Days to Men.

THO' ſtrong the Hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An *Eagle* drops her in a lower Sky;
An *Eagle*, when deſerting Human Sight,
She ſeeks the Sun in her unweary'd Flight.

Did

Did thy Command her yellow Pinion lift
So high in Air, and ſeat her on the Cliſt,
Where far above Thy World She dwells Alone,
And proudly makes the Strength of Rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread Survey,
And with a Glance predeſtinates her Prey?
She feaſts her Young with Blood, and hov'ring o'er
Th' unſlaughter'd Hoſt, enjoys the *promis'd* Gore.

KNOW'ST Thou how many Moons, by Me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the Mountain *Goat*, and Foreſt *Hind*,
While pregnant they a Mother's Load ſuſtain?
They bend in Anguiſh, and caſt forth their Pain.
Hale are their Young, from Human Frailties freed;
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once, forſake the Dam's warm Side,
Take the wide World, with Nature for their Guide,
Bound o'er the Lawn, or ſeek the diſtant Glade,
And find a Home in each delightful Shade.

WILL

WILL the tall *Reem*, which knows no Lord but [Me,
Low at the Crib, and ask an Alms of Thee?
Submit his unworn Shoulder to the Yoke,
Break the ſtiff Clod, and o'er thy Furrow ſmoak?
Since great his Strength, go truſt Him, void of Care,
Lay on his Neck the Toil of all the Year;
Bid Him bring home the Seaſons to thy Doors,
And caſt his Load among thy gather'd Stores.

DIDST Thou from Service the *Wild-Aſs* diſcharge,
And break his Bonds, and bid Him live at large,
Thro' the wide Waſte, his ample Manſion, roam,
And loſe Himſelf in his Unbounded Home?
By Nature's Hand magnificently fed,
His Meal is on the Range of Mountains ſpread;
As in pure Air aloft He bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant Smoak the City throng,

Conſcious

Conſcious of Freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd Train,
The threat'ning Driver, and the ſervile Rein.

SURVEY the warlike *Horſe!* didſt Thou inveſt
With Thunder, his robuſt diſtended Cheſt?
No Senſe of Fear his dauntleſs Soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his Noſtril Blaze;
To paw the Vale He proudly takes Delight,
And triumphs in the Fulneſs of his Might;
High-rais'd he ſnuffs the Battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging War,
And mocks at Death, and throws his Foam around,
And in a Storm of Fury ſhakes the Ground.
How does his firm, his riſing Heart advance,
Full on the brandiſh'd Sword, and ſhaken Launce;
While his fixt Eye-balls meet the dazling Shield,
Gaze, and return the Lightning of the Field?
He ſinks the Senſe of Pain in gen'rous Pride,
Nor feels the Shaft that trembles in his Side,

But neighs to the ſhrill Trumpet's dreadful Blaſt
Till Death; and when He groans, He groans his laſt.

BUT fiercer ſtill, the Lordly *Lion* ſtalks,
Grimly Majeſtic in his lonely Walks;
When round He glares, All living Creatures fly,
He clears the Deſert, with his rolling Eye.
Say, Mortal, does He rouſe at thy Command,
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy Hand?
Doſt Thou for Him in Foreſts bend thy Bow,
And to his gloomy Den the Morſel throw,
Where bent on Death lie hid his tawny Brood,
And couch'd in dreadful Ambuſh pant for Blood;
Or ſtretch'd on broken Limbs, conſume the Day
In Darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their Prey?
By the pale Moon They take their deſtin'd Round,
And laſh their Sides, and furious tear the Ground.
Now Shrieks, and dying Groans the Deſert fill;
They rage, they rend, their rav'nous Jaws diſtil

With crimſon Foam; and when the Banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their Steps with Gore;
In Flight alone the Shepherd puts his Truſt,
And ſhudders at the Talon in the Duſt.

MILD is my *Behemoth*, tho' large his Frame,
Smooth is his Temper, and repreſt his Flame,
While unprovok'd. This Native of the Flood
Lifts his broad Foot, and puts aſhore for Food;
Earth ſinks beneath Him, as He moves along
To ſeek the Herds, and mingle with the Throng.
See, with what Strength his harden'd Loins are [bound,
All over Proof, and ſhut againſt a Wound.
How like a Mountain Cedar moves his Tail?
Nor can his complicated Sinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid Bones ſurpaſs
The Bars of Steel; his Ribs are Ribs of Braſs;
His Port Majeſtic, and his armed Jaw,
Give the wide Foreſt, and the Mountain Law.

The

The Mountains feed Him; there the Beasts admire
The mighty Stranger, and in Dread retire;
At length his Greatness nearer They survey,
Graze in his Shadow, and his Eye obey.
The Fens and Marshes are his cool Retreat,
His Noon-tide Shelter from the burning Heat;
Their sedgy Bosoms his wide Couch are made,
And Groves of Willows give Him all their Shade.
His Eye drinks *Jordan* up, when fir'd with Drought
He trusts to turn its Current down his Throat;
In lessen'd Waves it creeps along the Plain,
He sinks a River, and He thirsts again.

Go to the *Nile*, and from its fruitful Side,
Cast forth thy Line into the swelling Tide,
With slender Hair *Leviathan* command,
And stretch his Vastness on the loaded Strand.
Will He become thy Servant, will He own
Thy Lordly Nod, and tremble at Thy Frown?

Or

Or with his Sport amuſe thy leiſure Day,
And bound in Silk with thy ſoft Maidens play?

SHALL pompous Banquets ſwell with ſuch a Prize,
And the Bowl journey round his ample Size?
Or the debating Merchants ſhare the Prey,
And various Limbs to various Marts convey?
Thro' his firm Skull what Steel its Way can win?
What forceful Engine can ſubdue his Skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs Might;
The Braveſt ſhrink to Cowards in his Sight,
The Raſheſt dare not rouſe Him up; Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the Sons of Men?

AM I a Debtor? haſt Thou ever heard
Whence come the Gifts which are on me conferr'd?
My laviſh Fruit a thouſand Vallies fills,
And Mine the Herds, that graze a thouſand Hills;
Earth, Sea, and Air, All Nature is my own,
And Stars and Sun are Duſt beneath my Throne.

And dar'ſt Thou with the World's great Father vye,
Thou, who doſt tremble at my Creature's Eye?

AT full my huge Leviathan ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his Strength, and ſpread his wond'rous Size.
Who, great in Arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining Mail,
Or crown'd his Triumph with a ſingle Scale?
Whoſe Heart ſuſtains Him to draw near? Behold,
Deſtruction yawns, his ſpacious Jaws unfold,
And marſhal'd round the wide Expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with Death, and crowding Rows on [Rows:
What hideous Fangs on either Side ariſe,
And what a deep Abyſs between them lies?
Mete with thy Lance, and with thy Plumbet ſound,
The One how long, the Other how profound.

HIS Bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious Soul,
That Clouds of Smoke from his ſpread Noſtrils roll,
As from a Furnace; and, when rous'd his Ire,
Fate iſſues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire.

The

The Rage of Tempeſts, and the Roar of Seas,
Thy Terror, this thy great Superior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample Shoulder ſits in State,
His well-join'd Limbs are dreadfully complete,
His Flakes of ſolid Fleſh are ſlow to part,
As Steel his Nerves, as Adamant his Heart.

WHEN late-awak'd He rears him from the Floods,
And ſtretching forth his Stature to the Clouds,
Writhes in the Sun aloft his ſcaly Height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant Hills with tranſient Light,
Far round are fatal Damps of Terror ſpread,
The Mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their Dread.

LARGE is his Front; and when his burniſh'd Eyes
Lift their broad Lids, the Morning ſeems to riſe.

IN vain may Death in various Shapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd Arrow, the deſcending Blade;

His naked Breaſt their Impotence defies,
The Dart rebounds, the brittle Fauchion flies.
Shut in Himſelf, the War without He hears,
Safe in the Tempeſt of their rattling Spears;
The cumber'd Strand their waſted Vollies ſtrow,
His Sport, the Rage and Labour of the Foe.

HIS Paſtimes like a Caldron boil the Flood,
And blacken Ocean with the riſing Mud;
The Billows feel Him, as He works his Way;
His hoary Footſteps ſhine along the Sea;
The Foam high-wrought, with White, divides the [Green,
And diſtant Sailors point where Death has been.

HIS Like Earth bears not on her ſpacious Face,
Alone in Nature ſtands his dauntleſs Race,
For utter Ignorance of Fear renown'd.
In Wrath he rolls his baleful Eye around,
Makes every ſwoln, diſdainful Heart ſubſide,
And holds Dominion o'er the Sons of Pride.

THEN

THEN the *Chaldean* eas'd his lab'ring Breaſt,
With full Conviction of his Crime oppreſt.

" THOU canſt accompliſh All Things, Lord of [Might!
" And every Thought is naked to thy Sight.
" But oh! Thy Ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepeſt Reach of Mortal Eye.
" Oft have I heard of thine Almighty Pow'r,
" But never ſaw Thee till this dreadful Hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with Shame, the Lord of Life I ſee,
" Abhor myſelf, and give my Soul to Thee.
" Nor ſhall my Weakneſs tempt Thine Anger more:
" Man was not made to Queſtion, but Adore.

NOTES.

IT is disputed among the Critics who was the Author of the Book of *Job*; some give it to *Moses*, some to others. As I was engag'd in this little Performance, some Arguments occurr'd to me which favour the former of these Opinions; which Arguments I have flung into the following Notes, where little else is to be expected.

Page 307. *Thrice Happy* Job, &c.] The Almighty's Speech, Chapter 38, *&c.* which is what I Paraphrase in this little Work, is by much the finest Part of the noblest, and most antient Poem in the World. Bishop *Patrick* says, its Grandeur is as much above all other Poetry, as Thunder is louder than a Whisper. In order to set this distinguish'd part of the Poem in a fuller Light, and give the Reader a clearer Conception of it, I have abridg'd the preceding and subsequent Parts of the Poem, and join'd them to it; so that this Piece is a sort of an Epitome of the whole Book of *Job*.

I use the Word *Paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncom-

mon Liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added and transpos'd. The *Mountain*, the *Comet*, the *Sun*, and other Parts, are entirely added: The *Peacock*, the *Lion*, &c. are much enlarg'd: And I have thrown the whole into a Method more suitable to our Notions of Regularity. The Judicious, if they compare this Piece with the Original, will, I flatter myself, find the Reasons for the great Liberties I have indulg'd myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a Chapter on Interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the Sublime. This Speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper Style of Majesty incens'd. It differs from other manner of Reproof, as bidding a Person execute himself, does from a common Execution; for he that asks the Guilty a proper Question, makes him, in effect, pass Sentence on himself.

Page 309. ——*From the Darkness broke*
A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.] The Book of *Job* is well known to be Dramatic, and, like the Tragedies of old *Greece*, is Fiction built on Truth. Probably this most Noble Part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the Whirlwind (so suitable to the After-practice of the *Greek* Stage, when there happened *Dignus Vindice Nodus*) is Fictitious; but it is a Fiction more agreeable to the time in which *Job* lived, than to any since. Frequent, before the Law, were the Appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exodus* c. 19. *Ezekiel* c. 1. *&c.* Hence is He said to *dwell in thick Darkness: And have his way in the Whirlwind.*

Page 311. *Thus far thy floating Tide*, &c.] There is a very great Air in all that precedes, but this is ſignally Sublime. We are ſtruck with Admiration to ſee the Vaſt and Ungovernable Ocean receiving Commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a manag'd Horſe, raging, toſſing, and foaming, but by the Rule and Direction of its Maſter. This Paſſage yields in Sublimity to that of *Let there be Light*, &c. ſo much only, as the Abſolute Government of Nature yields to the Creation of it.

The like Spirit in theſe two Paſſages is no bad concurrent Argument, that *Moſes* is Author of the Book of *Job*.

Page 319. *When pain'd with Hunger, the wild Raven's Brood*, &c.] Another Argument that *Moſes* was the Author, is, that moſt of the Creatures here mention'd are *Egyptian*. The Reaſon given why the Raven is particularly mention'd as an Object of the Care of Providence, is, becauſe by her clamorous and importunate Voice, ſhe particularly ſeems always calling upon it; thence κοράσσω ἀ κόραξ is to ask earneſtly, *Ælian*. l. 2. c. 48. And ſince there were Ravens on the Banks of the *Nile* more clamorous than the reſt of that Species, Thoſe probably are meant in this Place.

Page 319. *Who in the cruel Oſtrich has ſubdu'd*, &c.] There are many Inſtances of this Bird's Stupidity; let two ſuffice.

Firſt, It covers its Head in the Reeds, and thinks itſelf all out of Sight.

—*Stat*

—Stat lumine clauſo
Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
Quæ non ipſa videt— Claud.

Secondly, They that go in Purſuit of them, draw the Skin of an Oſtrich's Neck on one Hand, which proves a ſufficient Lure to take them with the other.

They have ſo little Brain, that *Heliogabalus* had ſix hundred Heads for his Supper.

Here we may obſerve that our Judicious as well as Sublime Author, juſt touches the great Points of Diſtinction in each Creature, and then haſtens to another. A Deſcription is exact when you cannot *add*, but what is common to another thing, nor *withdraw*, but ſomething peculiarly belonging to the thing deſerib'd. A *Likeneſs* is loſt in too much Deſcription, as a *Meaning* often in too much Illuſtration.

Page 319. *What time ſhe ſkims along the Field*, &c.] Here is mark'd another *Peculiar* Quality of this Creature, which neither flies nor runs diſtinctly, but has a Motion compos'd of both, and uſing its Wings as Sails, makes great Speed.

Vaſta velut Lybiæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas curſu tranſmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat— Claud. in Eutr.

Page 319. *She ſcorns the Rider and purſuing Steed.*] *Xenophon* ſays, *Cyrus* had Horſes that could overtake the Goat, and the Wild-Aſs; but none that

that could reach this Creature. A thouſand golden Ducats, or a hundred Camels, was the ſtated Price of a Horſe that could equal their Speed.

Page 320. *How Rich the Peacock*, &c.] Though this Bird is but juſt mention'd in my Author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful Plumes (which are There ſhut up) into half a dozen Lines. The Circumſtance I have mark'd of his opening his Plumes to the Sun is true. *Expandit colores adverſo maximè ſole, quia ſic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. l. x. c. 20.

Page 320. *Though ſtrong the Hawk, though practis'd well to fly.*] *Thuanus* (*de Re Accip.*) mentions a Hawk that flew from *Paris* to *London* in a Night.

And the *Egyptians*, in regard to its Swiftneſs, made it their Symbol for the Wind; for which Reaſon we may ſuppoſe the Hawk, as well as the Crow *above*, to have been a Bird of Note in *Egypt*.

Page 321. *Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread Survey*, &c.] The Eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a Sight, that when ſhe is ſo high in Air that Man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt Fiſh under Water. My Author accurately underſtood the Nature of the Creatures he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a Naturaliſt as well as a Poet, which the next Note will confirm.

Page 321. *Know'ſt thou how many Moons, by me aſſign'd*, &c.] The Meaning of this Queſtion is, Know'ſt thou the *Time and Circumſtances* of their bringing forth? for to know the Time only was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the Circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of

of God's Providence, which makes the Queſtion proper in this Place. *Pliny* obſerves, that the Hind with Young is by Inſtinct directed to a certain Herb call'd *Seſelis*, which facilitates the Birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate Hand of Providence) has the ſame Effect. *Pſ.* 29. In ſo early an Age to obſerve theſe things may ſtile our Author a Naturaliſt.

Page 323. *Survey the Warlike Horſe*, &c.] The Deſcription of the Horſe is the moſt celebrated of any in the Poem. There is an excellent Critic on it in the *Guardians*. I ſhall therefore only obſerve that in this Deſcription, as in other Parts of this Speech, our *Vulgar Tranſlation* has much more Spirit than rhe Septuagint; it always takes the Original in the moſt poetical and exalted Senſe, ſo that moſt Commentators, even on the *Hebrew* itſelf, fall beneath it.

Page 324. *By the pale Moon they take their deſtin'd Round*, &c.] Purſuing their Prey by Night is true of moſt wild Beaſts, particularly the Lion, *Pſ.* 104. *v.* 20. The *Arabians* have One among their 500 Names for the Lion, which ſignifies *the Hunter by Moon-ſhine*.

Page 326. *He ſinks a River, and he thirſts again*, &c.]

Cephiſi glaciale caput quo, ſuetus anhelam
Ferre ſitim Python, amnemque avertere Ponto.
Stat. Theb. *v.* 349.

Qui

Qui ſpiris tegeret Montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c.——

Claud. Præf. in Ruf.

Let not then This Hyperbole ſeem too much for an Eaſtern Poet, tho' ſome Commentators of Name ſtrain hard in this place for a new Conſtruction, thro' Fear of it.

Page 326. *Go to the* Nile, *and from its fruitful Side*, &c.] The taking the Crocodile is moſt difficult. *Diodorus* ſays they are not to be taken but by Iron Nets. When *Auguſtus* conquer'd *Egypt*, he ſtruck a Medal, the Impreſs of which was a Crocodile chain'd to a Palm-Tree, with this Inſcription, *Nemo antea religavit.*

Page 327. *The Raſheſt dare not rouze him up*, &c.] This alludes to a Cuſtom of this Creature, which is, when ſated with Fiſh, to come aſhore, and ſleep among the Reeds.

Page 328. ——*Behold*
Deſtruction yawns, his ſpacious Jaws unfold, &c.] The Crocodile's Mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, ſays *Pliny*, *fit totum Os.* *Martial* ſays to his old Woman,

Cùm comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus anguſta.

So that the Expreſſion Here is barely juſt.

Page 328. *Fate iſſues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire.*] This too is nearer Truth than at firſt View may be imagin'd. The Crocodile, ſay the Naturaliſts,

raliſts, lying long under Water, and being there forced to hold its Breath, when it emerges, the Breath long repreſt is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles Fire and Smoke. The Horſe ſuppreſſes not his Breath by any means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce and animated; yet the moſt correct of Poets ventures to uſe the ſame Metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens *volvit ſub naribus* ignem,

By this and the foregoing Note I would caution againſt a falſe Opinion of the Eaſtern Boldneſs, from Paſſages in them ill underſtood.

Page 329. *Large is his Front, and when his burniſh'd Eyes*, &c.] *His Eyes are like the Eyelids of the Morning.* I think this gives us as great an Image of the Thing it would expreſs, as can enter the Thought of Man. It is not improbable that the *Egyptians* ſtole their Hieroglyphic for the Morning, which is the Crocodile's Eye, from this Paſſage, though no Commentator, I have ſeen, mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the *Egyptians* ſhould be both Readers and Admirers of the Writings of *Moſes*, whom I ſuppoſe the Author of this Poem.

I have obſerved already that three or four of the Creatures here deſcrib'd are *Egyptian*; the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo, they are the River-horſe, and the Crocodile, thoſe celebrated Inhabitants of the *Nile*; and on theſe two it is that our Author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an Author more remote from that River than *Moſes*, in a Catalogue of Creatures produc'd to magnify their

their Creator, to have dwelt on the Two largeſt Works of his Hand, *viz.* the Elephant, and the Whale: This is ſo natural an Expectation, that ſome Commentators have render'd *Behemoth* and *Leviathan*, the Elephant and Whale, tho' the Deſcriptions in our Author will not admit of it; but *Moſes* being (as we may well ſuppoſe) under an immediate Terror of the *Hippopotamos* and Crocodile from their daily Miſchiefs and Ravages around him, it is very accountable why He ſhould permit them to take place.

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FINIS.